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TRAVELS

OF

ANACHARSIS THE YOUNGER

IN

GREECE,

DURING THE MIDDLE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ÆRA.

BY THE ABBE BARTHELEMY,

KEEPER OF THE MEDALS IN THE CABINET OF THE KING OF FRANCE, AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS AND BELLES LETTRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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TRAVELS

OF

ANACHARSIS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

The history of the Grecian Stage.

About that time I terminated my researches upon the dramatic art. Writers are divided respecting the origin and progress of this art, since various states of Greece assume the honour of having given it birth. In thus collecting, so far as it was possible, the genius and spirit of this enlightened nation, I am bound to present the result only of my inquiries. To this effect, I have preferred the traditions of the Athenians, from their having appeared to me to be the most probable.

It was in the bosom of tumultuous pleasures, and in the wildness of ebriety, that the most regular and most sublime of arts arose. We will transport ourselves in idea to about three centuries anterior to the present time.

In the festivals of Bacchus at that time solemnized with less preparations of pomp and ceremony, but with more lively joy than they are now celebrated, hymns were sung, which were the offspring of the real or fictitious ecstasies of a poetic delirium,—I speak of those dithyrambics which sometimes elicit sparks of real genius, and still more frequently the obscure flashes of an elevated imagination. Whilst these resounded in the ears of the astonished multitude, choruses of Bacchants and Fauns, ranged around obscene images, which were borne in triumph, loudly chanted forth lascivious songs, and sometimes made individuals the objects for public ridicule.

A more unruly licentiousness reigned in the worship which the inhabitants of the country rendered to the same deity, and, above

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all, at the season of gathering the fruits of his beneficence. The vintagers besmeared with wine-lees, and intoxicated with joy and the juice of the grape, then driving forth, with speed in their carts, attacked each other on the road with rude jeers and jocularity, and revenged themselves on their neighbours by loading them with ridicule, and the rich by publishing their crimes.

Among the poets who flourished at this time, some celebrated the actions and adventures of gods and heroes, others malignantly attacked the vices and follies of individuals. The former took Homer for their model, and the latter authorized themselves from his example, of which they made an improper use. Homer, the most tragic of poets, and the model of all who have succeeded him, had in his Illiad and Odyssey perfected the heroic style; and in his Margites had employed pleasantry; but as the charm of his works depends on the passions and motion with which he knew how to animate them, the poets which came after him attempted to introduce into theirs an action capable of exciting emotion and mirth in the spectators; some, even in their endeavours to produce this double effect, ventured certain rude essays, which have since been termed indifferently tragedies or comedies, from their uniting at the same time the characters of both these dramas. The authors of these sketches are distinguished by no discovery; they merely form, in the history of the art, a succession of names which it would be useless to recal from their obscurity, for they cannot sustain the light.

The want of theatrical power and interest was already known. The hymns in honour of Bacchus, in pourtraying his rapid progresses, and his splendid victories became imitative, and in the combats of the Pythian games, the players on the flute, who entered into competition, were commanded, by an express law to represent in succession the circumstances which had preceded, accompanied, and followed the conquest of Apollo over Python.

Some years after this regulation, Susarion and Thespis, both born in a small town of Attica, named Icaria, appeared each at the head of a troop of actors, the one on boards raised on tressels, the other on a cart or waggon. The former attacked the vices and follies of his time, the latter represented nobler subjects, drawn from the records of history. The comedies of Susarion were composed in the taste of those satirical and indecent farces which are still performed in certain parts of Greece; they long formed the delight of the inhabitants of the country. Athens did not

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adopt this description of performance till after it had been perfected in Sicily.

Thespis had more than once observed at the festivals, in which as yet hymns only were sung, one of the singers, mounted upon a table, form a species of dialogue with the chorus. This example gave him the idea of introducing into his tragedies an actor, who by simple recitals at intervals, should relieve the chorus, divide the action, and render it more interesting. This happy innovation, added to some other liberties which he had allowed himself, alarmed the legislator of Athens, more capable than any other person to perceive their value and danger. Solon proscribed a style in which the ancient traditions of the country were altered by fictions. "If we honour falsehoods in our theatrical exhibitions," said he to Thespis, "we shall soon find it introduced into our most sacred engagements."

The taste, however, for the pieces of Thespis and Susarion both in the city and in the country, suddenly became excessive; and at the same time justified and rendered useless the apprehensive foresight of Solon. The poets, who till now had applied themselves to dithyrambics and licentious satire, struck with the elegant forms which these styles of writing began to assume, devoted their talents to tragedy and comedy. Variety in the subjects of the former of these poems was very soon afterwards introduced. Those who judge of pleasure from their own habits alone, exclaimed, that these subjects were foreign to the worship of Bacchus; others attended with greater eagerness the representation of new pieces.

Phrynichus, the disciple of Thespis, adopted that kind of verse, which is most suitable to the drama, introduced a few other changes, and left tragedy in its infancy.

Eschylus received it from his hands, clad in a homely garment, its visage covered with false colours, or a mask, without character, possessing neither grace nor dignity in its motions, inspiring the desire of an interest which it could scarcely excite, still attached to the farces and drolleries which had amused its infancy, sometimes expressing itself with elegance and dignity, but often in a weak and servile style, and polluted with gross obscenities.

The father of tragedy, for such is the name which we may give to this great man, had received from nature a strong and ardent mind. His silence and gravity announced the austerity of his character. His valour was conspicuous in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, in which so many Athenia s

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distinguished themselves. He had applied himself, from his earliest years, to those poets, who living near to the heroic ages, had conceived ideas as sublime as the renowned deeds which were then achieved. The history of remote ages offered to his lively imagination signal successes and reverses, thrones imbrued in blood, impetuous and devouring passions, sublime virtues, atrocious crimes and acts of vengeance, every where the impression of grandeur, and frequently that of ferocity.

The better to insure the success of these scenes, it was necessary to separate them from the whole in which the ancient poets had included them: and this had already been effected by the authors of the dithyrambics and the first tragedies; but they had neglected to bring them near to us. As we are infinitely more moved with woes of which we are witnesses, than with those of which we hear only the recital. Eschylus employed all his resources of theatrical representation to bring before our eyes the time and place of the scene. The illusion then became a reality.

He introduced a second actor in his first tragedies, and afterwards, from the example of Sophocles, who had just commenced his theatrical career, a third, and sometimes even a fourth. By this multiplicity of personages, one of the actors became the hero of the piece, attracted to himself the principal interest, and as the chorus now filled only a subordinate function, Eschylus had the precaution to abridge its part, without, perhaps carrying it too far.

He is reproached with having admitted mute personages. Achilles, after the death of his friend, and Niobe after that of her children, appear upon the stage, and during many scenes remain immoveable, with their heads veiled, and without speaking a single word; had he filled their eyes with tears, and put lamentations in their mouth, could he have produced so terrible an effect, as by this veil, this silence, and this abandonment to grief?

In some of his pieces the exposition of the subject is too far extended, in others it is not sufficiently clear: although he frequently sins against the rules which have been since established, he has had a glimpse of almost all of them.

It may be said of Eschylus, what he himself says of the hero Hippomedon: "Terror precedes his steps, his head elevated to the skies." He every where inspires a profound and salutary terror; for he only overwhelms our mind with violent shocks, to raise it again immediately by the idea which he gives us of its strength. His heroes would rather be crushed by the thunder-

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bolt than commit an act of baseness, and their courage is more inflexible than the fatal law of necessity. He knew, however, to set bounds to the emotions, which he was so anxious to excite: he always avoided imbruing the stage in blood, because he wished his scenes to be terrible but not horrible.

It is but rarely that he causes tears to flow, or excites pity; either from nature having refused him that sensibility which requires to communicate itself to others, or rather, from fearing to render his auditors effeminate. Never has he exhibited on the stage, either a Phædra or Stenobœa; never has he painted the joys or furies of love. In the different transports of that passion, he saw only weaknesses or crimes of a dangerous tendency to morals, and he wished that we might be compelled to esteem those whom we were constrained to lament.

Let us continue to follow the immense strides which he has made in his progress. Let us examine the manner in which he has treated the different parts of tragedy; that is to say, the plot, manners, thoughts, words, exhibition, and music.

His plots are extremely simple. He neglected, or was not sufficiently acquainted with the art of avoiding improbabilities, combining or unravelling an action, closely connecting the several parts, and hastening or retarding it by dicoveries and unforeseen accidents. Sometimes the recital of facts and the vivacity of the dialogue alone form the interest of his pieces; at other times, the vigour of his style and the terror of his scenes. It appears that he considered the unity of action and time as essential; that of place as less necessary.

The chorus with him no longer confines itself to singing certain songs, but forms a part of the whole; it is the support of the wretched, the counsellor of kings, the terror of tyrants, and the confidant of all. Sometimes it participates in an action during the whole time of its continuance. This ought to have been practised more frequently by the successors of Eschylus; he has not, however, himself always practised it.

The characters and manners of his personages are suitable and but seldom inconsistent. He commonly selects his models from the heroic ages, and sustains them at the elevation in which Homer had placed his heroes. He delights in depicting vigorous and free minds, superior to fear, devoted to their country, greedy of glory and combats, and more noble than those of the present time, such as he wished to form for the defence of Greece; for he wrote in the time of the Persian war.

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As he leans more to terror than to pity, far from softening the features of certain characters, he seeks only to render them more ferocious, without, however, injuring their theatrical interest. Clytemnestra, after having murdered her husband, relates her crime with better derision, with the intrepidity of a determined villain. This crime would be horrible, if it were not just in her eyes, if it were not necessary, and if, according to the principles received in the heroic ages, the blood unjustly shed ought not to be washed away by blood. Clytemnestra lets us perceive her jealousy of Cassandra, and her love for Egisthus; but such feeble motives did not guide her hand. Nature and the gods have compelled her to avenge herself. "I boldly avow what I did not fear to execute," says she to the chorus of Argives, "it is equally indifferent to me whether you applaud or blame. Behold my husband without life; it was I who murdered him; his blood spouted forth upon me; I received it with the same avidity that the earth, burned and parched by the sun, receives the dew of heaven. He sacrificed my daughter, I stabbed him; or rather it was not Clytemnestra, but the fury Atreus, the fury who commanded the bloody feast of this king, it was he, I say, who has assumed my features, to take more signal vengeance for the murdered children of Thyestes."

This idea will become more apparent from the following reflection. In the midst of the disorders and mysteries of nature, none more forcibly impressed Eschylus than the strange destiny of the human race. In man, the crimes of which he is the author, and the miseries of which he is the victim; above him, the vengeance of heaven and blind fatality, by the former of which he is pursued when guilty, and by the latter even in happiness and prosperity. Such is the doctrine which he had drawn from his intercourse with the sages, which he has inculcated in almost all his pieces, and which, holding our minds in continual terror, incessantly exhorts us not to draw upon ourselves the vengeance of the gods, and to submit to the decrees of fate. Hence that sovereign contempt which he manifests for the deceitful goods by which we are blinded, and that force of eloquence with which he abuses the calamities of fortune. "O human greatness," exclaimed Cassandra with indignation, "brilliant and vain image, which a shadow may obscure, a drop of water efface. The prosperity of man more excites my pity than his misfortunes."

No other style for the heroic poem was known in his time but that of the epopœa and that of the dithryambic. Eschylus, from their being adapted to the loftiness of his ideas and sentiments,

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without weakening them, transferred them to tragedy. Borne along by an enthusiasm which he was no longer able to govern, he lavishes epithets, metaphors, every figurative expression of the emotions of the soul; all that gives weight, strength, and magnificence to language; and all that can render it animated and impassioned. Under his vigorous pencil, narrative, sentiments, and maxims become images, which are striking from their beauty or singularity. In that tragedy, which may justly be entitled, the production of Mars: "King of the Thebans," says the courier, who had been dispatched in advance of the army, "the enemy is approaching: believe my report, that I have seen them."

> "Upon a black shield, seven unrelenting chiefs,
> With horrid vows and dreadful oaths, affright the gods;
> Near the body of a dying bull, by them slain,
> All, their hands dipp'd in the gore, swear to be reveng'd;
> By Terror, they swear, by Mars, and by Bellona."

Of a man of consummate prudence, he says; "He reaps those wise and liberal resolutions which spring in the deep furrows of his soul." And elsewhere; "The understanding by which I am animated descended from heaven upon the earth, and incessantly reminds me, To esteem but slightly what is mortal." To caution a free people to be early attentive to the conduct of a citizen, dangerous from his talents and his riches; "Beware," says he to them, "how you rear a young lion, how you manage him while he yet fears you, and how you resist him when he is become a stranger to fear."

These brilliant ideas, however, are accompanied, in some of his works, by an obscurity which arises, not only from the extreme precision and boldness of his figures, but also from new terms, with which he affected to enrich his works. Eschylus did not wish that his heroes should express themselves like common men; their elocution ought to be above the vulgar language; it is frequently above any known language. To strengthen his diction, words of great length, harshly constructed from the fragments of several others, arise in the midst of his sentences, like those proud towers, to use the comparison of Aristophanes, which rule over the ramparts of a city.

The eloquence of Eschylus was too vigorous to submit to the refinements of elegance, harmony or correction: and his flight was too daring not to be exposed to errors and failures. His style, in general, is noble and sublime; in some parts grand to excess, and pompous to inflation; but sometimes degraded and disgusting, from ignoble comparisons and a childish play on

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words, and other vices which are equally common to this author and to all others who possess more genius than taste. In despite of these faults he merits a very distinguished rank amongst the most celebrated of the Grecian poets.

It was not enough that the imposing style of his tragedies should leave in the mind strong impressions of grandeur, to attract the multitude, it was requisite that every part of the spectacle should concur to produce the same effect. It was at that time the general persuasion that nature, in bestowing upon the ancient heroes a more advantageous form, had engraved upon their forehead that majesty which attracts the respect of the people equally with the pomp and retinue by which they were surrounded. Eschylus raised his actors on high stilts, on socks, or buskins; he covered their features, which were frequently deformed, with a mask which concealed their irregularity; and clothed them in magnificent and flowing robes, of which the fashion was so becoming and decent, that the priests of Ceres did not blush to adopt them. The inferior actors had masks and dresses suitable to their parts.

Instead of those wretched scaffolds which were formerly erected in haste, he obtained a proper theatre, provided with machines, and embellished with decorations. Here the sound of the trumpet was reverberated, incense was seen to burn upon the altars, the shades of the dead to arise from the tomb, and the furies to rush from the depths of Tartarus. In one of his pieces, these infernal divinities appeared, for the first time, with masks of a horrid paleness, torches in their hands, serpents entwined in their hair, and followed by a numerous train of horrible spectres. It is said, that at the sight of them, and the sound of their terrific howlings, terror and affright seized upon the whole assembly; that women miscarried; that children expired with fear; and that the magistrates, to prevent the recurrence of similar accidents, commanded that the chorus should consist only of fifteen actors instead of fifty.

The spectators were equally astonished by the illusion which so many new objects made upon their minds, and the intelligence which shone forth in the performance of the actors. Eschylus almost continually exercised them himself,—he regulated their paces, and taught them to render the action more sensible by new and expressive gestures. They were still better instructed by his example, for he performed with them in his pieces. He sometimes engaged, to train them, an able master of the choruses, named Telestes, who had brought the art of gesture to perfection.

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He performed with such truth and expression in the performance of the Seven Chiefs before Thebes, that the action might have supplied the place of the words.

We have already said, that Eschylus had transferred to tragedy the style of the epopœa and the dithyrambic; he also introduced into it the lofty modulations and impetuous rythmus of certain airs, or *nomi*, calculated to excite courage; but he did not adopt the innovations by which the ancient music began to be disfigured. His song is always full of nobleness and decorum, and constantly in the diatonic genus, which is the most natural and simple of all.

Being falsely accused of having revealed, in one of his pieces, the mysteries of Eleusis, he with difficulty escaped from the fury of a fanatic people. He, however, forgave this injustice of the Athenians, because his life only had been in danger; but when he saw the pieces of his rivals crowned in preference to his own; "Time," said he, "must restore mine to their proper place;" and, having abandoned his country, he repaired to Sicily, where king Hiero loaded him with benefactions and honours. He died there a short time after, aged about seventy years. The following epitaph, which he composed himself, was engraven upon his tomb; "Here lies Eschylus, the son of Euphorion: he was born in Attica, and died in the fertile country of Gela: the Persians and the woods of Marathon will for ever attest his valour." He was, undoubtedly, at this time disgusted with literary fame, and knew no glory more illustrious than that of arms. The Athenians decreed honours to his memory; and it is not unusual for authors, who design to devote their talents to the theatre, to go to make libations upon his tomb, and to recite their works around his funeral monument.

I have entered at some length upon the merits of this poet, because almost all the innovations which he introduced were discoveries; and because it was more difficult, with the models which he had before him, to elevate tragedy to that point of greatness where he left it, than, after him, to bring it to perfection.

The progress of the art was extremely rapid. Eschylus was born a few years after Thespis had presented his Alcestis; his contemporaries and rivals were Chœrilus, Pratinas, and Phrynichus, whose glory he eclipsed, and Sophocles who equalled his own.

Sophocles was born of an honest family of Athens, in the fourth year of the seventieth Olympiad, about twenty-seven years after the birth of Eschylus, and fourteen before that of Euripedes.

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It is unnecessary to observe, that after the battle of Salamis, Sophocles, at the head of a chorus of youths, who chanted songs of victory around a trophy, attracted every eye by the beauty of his person, and obtained the suffrages of all by the music of his lyre; that, on different occasions, important employments both civil and military, were confided to him; that, at the age of eighty years, accused by an ungrateful son, of being no longer capable of conducting his affairs, he made no other defence than that of reading to the audience his tragedy of Œdipus at Colonus, which he had just finished; that the judges, indignant at such a charge, confirmed him in his rights, and that all who were present conducted him home in triumph; that he died at the age of ninety-one years, after having enjoyed a reputation the splendour of which increases from day to day. However honourable these details, they do not do him sufficient honour. But it may be said, that the sweetness of his character and the graces of his mind procured him a great number of friends, whose friendship he retained during his whole life; that he resisted, without pride or regret, the solicitations of kings who endeavoured to draw him to their courts; that if, in the age of pleasures, he was sometimes led astray by the passion of love, far from repining at old age, he congratulated himself on his loss, as a slave who has no longer to obey the caprices of a ferocious tyrant; that at the death of Euripides, his rival, which happened a short time before his own, he appeared in mourning, participating in the grief of the Athenians, and did not suffer his actors, in a piece which he brought out at that time, to appear with crowns upon their heads.

He at first applied himself to lyric poetry; but his genius soon led him into a more glorious route, in which his first success for ever fixed him. He was twenty eight years of age when he entered into competition with Eschylus, who was at that time in possession of the stage. After the representation of the pieces, the first of the archons, who presided at the games, was unable to draw by lot the judges who were to decree the crown. The spectators, divided in their opinions, made the theatre resound with their clamours, which encreasing every instant, the ten generals of the republic, having at their head Cimon, who by his victories and his generosity had arrived at the summit of glory and influence, ascended the stage, and approached the altar of Bacchus, to make the accustomed libations before they retired. Their presence, and the ceremony which they were about to per-

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form, suspended the tumult, and the archon, having chosen them to name the victor, made them be seated, after having taken the customary oath. The majority of the suffrages was in favour of Sophocles; and Æschylus, offended at the preference given to his rival, soon after withdrew into Sicily.

So splendid a triumph was calculated for ever to ensure to Sophocles the empire of the stage; but Euripides, then a youth, had been a witness of this scene, and the remembrance of it disturbed him even when he was taking lessons of eloquence under Prodicus, and of philosophy under Anaxagoras. He was seen, therefore, at the age of eighteen, to commence the theatrical career, in which during a long course of years, he and Sophocles proceeded with ardent emulation, like two spirited coursers panting to obtain the victory.

The austerity of Euripides, in general, although he possessed many pleasing qualities of mind, banished from his manner the graces of the smile, and the brilliant colours of joy. He had, equally with Pericles, acquired this habit from the example of Anaxagoras, their master. Pleasantries excited his indignation. "I hate," said he, in one of his pieces, "those useless men, who have no other merit than that of indulging their mirth at the expense of the sages whom they contemn." He more particularly alluded to the licentiousness of the authors of comedy, who, on their part, sought to decry his manners, as they had already decried those of the philosophers. In reply to this, it may be sufficient to observe, that he was the friend of Socrates, who seldom appeared at theatrical representations, except when the pieces of this poet were performed.

He had exhibited upon the stage princesses polluted with crimes, from which he had more than once taken occasion to launch forth against women in general. Endeavours were therefore made to incite them against him. Some maintained that he hated them; others, more intelligent, affirmed that he ardently loved them. "He detests them," said, one day, some person.—"It is true," replied Sophocles; "but it is in his tragedies."

He was induced from various reasons, about the close of his life to retire to Archelaus, king of Macedon. This prince had assembled at his court all those who had distinguished themselves in literature and the arts. Euripides found there Zeuxis and Timotheus, the former of whom had effected a revolution in painting, and the latter in music; he also found there the poet Agathon, his friend, and one of the worthiest and most agreeable men of his time. It was he who said to Archelaus. "A

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king ought to remember three things; "that he governs men, that he ought to govern them according to the laws, and that he will not govern them for ever." Euripides expressed his sentiments with no less freedom, to which he was well entitled, since he solicited no favour. Even on a certain occasion, when it was customary to offer some little presents to the sovereign, as a mark of attachment and respect, he did not appear, with the courtiers and flatterers, eager to acquit himself of this duty; and Archelaus having slightly reproached him for his neglect: "When the poor man gives," replied Euripides, he asks."

Some years afterwards he died, aged about seventy-seven years. The Athenians sent deputies to Macedon, to obtain permission to transport his body to Athens; but Archelaus, who had already publicly manifested his grief, rejected their entreaties, and deemed it an honour to his states to preserve the remains of a great man. He caused a magnificent tomb to be erected to him, on the banks of a small stream, the waters of which are so pure, that they frequently invite the traveller to stop, and consequently to contemplate the monument which appears to his view. The Athenians at the same time raised a cenotaph to him on the road which leads from the city to the Piræus; they still pronounce his name with respect, and sometimes with transport. At Salamis, the place of his birth, I was conducted with eagerness to a grotto, where, it is asserted, that he composed the greater part of his tragedies; in the same manner the inhabitants of Colonus, have more than once shewn me the house where Sophocles had passed a part of his life.

Athens, lost almost at the same time both these celebrated poets. Scarcely were their eyes closed, when Aristophanes, in one of his successful pieces, supposed that Bacchus, disgusted with the wretched tragedies which were performed at his festivals, had descended to the shades to bring back Euripides, and that on his arrival he had found the court of Pluto filled with dissensions. The cause, however, was honourable to poetry. Near the throne of this god are placed several others, upon which are seated those poets who have most excelled in the noble and lofty style of poetry, but which they are obliged to yield on the appearance of men of superior talents. Eschylus filled that of tragedy. Euripides claimed it; and their pretensions are about to be discussed. The latter is supported by a great number of persons destitute of refinement and taste, who have been seduced by the specious ornaments of his eloquence. Sophocles declares for Eschylus; ready to acknowledge him for his master, if victorious, and, if

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conquered, to dispute the crown with Euripides. The competitors, however, enter the lists, and each, armed with the shafts of satire, extols the merits of his own pieces, and depresses those of his rival. Bacchus has to pronounce judgment; he remains a long time undetermined, but at last declares in favour of Eschylus, who, before he quits the shades, urgently demands, that during his absence, Sophocles may occupy his place.

In despite of the prejudices and hatred of Aristophanes against Euripides, his decision in assigning the first rank to Eschylus, the second to Sophocles, and the third to Euripides, was, at that time, conformable to the opinion of the greater part of the Athenians. Without either approving or disputing this opinion, I shall now relate the changes which the two latter made in the work of the former.

I have already said, that Sophocles had introduced a third actor into his first pieces; and it is unnecessary to insist upon the new decorations with which he enriched the stage equally with the new symbols which he placed in the hands of some of his characters. He censured in Eschylus three defects, the excessive elevation of his ideas, the gigantic style of his expressions, and the difficult conduct of his plots; and these faults he flattered himself that he had avoided.

If the models which are presented to us on the stage are too much elevated above us, their calamities can have no claim on our compassion; nor their examples be capable of instructing us. The heroes of Sophocles are placed at that precise distance which our admiration and the interest we feel can attain. As they are above us without being far removed from us, whatever relates to them is neither too strange nor too familiar; and as they descend to no weakness in the most dreadful reverses of fortune, there results a sublime pathos which especially characterises this poet.

He so greatly respected the limits of true greatness, that in the fear of overstepping them, it sometimes occurs that he does not approach them. In the midst of a rapid career, at the moment when he is about to communicate his ardent flame to all, he is seen suddenly to stop and become extinct. Hence it may be affirmed that he preferred failures to extravagancies.

He was unable to dwell upon the weaknesses of the human heart, or ignoble crimes. He required minds of strength and sensibility, and therefore interesting; souls subdued by misfortune, without being oppressed or inflated.

In reducing heroism to its just rules, Sophocles towered the style of tragedy, and banished those expressions which a wild

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imagination had dictated to Eschylus, and which diffused terror through the souls of the auditors. His style, like that of Homer, is full of strength, magnificence, nobleness, and mildness; even in pourtraying the most violent passions, he happily suits his style to the dignity of the personages.

Eschylus painted men greater than they can be; Sophocles, as they ought to be, and Euripides, as they are. They two former had neglected certain passions and situations which the latter believed susceptible of great effect. He sometimes represented, princesses, inflamed with love, and respiring only adultery and crimes, and sometimes kings so reduced by adversity as to be clothed in rags, and as mendicants soliciting alms. These scenes, in which was no longer distinguished neither the touches of Eschylus nor of Sophocles, at first raised the indignation of the spectators. It was said, that neither the character nor the rank of the heroes of the stage, ought under any pretext to be so degraded: that it was shameful artfully to trace indecent images, and dangerous to give to vice the authority of great examples.

But the times had passed in which the laws of Greece inflicted a punishment on those artists who did not treat their subjects with a certain decency. The enervation of manners extended the boundaries of propriety from day to day. The greater part of the Athenians were less offended at the attacks which the pieces of Eschylus made on received ideas, than hurried along by the sentiments with which he had animated them; for this poet, capable of managing all the passions of the soul, is admirable when he depicts the furies of love, or excites the emotions of pity; it is then, that surpassing himself, he sometimes attains the sublime, for which it appears that nature had not destined him. The Athenians were affected at the fate of the guilty Phedra; that of the unhappy Telephus drew forth their tears, and the author was justified.

While he was accused of enervating tragedy, he had proposed to make it the school of wisdom; in his writings may be found the system of Anaxagorus, his master, on the origin of beings, and the precepts of that morality, of which Socrates, his friend, at that time discussed the principles. But as the Athenians had acquired a taste for that artificial eloquence in which he had received lessons from Prodicus, he principally directed his attention to please their ears. In this manner the doctrines of philosophy and the ornaments of rhetoric were admitted into tragedy, and this innovation served still more to distinguish Euripides from the writers who had preceded him.

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In the pieces of Eschylus and Sophocles, the passions eager to arrive at their termination, do not lavish maxims which would retard their progress; the second of these authors, especially possesses that singular talent, by which, as he proceeds rapidly forwards, and almost without intending it, he decides the character at a single stroke and displays the secret sentiments of those whom he exhibits on the stage. Thus, in his Antigone, a word, which escapes as it were accidentally from this princess, discovers her love for the son of Creon.

Euripides multiplied sentences and reflections; he made it a pleasure or a duty to display his acquirements, and frequently indulged himself in rhetorical forms of expression. Hence the different judgments which have been formed on this author, and the different aspects under which he may be regarded. As a philosopher he had a great number of partizans; the disciples of Anaxagoras and those of Socrates, from the example of their masters, congratulated themselves on seeing their doctrines applauded upon the stage, and, without, however, pardoning their new interpreter for having used some expressions which were too favourable to despotism, openly declared themselves in favour of a writer who inspired the love of moral duties and of virtue, and who, extending his views still farther, proclaimed aloud, that we ought not to accuse the gods of so many shameful passions, but those men by whom they are attributed to them: and as he forcibly insisted upon the important doctrines of morality, he was placed among the number of the sages, and will for ever be regarded as the philosopher of the stage.

His eloquence, which sometimes degenerates into an ostentatious profusion of words, has not rendered him less celebrated among orators in general, and particularly among those of the bar. He persuades by the heat of his sentiments, and convinces by the address with which he introduces his questions and replies.

The beauties which the philosophers and orators admire in his writings are absolute faults in the eyes of his censurers. They maintain that such a number of rhetorical phrases, so many accumulated maxims, learned digressions, and idle disputes, lessen the interest; and in this respect they place Euripides much below Sophocles, who has said nothing which has not its utility.

Eschylus had preserved in his style the boldness of the dithyrambic; and Sophocles, the magnificence of the epic poem. Euripides fixed the language of tragedy; he retained scarcely any of those expressions which are especially devoted to poetry; but he was so well able to select and employ those of the ordi-

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nary language, that under their happy combination, the feebleness of the thought seemed to disappear, and the most common word to become ennobled. Such is the magic of this enchanting style which, equally distant from meanness and inflation, is almost always elegant and clear, almost always harmonious, flowing, and so flexible, that it seems to adapt itself without effort to all the feelings of the soul.

It was however, with extreme difficulty that he wrote verses easy and natural. Equally with Plato, Zeuxis, and all those who aspire to perfection, he judged his works with the severity of a rival, and amended them with the tenderness of a parent. He once said, "that three of his verses had cost him the labour of three days." "I could have composed a hundred in that time," said to him, a poet of indifferent abilities, "I believe you," replied Euripides," "but they would have lived only three days."

Sophocles introduced into his chorusses the Phygian harmony, the object of which is to inspire moderation, and belongs to the worship of the gods. Euripides, who participated in the innovations made by Timotheus in the ancient music, adopted almost all the modes, and particularly those of which the sweetness and softness accorded with the character of his poetry. The audience were astonished on hearing effeminate sounds and sometimes multiplied tones upon a single syllable, introduced into the theatre. The author was very soon represented as a feeble artist, who not being able to attain to the elevation of tragedy, had reduced it to the level of his own ability, and, consequently, had taken away from all its parts that weight and gravity which belong to them; and, moreover by joining insignificant airs to words destitute of greatness, had substituted ornament for beauty, and artifice for strength. "Let us make Euripides sing," said Aristophanes; "let him take a lyre, or rather a pair of shalls, for that is the only accompaniment which his verse can bear."

No one would dare at the present time to venture a similar criticism; but in the time of Aristophanes, many persons accustomed from their infancy to the imposing and majestic tones of ancient tragedy, feared to submit to the impression of the novel sounds which struck their ears. The graces have, at length, softened the severity of the rules, and but little time has been required for them to obtain this triumph.

In the conduct of the pieces, the superiority of Sophocles is generally acknowledged: it may even be demonstrated, that almost all the laws of tragedy have been digested from his writings; but as, in point of taste, the analysis of a good work is usually a

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bad one, inasmuch as the true and regular beauties in it lose a portion of their proper estimation, it will suffice to say, in general, that this author is free from those essential faults with which his rival is reproached.

Euripides seldom succeeded in the disposition of his subjects; sometimes he offends probability; sometimes the incidents are forcibly introduced; at other times, his action ceases to form a complete whole; almost always the complications and developments leave something to be desired, and his chorusses have frequently only an indirect relation to the action.

He introduced, to explain his subjects, a prologue, or long preface, almost entirely detached from the piece; in which usually one of the actors comes forward and coldly details all the events anterior and relative to the action; relates his own genealogy, or that of one of the principal personages; informs us of the motive which has induced his descent from heaven, if he is a god; or what cause has raised him from the tomb, if a mortal; and announcing himself to the spectators by declaring the name of the being or person which he represents:—*I am the goddess Venus; I am Mercury, the son of Maia; I am Polydorus, the son of Hecuba; I am Jocasta; I am Andromache.* The following is the manner in which Iphigenia, appearing alone on the stage, expresses herself: "Pelops, the son of Tantalus, having arrived at Pisa, espoused the daughter of Œnomaus, from whom Atreus was born; from Atreus was born Menelaus and Agamemnon; the latter espoused the daughter of Tyndarus; and I, Iphigenia, from this marriage received my birth." After this genealogy, so happily parodied in a comedy of Aristophanes, the princess tells herself, that her father had caused her to be brought to Aulis, under the pretext of espousing her to Achilles, but in fact to sacrifice her to Diana; and that this goddess, having substituted a hind in her place, had suddenly borne her away to Tauris, where reigned Thoas, so named on account of his speed, which might be compared to the flight of birds. Finally, however, after some other details, she concludes with relating a dream, by which she had been terrified, and which presages to her the death of Orestes, her brother.

In the pieces of Eschylus and Sophocles, a happy artifice elucidated the subject from the first scenes; Euripides himself seemed to have discovered their secret in his Medea and in his Iphigenia in Aulis. However, although in general his manner is destitute of art, it is not condemned by able critics.

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What is more strange is, that in some of his prologues, as if to weaken the interest which he is desirous to inspire, he previously informs us, that the greater part of the events ought to excite our surprise. But still more astonishing, to see him sometimes give to slaves the language of philosophy, and to kings that of slaves; and occasionally, to please the people, he makes long digressions, of which his piece of The Suppliants offers a striking example.

Theseus, having assembled the Athenian army, awaits the last resolution of Creon, King of Thebes, before he marches against this prince. At this moment the herald of Creon arrives, and demands to speak to the King of Athens. "You will seek him in vain," says Theseus, "this city is free, and the sovereign power is lodged in the hands of all the citizens." Upon this, the herald declaims seventeen verses against democracy. Theseus, becoming impatient, replies in twenty-seven verses in which he recapitulates the inconveniencies of royalty. After this misplaced dispute, the herald performs his commission. It seems that Euripides preferred rather to give the reins to his genius, than to restrain it, and attended more to the interest of philosophy than to that of his subject.

In the succeeding chapter I shall produce other faults, some of which are common to both Euripides and Sophocles; but, as they have not obscured their glory, it may be from thence concluded, that the beauties which adorn their works are of a superior order. It must, however, be added in favour of Euripides, that the greater part of his pieces, having a fatal catastrophe, produce the greatest effect, and cause him to be deemed the most tragic of the dramatic poets.

The theatre presented an abundant harvest of laurels to the talents which it had caused to blossom. From Eschylus to the present time, in a space of about one hundred and fifty years, many authors have eagerly endeavoured to smooth or embellish the track which genius had recently opened to itself, their productions will make them known to posterity. I shall enumerate some of those whose success or vain efforts may elucidate the history of the art, and instruct those by whom it is cultivated.

Phrynichus, the disciple of Thespis, and rival of Eschylus, introduced the character of women upon the stage. When Themistocles was charged by his tribe to assist at the representation of the games, Phrynichus presented one of his pieces; it obtained the prize, and the name of the poet was associated upon the marble with the name of the conqueror of the Persians. His tragedy entitled *The Taking of Miletus*, had an uncommon suc-

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cess; the spectators melted into tears, and condemned the author to a fine of a thousand drachmas, for having represented in too lively colours calamities which the Athenians could not prevent.

Ion was so highly elated in beholding one of his pieces obtain the crown, that he made a present to each of the inhabitants of Athens of one of those beautiful vases of baked earth, which are fabricated in the isle of Chios, his native country. He may be censured, as a writer, that he merits no blame; his writings are so carefully laboured, that the eye of the most rigid critic is unable to discern any spot in them. However, all that he has written is not worth the Œdipus of Sophocles, because, in despite of his efforts, he attained only the perfection of mediocrity.

Agatho, the friend of Socrates and Euripides, first hazarded fictitious subjects. His comedies are written with elegance, and his tragedies with the same profusion of antitheses and symetrical ornaments as the discourses of the rhetorician Georgias.

Philocles composed a great number of pieces; they have no other singularity than that of an asperity of style which acquired him the surname of *The Bile.* This very indifferent writer obtained the prize from Sophocles, by the decision of the Athenians, in a competition in which the latter had presented his Œdipus, one of his finest pieces, and, perhaps, the master-piece of the Grecian stage. The time will no doubt arrive, when we shall not dare to say that Sophocles was superior to Philocles.

Astydamas, the nephew of Philocles, was still more prolific than his uncle, and five times obtained the prize. His son, of the same name, has presented many pieces in my time; his competitors are Aselepiades, Aphareus, the adopted son of Isocrates, Theodectes, and several others, who would be admired had they not succeeded men so truly admirable.

I had forgotten Dionysius the elder, king of Syracuse. He was aided in the composition of his tragedies by some men of genius, and was indebted to their assistance for the victory he obtained in this species of literature. Fond to intoxication of his productions, he solicited the approbation of every person at his court with the meanness and cruelty of a tyrant. He one day requested Philoxenus to correct a piece which he had just finished. The poet made one general erasure from the beginning to the end, for which he was sent to the quarries. The next day Dionysius liberated him from his confinement, admitted him to his table; and, toward the end of the entertainment, reciting some of his verses, asked him what he thought of them: The poet

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made him no reply, but turning to the attendants, bid them take him back to the quarries.

Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are, and ever will be, placed at the head of those who have rendered the stage illustrious. Whence is it then, that, notwithstanding the great number of pieces they presented in the theatrical competitions,* the first obtained the crown only thirteen times, the second but eight, and the last only five times? Because the multitude decided the victory, but the public has since assigned to these poets the rank they merited. The multitude had patrons whose passions it espoused, and favourites whose interests it supported. Hence so many intrigues and enmities which broke forth in acts of violence and injustice in the moment of decision. On the other hand, the public, that is to say, the most intelligent part of the people, sometimes suffered itself to be dazzled by slight beauties scattered through works that do not rise above mediocrity; but it was not long before it restored men of real genius to the station they merited, when convinced of their superiority by the vain attempts of their rivals and successors.

Though comedy had the same origin with tragedy, its history, less known, points out to us revolutions of the circumstances of which we are ignorant, and improvements of which we no longer know the authors.

Invented towards the fiftieth Olympiad, and adapted to the rude manners of the rustics, comedy ventured not to approach the capital; and if by chance some companies of actors, who were unconnected with any others, found their way into the city, and performed their indecent farces, they were less authorised than tolerated by the government. It was not till after a long infancy that this species of drama began suddenly to make a rapid improvement in Sicily. Instead of a succession of scenes without connection or tendency, the philosopher Epicharmus introduced an action all the parts of which had a dependance on each other; and conducted his subject, without wandering from it, through a just extent, to a determinate end. His pieces, subjected to the same laws as tragedy, were known in Greece, where they were considered as models; and comedy soon shared with her rival the suffrages of the public, and the homage due to genius. The Athenians, especially, received her with the same transports as they would have testified at the news of a victory: many of their poets exercised their genius in this novel species of composition;

* See note at the end of the volume.

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and their names adorn the numerous list of writers who have been distinguished in comedy from Epicharmus to the present time. Such were, among the more ancient, Magnes, Cratinus, Crates, Pherecrates, Eupolis, and Aristophanes, who died about thirty years before my arrival in Greece. They all flourished in the age of Pericles.

Some keenly satirical pleasantries at first procured to Magnes the most brilliant success. He afterwards became more discreet and moderate, and his pieces were condemned.

Cratinus succeeded less in the disposition of the fable than the portraying of vices. With the severity of Archilochus, and the energy of Eschylus, he attacked individuals, without moderation and without pity.

Crates was distinguished by the liveliness of his sallies, and Pherecrates by the artifice of his.—Both were happy in invention, and abstained from personalities.

Eupolis returned to the manner of Cratinus, but he possessed more elevation and amenity than that writer. Aristophanes, with less gall than Cratinus, and fewer graces than Eupolis, frequently tempered the bitterness of the former with the elegance of the latter.

If we refer to the titles of the pieces which have come down to us from the time of these authors, we shall find it difficult to conceive what idea they entertained of comedy. The following are some of them: Prometheus, Triptolemus, Bacchus, and Bacchantes, the Fictitious Hercules, the Marriage of Hebe, the Danaids, Niobe, Amphiaraus, the Shipwreck, the Golden Age, the Wild Men, Heaven, the Seasons, the Earth and Sea, the Storks, the Birds, the Bees, the Frogs, the Clouds, the She Goats, the Laws, the Painters, the Pythagoreans, the Deserters, the Friends, the Flatterers, the Effeminate.

If we peruse these pieces, we shall be convinced that the sole object of their authors was to please the multitude; and that to attain this end they considered all means as indifferent, and employed by turns, parody, allegory, and satire abounding in images and language the most gross and obscene.

They treated the same subjects with the tragic writers, though they exhibited them in different colours. The Niobe of Euripides drew tears from the spectators, and that of Aristophanes excited their laughter. The gods and heroes were travestied, and the ridiculous was produced by the contrast between their disguise and their dignity. Different pieces bore the names of Bacchus and Hercules, and, by parodying their characters, exposed

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to the laughter of the populace the excessive poltroonery of the former, and the enormous voracity of the latter; to assuage whose hunger, Epicharmus particularly describes, and represents as served up to him, all the different species of fish and shell-fish known in his time.

The same turn of pleasantry obtains in the allegorical subjects, such as *the Golden Age*, the advantages of which are extolled. In that happy age, said some, there was no need for slaves or workmen; the rivers rolled a delicious and nourishing liquid, torrents of wine fell from heaven in the form of rain; and man, seated beneath trees loaded with fruits, beheld birds ready dressed and seasoned flying around him, and requesting him to feast on them. That time, said another of these writers, shall return, when, at my command, the table shall spread itself with delicacies, the bottle pour me out wine, and the fish, half-roasted, turn on the other side and sprinkle himself with some drops of oil.

Images of this kind were addressed to that class of citizens, who, unable to obtain the luxuries of life, were pleased with the idea that they had not always been nor should always continue to be denied them. It was also to obtain the favour of the same part of the audience that the most celebrated authors sometimes furnished their actors with indecent dresses, gestures, and expressions, and sometimes put in their mouths virulent invectives against individuals.

We have already seen that some comic writers, treating a subject generally, abstained from personalities; but others were so unjust as to make no distinction between errors and vices, and to cover merit with ridicule. Spies in society, and slanderous informers on the stage, they delivered over the most illustrious reputations to the malignity of the multitude; and fortunes whether well or ill acquired to its jealousy. No citizen was so exalted, nor any so contemptible, as to be secure from their attacks, which were sometimes made by allusions easy to be understood, but more frequently by expressly naming the person, and pourtraying his features on the mask of the actor. A piece is extant in which Timocreon represented both Themistocles and Simonides; and we have also several written against a lamp-maker, named Hyperbolus, who by his intrigues had raised himself to the offices of magistracy.

The authors of these satires had recourse to falsehood to gratify their private enmity, and to the most illiberal abuse to please the lower classes of the audience. They hastened to diffuse their poison among all ranks of citizens, and ransacked the secrets of every

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family to expose to light concealed vices and crimes. At other times they gave vent to their spleen against the philosophers, the tragic poets, or their own rivals.

As the former only treated them with contempt, the comic writers endeavoured to render them suspected by the government, and ridiculous in the eyes of the multitude. Thus was it that, in the person of Socrates, virtue was more than once made the victim on the stage; and hence Aristophanes, in one of his pieces, has given us a burlesque parody of the plan of a perfect republic, as conceived by Protagoras and Plato.

At the same time comedy cited before her tribunal all those who devoted their talents to tragedy, sometimes exposing with asperity the defects of their persons or their works, and sometimes parodying, with keen ridicule, their verses, thoughts and sentiments. Euripides was all his life persecuted by Aristophanes; and the same spectators crowned the pieces of the former, and the burlesque critiques made on them by the latter.

The jealousy between those who ran the same course at length burst forth with still greater violence. Aristophanes had reproached Cratinus with his love of wine, and failure of his wit, and other defects incident to old age; and Cratinus, in revenge, exposed the plagiarisms of his enemy, and accused him of having adorned his works with the spoils of Eupolis.

Amid these contests, so shameful to literature, Cratinus conceived, and Aristophanes executed, the project of extending the empire of comedy. The latter having been accused by Cleon of assuming the title of citizen without possessing a legal right to it, in his defence parodied two verses which Homer has put in the mouth of Telemachus, and of which this is the sense: "I am, as my mother tells me, the son of Philip: for my part, I know little of the matter; for what child knows his father?" This stroke of pleasantry having induced his judges to confirm him in his privileges as a citizen, he breathed nothing but vengeance. Animated, as he himself says, with the courage of Hercules, he composed against Cleon a piece abounding with the bitterest sarcasm: but as no workmen could be found who would undertake to make a mask to represent the features of a man so formidable, nor any actor who would venture to perform the part, the poet was obliged to act it himself, with his face smeared with wine-lees, and had the satisfaction of seeing the multitude approve with loud bursts of applause the ridicule and invectives with which he attacked a leader whom they adored, and the keen satire that he levelled at themselves.

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Emboldened by this success, he proceeded, in allegorical subjects, to treat on the most important interests of the republic. Sometimes he shewed the necessity of ending a long and ruinous war, and sometimes inveighed against the corruption of the demagogues, the dissensions of the senate, and the folly of the people in their elections and deliberations. Two excellent actors, Callistratus and Philonides, performed in his comedies. When the first appeared, it was understood that the comedy turned only on the vices of individuals; and when the second acted, that the piece attacked the leaders of the administration.

The most intelligent part of the public, however, greatly disapproved of, and sometimes opposed with success, these licentious attacks. By one decree the acting of comedy was prohibited; by a second it was forbidden to mention any person by name; and, by a third, to attack the magistrates. But these decrees were soon either forgotten or repealed; they seemed repugnant to the nature of the government; and, besides, the multitude could not consent to relinquish a species of entertainment in which all the abusive and obscene expressions their language afforded were lavished on the objects of their jealousy.

Towards the end of the Peloponnesian war, a small number of citizens having seized on the supreme power; their first care was to restrain the licentiousness of the poets, and to permit the person they had attacked to prosecute them in a court of justice. The terror which these powerful men inspired produced a sudden revolution in comedy. The chorus was laid aside, because the rich citizens were alarmed, and would no longer consent to furnish one at their expence, or to provide masks with portraits, and thus contribute to the support of satire against individuals, and invectives against the leaders of the state. Aristophanes himself submitted to this reformation in his latter pieces; and his successors, such as Eubulus, Antiphanes, and several others, paid respect to the rules of propriety and decency. The fate of Anaxandrides taught them not to depart from them. He had parodied these words of Euripides: "Nature issues her commands, and regards little the laws by which they are contradicted." For the word *nature* he substituted *the city*, and was sentenced to perish with hunger.

In this state was comedy during my stay in Greece. Some poets continued to treat and parody the subjects of fable and history; but the greater part preferred invented subjects; and the same spirit of observation and analysis which inclined the philosophers to collect in society the scattered traits, the union

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of which characterises greatness of soul, or pusillanimity, engaged the poets to paint, generally, the singularities which are offensive, or the actions which are dishonourable, in society.

Comedy had become a regular art, since the philosophers had been able to define it. They said that it is an imitation, not of every kind of vice, but of the ridiculous only; and they also said that, after the example of tragedy, it may be permitted to exaggerate its characters to render them more striking.

When the chorus was again employed, which rarely happened, interludes were, as formerly, admitted between the scenes, and the declamation was accompanied by the choral chant or song; but when it was omitted, the action had greater probability, and a more rapid progress; the comic writers spoke a language which could not offend the delicate ear; and extravagant subjects no longer brought on the stage choruses of birds, wasps, and other animals, habited in a grotesque resemblance to the forms of those creatures. New discoveries were every day made in human nature, and nothing was wanting but a genius who might profit by the errors of the ancients, and the observations of the moderns.

After having traced the progress of tragedy and comedy, it remains for me to speak of a species of drama which unites the pleasantry of the latter to the gravity of the former. This, in like manner, derives its origin from the festivals of Bacchus, in which choruses of Sileni and Satyrs intermingled jests and raillery with the hymns which they sang in honour of that god.

The success they met with gave the first idea of the satyric drama, a kind of poem in which the most serious subjects are treated in a manner at once affecting and comic.

It is distinguished from tragedy by the kind of personages which it admits; by the catastrophe, which is never calamitous; and by the strokes of pleasantry, bon-mots, and buffooneries, which constitute its principal merit. It differs from comedy by the nature of the subject, by the air of dignity which reigns in some of the scenes, and the attention with which it avoids all personalities. It is distinct from both the tragic and comic dramas by certain rhythmi which are peculiar to it, by the simplicity of its fable, and by the limits prescribed to the duration of the action; for the satyr is a kind of entertainment which is performed after the tragedies as a relaxation to the spectators.

The scene presents to view groves, mountains, grottos, and landscapes of every kind. The personages of the chorus, disguised under the grotesque forms attributed to the satyrs, sometimes execute lively dances with frequent leaps, and sometimes

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discourse in dialogue, or sing, with the gods or heroes; and from the diversity of thoughts, sentiments, and expressions, results a striking and singular contrast.

Eschylus has succeeded better than any other author in this species of composition. Sophocles and Euripides have also distinguished themselves in it, but not so eminently as the poets Achæus and Hegemon. The latter added a new charm to the satyric drama by parodying, scene by scene, several well known tragedies. The artifice and neatness with which he executed these parodies rendered his pieces greatly applauded, and frequently procured them the crown. During the representation of his Gigantomachia, and while the whole audience were in a violent fit of laughter, news arrived of the defeat of the army in Sicily. Hegemon proposed to break off the piece abruptly; but the Athenians, without removing from their places, covered themselves with their cloaks, and, after having paid the tribute of a few tears to their relatives who had fallen in battle, listened, with the same attention as before, to the remainder of the entertainment. They afterwards alleged that they were unwilling to shew any signs of weakness, or testify their grief in the presence of the strangers, who were spectators of the performance.

CHAPTER LXX.

Representation of the Pieces.

The theatre was at first built with wood; but having fallen down during the performance of a piece by an ancient author named Pratinas, that which is still standing, near the south-east corner of the citadel, was erected of stone. If I should undertake to describe it, I should neither satisfy those who have seen it nor those who have not. I shall therefore only add some remarks to what I have already said concerning the representation of dramatic pieces, in one of my preceding chapters.

1st. During this representation no person is permitted to remain in the *cœlon*, or pit, experience having shewn that, unless this be entirely empty, the voice of the actors will be less distinctly heard.

2d. The *proscenium*, or stage, is divided into two parts; the one higher, on which the actors declaim, and the other lower, in which the chorus commonly is placed. This latter is raised ten or twelve feet above the pit, from which there is an ascent

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to it. In this situation it is easy for the chorus to turn either towards the actors or towards the spectators.

3d. As the theatre is not covered, it sometimes happens that a sudden shower obliges the spectators to take refuge in the porticos, or the public buildings near the place.

4th. In the spacious enclosure of the theatre are exhibited the contests in poetry, music, and dancing, with which the grand solemnities are accompanied. It is consecrated to glory; yet have we seen, on the same day, a piece of Euripides followed by an exhibition of puppets.

Tragedies and comedies are only presented to the public during the three festivals solemnized in honour of Bacchus. The first of these is celebrated at the Piræus, and there it was that some of the pieces of Euripides were performed for the first time.

The second, named *the Choes*, or *the Lenœans*, falls on the 12th of the month Anthesterion, and lasts only one day. As the inhabitants of Attica alone are permitted to be present at the celebration of this festival, authors reserve their new pieces for the greater Dionysia, which are solemnized a month after, and which attract from all parts an infinite number of spectators. They commence on the 12th of the month Elaphebolion, and continue several days, during which the pieces intended for competition are represented.

The victory formerly required greater efforts than it does at present. An author opposed his antagonist with three tragedies, and one of those entertainments which are named satyrs. With this great force were those famous contests decided in which Pratinas gained the prize against Eschylus and against Chœrilus; Sophocles against Eschylus; Philocles against Sophocles; Euphorion against Sophocles, and against Euripides; the latter against Iophon, and against Ion; and Xenocles against Euripides.

It is asserted by some, that, according to the number of competitors, the authors of tragedies, subjected at that time to the same restriction as orators are at present, were obliged to regulate the duration of their pieces by the successive fall of drops of water which escaped from an instrument called the Clepsydra. However this may be, Sophocles, wearied with producing so many pieces, adventured to present only one; and this practice, which had always been usual with regard to comedy, was insensibly established with respect to tragedy.

In the festivals, which last only one day, five or six dramatic pieces, either tragedies or comedies, are performed. But in the greater Dionysia, which continue longer, twelve or fifteen, and

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sometimes more, are acted. The performance begins early in the morning, and sometimes lasts the whole day.

The pieces are first presented to the principal archon, to whom it appertains to receive or reject them. Authors of mean abilities humbly solicit his protection. They are transported with joy when he is favourable to them; and, when he refuses to receive their pieces, console themselves by writing epigrams against him; or still better by the example of Sophocles, who was excluded from a competition to which the presiding archon did not blush to admit one of the most indifferent poets of his time.

The crown is not bestowed at the pleasure of a tumultuous assembly. The magistrate who presides at the festivals causes a small number of judges to be drawn by lot, who engage by an oath to decide impartially. This is the moment in which the partisans and enemies of an author are most active. Sometimes indeed the multitude, excited by their intrigues, previously declare their choice, furiously oppose the creation of the new tribunal, or compel the judges to acquiesce in their decision.

Besides the name of the victor, the names of the two competitors who are judged to have approached nearest to him are proclaimed; while he himself, loaded with the applauses which he has received at the theatre, and which the chorus had solicited for him at the end of the piece, is frequently accompanied home by a part of the spectators, and usually he gives an entertainment to his friends.

After the victory, the same piece can no more be admitted to the competition; nor may it after a defeat, without undergoing considerable alterations. But, notwithstanding this regulation, an ancient decree of the people permits any poet to aspire to the crown with one of the pieces of Eschylus, retouched and corrected as he shall judge proper; and this method has often succeeded.—Aristophanes thus obtained the honour of presenting to the competition a piece already crowned.—Afterwards the same privilege was extended to the pieces of Sophocles and Euripides; but as their superiority became every day more sensible, and prevented many from offering pieces at the competitions, the orator Lycurgus, at the time of my departure from Athens, intended to propose to the people to forbid their representation for the future; but to preserve accurate copies of them in some place of safety, to cause them annually to be recited in public, and to erect statues to their authors.

The actors in these dramas are to be distinguished into two kinds; those whose parts immediately follow the thread of the

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action, and those who compose the chorus. That I may explain more clearly their respective functions, I shall proceed to give an idea of the division of the pieces.

Besides the parts that constitute the essence of a drama, which are, the fable, the manners, the diction, the sentiments, the music, and the decoration, we must also consider those into which it is distributed in its extent, and which are, the prologue, the episode, the exode, and the chorus.

The prologue begins with the piece, and concludes with the first interlude, or choral ode between the acts. The episode extends in general from the first to the last of the interludes, and the exode comprehends all that is said after the last interlude. In the first of these parts it is that the exposition of the subject has place, and the knot or complication of the intrigue sometimes commences; the action is developed in the second, and finally unravelled in the third. These three parts have no fixed proportion in their respective lengths. In the Œdipus at Colonus of Sophocles, which contains 1862 verses, the prologue alone contains 700.

The stage is never empty. The chorus sometimes makes its entry in the first scene; if it comes on later, it must be naturally introduced; and if it goes off, it is only for a few moments, and for a sufficient reason.

The action presents only a series of scenes divided by interludes, the number of which is left to the choice of the poet. Of these, many pieces have four, and others five or six. I find only three in the Hecuba of Euripides, and in the Electra of Sophocles; but two in the Orestes of the former poet; and one only in the Philoctetes of the latter. The intervals between two interludes are also of various lengths; some have only one scene, and others contain several. It is manifest from these observations, that the division of a piece, and the distribution of its parts, depend entirely on the will of the poet.

What properly characterises the interlude is, when the choral performers are considered as alone, and sing altogether. If by any accident, at these times, one of the characters of the preceding scene should remain on the stage with them, they do not address him, or at least require from him no answer.

The chorus, according as the subject demands, is composed of men and women, old men or youths, citizens or slaves, priests, soldiers, &c. to the number of fifteen in tragedy and twenty-four in comedy; and the persons of it are always supposed of inferior condition to the principal characters of the piece. As it usually

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represents the people, or at least a part of them, foreigners, even though settled at Athens, are forbidden to act in the choruses, for the same reason as they are prohibited from being present in the general assembly of the people.

The actors who compose the chorus come on the stage preceded by a flute-player, who regulates their steps, sometimes one after the other, but more frequently, in tragedy, three in front and five in depth, or five in front and three in depth. When the piece is a comedy, they are usually arranged four in front and six deep, or six in front and four deep.

In the course of the piece the chorus sometimes performs the part of an actor, and sometimes forms the interlude. In the first case it takes a part in the action, and sings or declaims with the persons of the drama, the coryphæus speaking for it. On certain occasions it is divided into two parts, headed by two leaders, who relate certain circumstances of the action, or mutually communicate their hopes and fears. These kind of scenes, which are almost always sung, are sometimes concluded by the re-union of the two parts of the chorus. In the second case the chorus confines itself to lamenting the calamities incident to humanity, or imploring the assistance of the gods for the dramatic personage whose cause it espouses.

During these scenes the chorus rarely quits its place. In the interludes, and especially in the first, it executes different evolutions to the sound of the flute. The verses which it sings are, like those of the ode, disposed in strophes, antistrophes, epodes, &c. Each antistrophe corresponds to a strophe, either in the measure and number of the verses, or the nature of the chant. The choral performers, at the first strophe, go from right to left; at the first antistrophe, from left to right, in an equal time, and repeating the same air to other words. They afterwards stop, and turning towards the spectators, sing a new melody. Frequently they repeat the same evolutions with sensible differences in the words and music, but always with the same correspondence between the march and the counter-march. I here only mention the general practice; for it is principally in this part of the drama that the poet aims to display the varieties of rhythmus and melody.

Each tragedy requires three actors for the three leading parts. The principal archon causes them to be drawn by lot, and assigns to them, in consequence, the piece in which they are to perform. The author is not allowed the privilege to choose them, except when he has merited the crown in one of the preceding festivals.

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The same actors sometimes perform both in tragedy and comedy, but we rarely meet with any who excel in both. It is not necessary to mention that some have always acquitted themselves with great applause in the first parts, while others have not been able to rise above those of the third order; and that there are parts which require extraordinary bodily powers, as that of Ajax frantic. Some actors, to acquire great vigour and suppleness of body, frequent the palæstræ, where they exercise with the youthful athletæ; others, to render their voices more ductile and sonorous, carefully observe a strict regimen.

Considerable pay is given to actors who have acquired great celebrity; I have known Polus gain a talent in two days.* Their salary is regulated according to the number of pieces in which they act. As soon as they have attained to distinction on the Athenian stage, they are applied to by the different cities of Greece, and solicited to contribute to the embellishment of their festivals.—If they fail to perform the engagements they have signed, they are obliged to pay a sum of money stipulated in the agreement. On the other hand, the republic condemns them to a heavy fine if they are absent at the time of the celebration of its festivals.

The principal actor should be conspicuously distinguished from the two others, and especially the third, who receives his pay from him: so that these, even though they should have the finest voices, ought so to manage them as not to eclipse his. Theodorus, who in my time always played the principal part, never permitted the two subaltern actors to speak before him, and prepossess the audience in their favour. It was only when he assigned to the third actor a principal part, as that of the king, that he consented to forget his pre-eminence.

Tragedy seldom employs in the scenes any other verse than the iambic; a species of measure which nature seems to point out, by frequently producing it in conversation; but, in the choruses, it admits the greater part of those metrical forms which enrich lyric poetry. The attention of the spectator, incessantly awakened by this variety of rhythms, is no less engaged by the diversity of sounds annexed to the words, of which some are sung, and others simply recited.

The chorus sings in the interludes, and the actors declaim in the scenes when the chorus is silent; but when it enters into

* 5400 livres (225l.)

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dialogue with the actors, its coryphæus recites with them, or they sing alternately with the chorus.

The voice of the performers in singing is guided by the flute, and in declamation by a lyre which prevents it from sinking, and successively gives it the fourth, the fifth, and the octave, which in fact are the consonances the voice most frequently produces in conversation, whether continued or familiar. Though subjected to a proper intonation, it is freed from the rigid laws of the measure; an actor therefore may accelerate or retard his declamation.

With respect to the singing, all the rules of it were formerly rigorously observed: but at present those which relate to the accents and quantity are transgressed with impunity. To enforce the observance of the others, the master of the chorus, in the absence of the poet, exercises the actors for a long time before the representation of the piece. He beats the measure with his feet, his hands, or by other means which may give the movement to the performers of the chorus, who are attentive to all his gestures.

The chorus more easily obeys the measure than the single voices; but it is never made to sing in certain modes, the enthusiastic character of which is not suitable to the simple and tranquil manners of the persons it represents: these modes are reserved for the principal personages.

The genera, which proceed by quarters of tones, or a number of successive half-tones, are excluded from the music of the theatre, because they are not sufficiently masculine, or sufficiently easy of performance. The singing is preceded by a prelude executed by two flute-players.

The duty of the master of the chorus is not confined to guiding the voices of those who are under his directions; he is also to give them lessons in the two kind of dances which are adapted to the theatre; one of which, the dance properly so called, the choral performers only execute on certain occasions; as when, for example, some happy tidings compel them to yield to the transports of their joy: the other, which has very lately been introduced into tragedy, is that which, by regulating the motions and different inflections of the body, paints with greater precision than the former the actions, manners, and sentiments. This, of all imitations, is perhaps the most energetic, because its rapid eloquence is not enfeebled by language, but expresses every thing by exhibiting it to the eyes, and is no less proper to satisfy the mind than to excite emotion in the heart. The Greeks, therefore, attentive to multiply the means of influencing the passions, have

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omitted nothing which might bring to perfection this first language of nature.—Among them, poetry and music are always supported by the action of the performers. This action, so lively and so persuasive, animates the discourses of their orators, and sometimes the lessons of their philosophers. The names of poets and orators who have enriched it with new figures are still recorded; and their researches have produced an art which has only been corrupted in consequence of its success.

This kind of dance not being, like the harmony, only a succession of cadenced movements and expressive rests, it is manifest that it ought to be diversified according to the different species of drama. In tragedy it should depict souls which sustain their passions, their happiness, or their misfortunes, with that decency and firmness which are suitable to the elevation of their character. In the attitudes of the actors we ought to recognize the models that the sculptors have imitated, to give to their figures the most elegant positions. The evolutions of the chorus should be executed with all the order and discipline of a military march; and all the exterior signs should contribute with such precision to the unity of the interest, that a concert no less agreeable to the eyes than to the ears should be the result.

The ancients were very sensible of the necessity of this harmony, since they gave to the tragic dance the name of *Emmelia*, which signifies a happy mixture of noble and elegant concords, an exquisite modulation in the action of the personages; and this, in fact, have I more than once remarked, and especially in that piece of Æschylus in which king Priam offers a ransom for the body of his son. The chorus of Trojans, prostrate with him at the feet of the conqueror of Hector, and like him uttering, amid their dignified emotions, expressions of grief, fear, and hope, communicate to the soul of Achilles, and that of the spectators, the sentiments with which they are penetrated.

The dance of comedy is free, familiar, often ignoble, and too frequently disgraced by a licentiousness so gross as to disgust persons who respect decency. Even Aristophanes himself has made a merit of having banished it from some of his pieces.

In the drama which is called satyric, the dance or action is lively, tumultuous, but without expression, or relation to the words.

As soon as the Greeks had perceived the merits of the imitative dance, they conceived such a fondness for it, that authors, encouraged by the approbation of the multitude, quickly corrupted it. The abuse at present has arrived at its height: on the

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one hand attempts are made to imitate, or, more properly speaking, counterfeit every thing; and, on the other, applause is only bestowed on effeminate and lascivious gestures, or confused and extravagant movements. The actor Callipides, who was surnamed *the ape*, has almost in our time introduced, or rather authorised, this bad taste, by the dangerous superiority of his talents. His successors to equal him, have copied his faults, and to surpass him exaggerated them. They exert and strain themselves like those ignorant musicians who, by forced and ridiculous contorsions, endeavour, while playing the flute, to represent the winding course which a discus traces as it rolls along the ground.

The multitude, who suffer themselves to be carried away by these frigid extravagances, will not pardon errors sometimes more excusable. They are frequently known to express by degrees their disapprobation of an actor, first by low murmurs, then by loud laughter, tumultuous exclamations, and violent hissings. They stamp with their feet, to oblige him to quit the stage; make him take off his mask, that they may triumph in his shame; order the herald to call another actor, who is fined if he is not present; and sometimes even demand that a disgraceful punishment shall be inflicted on him. Neither age, celebrity, nor long services can exempt him from this rigorous treatment; new success alone can restore him to favour; and in this case the audience clap their hands, and applaud with the same pleasure and the same fury.

This alternative of glory and disgrace is common to the actor with the orator who speaks in the assembly of the people, and the professor who instructs his disciples. In like manner, also, mediocrity of talents can only degrade his profession. He enjoys all the privileges of a citizen; and, as he must be free from all the stigmas of infamy with which the laws punish offences, he may arrive at the most honourable employments. In our time, a famous actor, named Aristodemus, was sent on an embassy to Philip king of Macedon. Others have possessed great influence in the public assembly. I shall add that Eschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, did not blush to act a part in their own pieces.

I have seen excellent actors: I have seen Theodorus in the beginning of his theatrical career, and Polus at the end of his. The expression of the former was so truly natural that he might have been taken for the very person he represented; the latter had attained to the perfection of his art: never were greater powers joined to so much intelligence and sentiment. In one of

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the tragedies of Sophocles he acted the part of Electra; I was present. Nothing can be conceived of greater theatrical effect than the situation of that princess when she embraces the urn which she imagines to contain the remains of her brother Orestes. In this instance these were not ashes to which the actor was cold and indifferent, they were the very ashes of a son of whom Polus had lately been deprived. He had caused the urn to be brought from the tomb in which it was inclosed; and when it was presented to him, when he seized it with a trembling hand, when taking it in his arms he pressed it to his heart, he uttered accents of such lively grief, so moving, and so fearfully expressive, that the whole theatre resounded with exclamations: and the spectators shed torrents of tears in commiseration of the unhappy fate of the son, and the wretched condition of the father.

The actors have habits and symbols suited to their parts. The kings gird their brow with a diadem; they lean on a sceptre which bears an eagle on its top, and are habited in long robes of purple, or other colours, ornamented with gold. The heroes frequently appear covered with the skin of a lion or a tiger, and armed with swords, spears, quivers, and clubs. All who suffer under misfortunes, wear a black, brown, or dirty white garment, which frequently hangs in tatters. The age, sex, condition, and present situation of every parsonage of the drama is almost always indicated by the colour of his dress.

But this is still better effected by a kind of helmet, by which the head is entirely covered, and which, substituting an artificial visage for that of the actor, produces successive illusions throughout the duration of the piece. I speak of the mask, of which there are various kinds, for tragedy, comedy, and satyr. Some are provided with hair of different colours; others with beards of various lengths and thickness; and others represent, as exactly as possible, the charms of youth and beauty. There are some which open an enormous mouth, lined with plates of brass, or some other sonorous substance, that may give the voice sufficient strength to reach to the most distant part of the theatre. Others also have a kind of toupée, or fore-top, terminating in a point, and represent the ancient head-dress of the Athenians; for we know that at the time the first essays were made in the dramatic art, it was the custom to collect and fasten the hair in a bunch or tuft on the top of the head.

Tragedy employed the mask almost from its earliest invention, but by whom it was introduced into comedy is not known. It has supplied the place of the gross colours with which the fol-

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lowers of Thespis besmeared their faces, and the thick leaves of the vine branch with which they shaded their brow, that they might give way with more indiscretion to the excesses of satire and licentiousness. Thespis increased their audacity by veiling them with a piece of linen; and from this essay, Eschylus, who of himself, or by his imitators, discovered all the secrets of the dramatic art, imagined that a disguise, consecrated by custom, might be a new means of impressing the senses and the heart. The mask was completed under his hands, and became a portrait rendered more lively by colours, and copied from the sublime model which the author had conceived of the gods and heroes. Chœrilus and his successors improved on the idea, and brought it to such perfection, that the result has been a succession of portraits, in which are expressed, as far as art will permit, the principal differences of conditions, and the characters and sentiments which good or evil fortune inspire. How often, in fact, have I not discerned, at a single glance, the profound grief of Niobe, the atrocious projects of Medea, the terrible rage of Hercules, the deplorable despondency of the wretched Ajax, and the menacing fury of the pale and haggard Eumenides.

There was a time when comedy presented to the spectators the faithful portrait of those whom it openly attacked. More decent at present, it confines itself to general resemblances, and such as are relative to the absurdities and vices which are the object of its satire; but these are sufficient for us immediately to recognize the master, the servant, the parasite, the indulgent or severe old man, the youth of regular manners or dissipated life, the maiden adorned in all her charms, and the matron distinguished by the gravity of her carriage and her silver hairs.

We do not indeed see the various shades of passion succeed each other in the countenance of the actor; but the greater part of the spectators are so distant from the stage, that it would be impossible for them in any manner to be reached by this eloquent language. Let us proceed to objections that are better founded. The mask causes the voice to lose a part of those inflections which give it so many charms in conversation; its transitions are sometimes abrupt, its intonations harsh and rugged: the laugh is altered; and if it is not managed with art, its grace and effect are entirely lost. In fine, how is it possible to endure the sight of an heidous mouth, always motionless, and continually gaping when the actor is silent?

The Greeks are sensible of these inconveniences: but they would be still more offended if the actors performed without

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such a disguise; since, in fact, they could not express the relations which exist, or ought to exist, between the physiognomy and the character, between the condition and the external appearance. Among a nation which does not permit women to appear on the stage, and which considers propriety as a rule as indispensable and essential in the practice of the arts as in that of morals, what disgust must not be excited at seeing Antigone and Phædra appear with features the harshness of which would destroy the illusion, Agamemnon and Priam with an ignoble air, and Hippolytus and Achilles with wrinkles and grey hairs! The mask, which it is allowed to change with every scene, and on which may be pourtrayed the symptoms of the principal affections of the soul, can alone maintain and justify the error of the senses, and add a new degree of probability to imitation.

It is on the same principle that in tragedy the stature of the actors is frequently increased to four cubits, the height of Hercules and the most ancient heroes. This is effected by buskins, which raise them four or five inches: while gauntlets lengthen their arms; and their breast, sides, and every part of their body, are rendered apparently thicker in proportion. And when, conformably to the laws of tragedy, which requires a strong and sometimes vehement declamation, this almost colossal figure, habited in a magnificent robe, makes the theatre resound with a voice audible to its utmost extremity; there are few spectators who will not feel the full effect of this majestic decoration, and find themselves more disposed to receive the impressions it is intended to communicate.

Before the pieces begin, care is taken to purify the place of assembly; and after they are ended, different bodies of magistrates ascend the stage, and make libations on an altar consecrated to Bacchus. These ceremonies seem to impress a character of sanctity on the pleasures which they precede and which they conclude.

The decorations with which the scene is embellished are not less striking to the eyes of the multitude. The idea of them was first conceived, in the time of Eschylus, by an artist named Agatharcus, who, in a learned treatise, explained the principles on which he had proceeded. These first essays were afterwards brought to perfection by the efforts of the successors of Eschylus, and by the works which Anaxagoras and Democritus published on the rules of perspective.

According to the nature of the subject, the scene represents a pleasant plain, a frightful solitude, the sea-shore surrounded by

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steep rocks and deep caverns, tents erected near a besieged city, or a harbour filled with ships. Usually the action passes in the vestibule of a palace, or of a temple; in front is an open place; on the side, houses are seen, between which two principal streets go off, one towards the east, and the other towards the west.

The first display is sometimes very beautiful and grand. Aged men, women, and children, are beheld prostrate near an altar, and imploring the protection of the gods and the aid of their sovereign. In the course of the piece the spectacle is varied in a thousand modes. Youthful princes arrive in a hunting dress, and, surrounded by their friends and their dogs, sing hymns in honour of Diana; or a chariot appears in which is seen Andromache with her son Astyanax; or another chariot, which now brings in solemn pomp to the camp of the Greeks, Clytæmnestra, surrounded by her slaves, and holding the infant Orestes, who is sleeping, in her arms; and now conveys her to the cottage where her daughter Electra is drawing water from a fountain. Here Ulysses and Diomede enter by night the Trojan camp, through which they quickly spread alarm; the sentinels run together from all sides, crying: *Stop, stop*; *kill, kill.* There the Grecian soldiers, after the taking of Troy, appear on the roofs of the houses, and begin to reduce that celebrated city to ashes. At another time coffins are brought containing the bodies of the chiefs of the Argives who fell at the seige of Thebes; their funerals are celebrated on the stage, and their widows express their grief in mournful songs. One of them, named Evadne, is seen on the top of a rock, at the foot of which is erected the funeral pile of Capaneus, her husband. She is habited in her richest ornaments, and, deaf to the entreaties of her father, and the cries of her companions, precipitates herself into the devouring flames.

The marvellous also adds to the charm of the exhibition. Some god descends in dramatic machinery; or the shade of Polydorus bursts from the bosom of the earth, to announce to Hecuba the new calamities by which she is menaced. The ghost of Achilles leaves the tomb, appears to the assembly of the Greeks, and commands them to sacrifice Polyxena, the daughter of Priam; or Helen ascends to the vault of heaven, where, transformed into a constellation, she is to become a propitious sign to mariners; or Medea traverses the air in a car drawn by dragons.

I shall here stop. Were a greater number of examples necessary, I might easily find them in the Greek tragedies, and especially in the more ancient. One of the pieces of Eschylus is, if

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I may so speak, only a succession of moveable pictures; some of them interesting, and others so extravagant and monstrous that they could only present themselves to the licentious imagination of the author.

In fact, exaggeration enters even into the marvellous, when we see on the stage Vulcan accompanied by Strength and Force nailing Prometheus to the summit of Caucasus; and when we behold, immediately after, that strange personage the Ocean arrive, mounted on a kind of hippogriff, and the nymph Io with the horns of a heifer on her head. The Greeks at present reject such portraits, as little suitable to tragedy; and admire the discretion with which Sophocles has treated this part of the dramatic exhibition in one of his pieces.

Œdipus, deprived of sight, and driven from his states, has arrived with his two daughters at the town of Colonus, in the environs of Athens, whether Theseus comes to grant him an asylum. He had been informed by the oracle that his death would be preceded by extraordinary signs; and that his bones, deposited in a place which should be known only to Theseus and his successors, should for ever draw down the vengeance of the gods on the Thebans, and secure their favour to the Athenians. His design is to reveal, before his death, this secret to Theseus. The Coloniates, however, are fearful lest the presence of Œdipus, unfortunate and defiled with crimes, should occasion some calamity to befal them. While they are employed in these reflections, they suddenly exclaim:

"Almighty Jove, what thunders rend the air!

ŒDIPUS.

My daughters, O my daughters, to this place
Is there the generous Theseus who will bring?

ANTIGONE.

His presence what of moment here requires?

ŒDIPUS.

Soon will this winged thunder of high Jove
Lead me to Pluto's realms. Send then with speed.

CHORUS *(singing)*.

Awfully dreadful is this deep'ning roar,
Roll'd by the hand of Jove; my hoary hairs
Are rais'd through horror upright on my head,
And my soul sinks within me.—There again
The rapid lightning flames along the sky.
What terrible event doth this portend?

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The dread of it appals me: not in vain,
Not unproductive of some dreadful fate,
These thunders roll.—Almighty Jove! Again
Wide through th' ethereal vault of heav'n they roll.

ŒDIPUS.

This, O my daughters, is the fated day
That ends my life: there is no refuge more.

CHORUS.

How know'st thou this? Whence hast thou thus divin'd?

ŒDIPUS.

I know it well: but with the utmost speed
Be your illustrious sovereign hither call'd.

CHORUS (*singing*).

Ah me, ah me! Again the thunder's roar
Around us with redoubled fury rolls.
Be merciful, O God, if to this land,
My native country, aught of dire event
Thou bringest, yet be merciful to me;
Nor let me share misfortune as my meed,
Because this man with fated woes oppress'd
I saw: Almighty Jove, on thee I call!

POTTER.

The scene continues in the same manner till the arrival of Theseus, to whom Œdipus hastens to reveal his secret.

The representation of dramatic pieces requires a great number of machines, some of which are employed for flights through the air, the descent of deities, or the apparition of ghosts; and others to produce or give the resemblance of natural effects, as smoke, flame, or thunder; the sound of the latter of which is imitated by causing stones to fall from a great height into a brazen vessel. Other machines, by turning on wheels or rollers, present to the spectators the inside of a house or tent. In this manner is Ajax exhibited in the midst of the animals he has recently sacrificed to his fury.

Managers are appointed to defray a part of the expence attending the representation of the pieces. In return they receive a trifling piece of money from each of the spectators.

At first, and while there was only a small wooden theatre, it was not permitted to require any thing at the door; but the desire of obtaining the best places causing frequent quarrels to arise, the government ordered that, for the future, each person should pay a drachma. The rich were then in possession of all the places, the price of which was soon reduced to an obolus by the

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management of Pericles, who wished to attach the poorer class of citizens to his interest. He caused a decree to be passed, by which it was enacted that one of the magistrates, before every dramatic performance, should distribute to each of those citizens two oboli, one to pay for his place, and another to assist him to supply his wants during the festivals.

The building of the present theatre, which, being much more spacious than the old one, is not exposed to the same inconveniences, ought naturally to have put an end to this liberality. But the decree has never been repealed, though its consequences have been extremely pernicious to the state. Pericles had assigned the expence with which he charged the royal treasury to be defrayed from the contributions levied on the allies to make war on the Persians. Emboldened by this first success, he continued to draw from the same source, till the funds of the military treasury were insensibly all devoted to the pleasures of the multitude. Not long since, an orator having proposed to restore them to their original destination, the general assembly passed a decree forbidding any person under pain of death to mention the subject; and no one now dares to oppose in form this enormous abuse. Demosthenes has twice attempted, by indirect means, to point out the mischiefs resulting from it; but, despairing of success, he now expressly declares that no change ought to be made.

The manager sometimes gives the exhibition gratis; sometimes also he distributes tickets which are received instead of the usual pay, which is now fixed at two oboli.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Conversations on the Nature and Object of Tragedy.

At the house of Apollodorus I had become acquainted with one of his nephews, named Zopyrus, a young man of genius, and ardently desirous to dedicate his talents to the stage. One day, when he came to see me, he found with me Nicephorus, a poet who, after some attempts in comedy, believed he had reason to prefer the art of Aristophanes to that of Eschylus.

Zopyrus spoke to me of his favourite subject with new warmth. Is it not strange, said he, that the rules for tragedy have never been collected? We have great models; but these models have also great defects. Formerly genius might soar unrestrained; at present it is expected that it should observe laws in which no one deigns to instruct us. And what need have you of instruction?

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replied Nicephorus. In a comedy, the events which have preceded the action, the incidents of which it is constituted, the complication and the development, are all the offspring of the invention of the poet; and the public therefore pass judgment on him with extreme rigour. It is not the same with tragedy, the subjects of which are given and known, and whether they be probable or not is of little importance. Present to us Adrastus, the very children will recount to you his misfortunes. At the name alone of Œdipus or Alcmæon, they will tell you that the piece must conclude with the assassination of a mother. If the thread of the intrigue should drop from your hands, make the chorus sing; are you embarrassed with the catastrophe, cause some god to descend in machinery. The people seduced by the music and the decoration, will indulge you in every kind of licence, and crown without hesitation your noble efforts.

But I perceive your surprize, and will proceed to a more circumstantial vindication of what I have advanced. He then sat down; and while, after the manner of the sophists, he raised his hand to assume an elegant gesture, we saw Theodectes, the author of several excellent tragedies, enter, accompanied by Polus, one of the ablest actors of Greece, and some others of our friends, who to an exquisite taste joined profound knowledge.—So! said Nicephorus, to me, smiling, what now must I do with my gesture? You must reserve it, said I, for another opportunity; you will perhaps soon have occasion to employ it; and immediately, taking Zopyrus by the hand, I said to Theodectes, Permit me to introduce to you this young man; he aspires to enter the temple of fame, and I wish to recommend him to those who are acquainted with the road to it.

Theodectes appeared prepossessed in his favour, and promised his advice when it might be requisite. We are at present, added I, surrounded with difficulties, for want of a code of precepts. But whence, replied he, can we obtain it? Men of genius, with models before them, sometimes apply themselves to the practice of an art; but as the theory ought to consider that art in its essence, and raise itself to its ideal beauty, it is necessary that philosophy should enlighten taste, and direct experience. I know, answered I, that you have long studied the nature of the drama, which has procured you deserved applauses; and that you have frequently discussed its principles with Aristotle, both in conversation and in writing. But you know also, said he, that in this research we find, at every step, problems to resolve, and difficulties to vanquish; that each rule is contradicted by an example which is an

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exception, and that every such example may be justified by success; that the most contrary practices are authorised by great names; and that we are sometimes in danger of censuring the greatest geniuses of Athens. Judge then if I ought to expose myself to this risk in the presence of their mortal enemy.

My dear Theodectes, replied Nicephorus, you shall not be under the necessity of accusing them: I will myself voluntarily undertake this task. Only communicate your doubts, and we will submit to the judgment of the company. Theodectes yielded to our solicitations, but on condition that he should always be permitted to shield himself by the authority of Aristotle, that we would enlighten and instruct him, and that the most essential articles should alone be discussed. Notwithstanding the latter precaution, we were obliged to meet several days successively. I shall proceed to give the result of these conversations; but must previously observe that, to avoid confusion, I admit only a few interlocutors.

First Conversation.

Zopyrus. Since you grant me permission, illustrious Theodectes, I shall in the first place ask you what is the object of tragedy?

Theodectes. The interest arising from terror and pity; and, to produce this effect, I present you with an action which is important, entire, and of a proper extent. Leaving to comedy the vices and absurdities of private persons, tragedy paints only great calamities, and takes its examples from the elevated class of kings and heroes.

Zopyrus. And why does it notsometimes choose them from among the inferior conditions of men? They would make a more lively impression on me, if they approached nearer to the station which I hold in life.

Theodectes. I know not but they might then, if portrayed by an able hand, excite in us emotions too violent. When I take my examples from a rank infinitely superior to yours, I leave you the liberty to apply them to yourself, and the hope that you may be excepted from similar calamities.

Polus. On the contrary, I have always thought that the abasement of power ever makes a greater impression on us than the obscure revolutions of inferior conditions. We notice less the thunderbolt when it falls on a shrub, than when it cleaves an oak which lifted its proud head to the skies.

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Theodectes. We should enquire of the neighbouring shrubs in what manner they are affected in these two cases, one of which is more adapted to astonish, but the other to interest them. But, without continuing this discussion any farther, I shall proceed to give a more direct answer to the question of Zopyrus.

Our earliest authors ordinarily exercised their genius on the celebrated personages of the heroic times. We have preserved this custom, because republicans ever contemplate with a kind of malignant joy, thrones overwhelmed in the dust; and the fall of a sovereign, which is followed necessarily by that of an empire. I shall add, that the misfortunes of private persons could not be accommodated to the marvellous, which tragedy requires.

The action ought to be entire and perfect; that is to say, it should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; for thus the philosophers express themselves when they speak of a whole all the parts of which are successively unfolded to our eyes. To illustrate this rule by an example—in the Iliad the action commences by the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles; it is continued by the recital of the misfortunes consequent on the retiring of the latter from the assistance of the Greeks; and it concludes when he yields to the tears of Priam. In fact, after this affecting scene the reader finds nothing more to wish.

Nicephorus. What could the spectator desire after the death of Ajax? Is not the action ended at two thirds of the piece? Yet Sophocles has thought proper to continue it by a frigid contestation between Menelaus and Teucer; one of whom insists on refusing, and the other on granting, the rites of sepulture to the wretched Ajax.

Theodectes. To be deprived of these honours, heightens among us the horrors of death, and may therefore add a new terror to the catastrophe of a piece. Our ideas in this begin to change; and if they should so alter that we shall no longer be affected at this outrage, nothing can be more misplaced than the dispute of which you speak: but this will not be the fault of Sophocles. I return to the action.

Do not imagine, with some authors, that its unity is only the unity of the hero; and do not attempt, after their example, to comprehend, even in a poem, all the circumstances of the life of Theseus or of Hercules. Excessively to prolong the interest, or to diffuse it over too great a number of particulars, is to weaken or destroy it. Admire the discretion of Homer; he has chosen for the Iliad only an episode of the war of Troy.

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I know that our emotions are strengthened as they approach and unite; and that the most efficacious means to agitate the soul, is to ply it with redoubled strokes: yet it is necessary that the action should have a certain extent. That of the Agamemnon of Eschylus cannot pass but in a considerable time; that of the Suppliants of Euripides lasts several days; while those of the Ajax and the Œdipus of Sophocles are completed in a short portion of a single day. The noblest pieces on our stage present us, on this head, with varieties by which I am embarrassed.

Theodectes. It were to be wished that the action should only last the time of the representation of the piece. But endeavour at least to comprise it within the space of time which elapses between the rising and setting of the sun.

I have said the more on the action, because it is, if I may so speak, the soul of tragedy; and because the dramatic interest depends especially on the fable, or constitution of the subject.

Polus. This principle is established by facts: I have seen pieces succeed which had no other merit than a fable well formed and ably conducted: and I have seen others in which the manners, sentiments, and style seemed to ensure success: which nevertheless failed, because the ordonnance of the plot was defective. This indeed is the error of all beginners.

Theodectes. It has also been that of several ancient authors. They sometimes neglected their plans, and atoned for their defect by the beauties of their language and descriptions, which are in tragedy what colouring is in painting; which, however brilliant it may be, always produces less effect than the elegant contours of a figure simply designed by the hand of a master.

Begin therefore by delineating the outlines of your subject, and afterwards enrich it with the ornaments of which you find it susceptible. In disposing it, be mindful of the difference between the historian and the poet; the former of whom relates things as they actually have happened, and the latter as they might or ought to have happened. If history only presents you with a fact destitute of circumstances, you are at liberty to embellish it with fiction, and to add to the principal action particular actions which may render it more interesting. But you must add nothing which is not founded on reason, or which is improbable or unnecessary.

The conversation now became more general. Remarks were made on the different species of the probable; and it was observed that there is one for the common people, and another for more enlightened persons: it was agreed, therefore, to consider

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that only which is required in an exhibition presented to the multitude. The following are the conclusions which were received with general assent.

1. That is called probable, which almost every one allows to have the appearance of truth. By this word also is understood whatever usually happens in given circumstances. Thus, in history, such an event is ordinarily followed by such or such consequences. In morals, a man of such condition in life, and such an age and character, must speak and act in such a certain manner.

2. It is probable, as the poet Agatho has said, that events will happen which are not probable; as when, for example, a man is vanquished by another man who is less strong or less courageous. It is this extraordinary species of the probable of which some authors have made use for the unravelling of the plots of their pieces.

3. Whatever we believe to have happened, is probable; and whatever we believe never to have happened, is improbable.

4. It is better to admit what is really impossible, but at the same time probable, than what is really possible but without probability. As, for example, the passions, injustice, and absurdities attributed to the gods are not among the number of possible things, and the crimes and calamities of the ancient heroes not always among those that are probable: but the multitude have consecrated these opinions by adopting them; and in the theatre the general opinion is equivalent to truth.

5. Probability ought to be preserved in the constitution of the subject, in the connection of the scenes, in the portraying of the manners, in the choice of the discoveries, and in every part of the drama. You will incessantly ask yourself, Is it possible, is it necessary, that such a character should speak or act in such a manner?

Nicephorus. Was it possible that Œdipus should have lived twenty years with Jocasta, without making any enquiry concerning the circumstances of the death of Laius?

Theodectes. Doubtless it was not: but the general opinion supposed the fact; and Sophocles, to conceal its absurdity, does not begin the action till the moment which terminates the calamities that had afflicted the city of Thebes. Whatever had passed before that time, is without the drama, as Aristotle has made me observe.

Nicephorus. Your friend, to excuse Sophocles, attributes to him an intention which he never had; for Œdipus openly declares his ignorance, and that he had never known in what manner the

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death of Laius had happened. He asks where that prince was killed; whether at Thebes, in the country, or in a foreign land. Had he then never given any attention to an event to which he owed the hand of the queen, and the throne. Had no person ever spoken to him concerning it? We must surely allow that Œdipus had but little curiosity, and that his courtiers were remarkably reserved and discreet.

Theodectes endeavoured in vain to vindicate Sophocles; we all agreed in opinion with Nicephorus. During this discussion several pieces were mentioned which owed their failure only to a defect in probability; and, among others, one by Carcinus, in which the spectators seeing a principal character enter a temple, and not seeing him come out, were so disgusted when he appeared again in one of the following scenes, that the piece was condemned.

Polyx. It must have had more essential faults. I have frequently acted in the Electra of Sophocles, in which mention is made of the Pythian games, the institution of which was posterior by several centuries to the time when the heroes of the piece lived. The audience at every representation murmured at this anachronism; yet the tragedy has always been suffered to remain on the stage.

Theodectes. This fault, which escapes the notice of the greater part of the spectators, is less dangerous than the former, of which every body can judge. In general, those improbabilities which are only observed by intelligent persons, or which are shaded over by a lively interest, are not greatly to be dreaded by an author. How many pieces are there in which it is supposed that, while a few verses are recited, a number of events have passed off the stage, the transacting of which would require the greater part of a day! Why does not this give offence? Because the spectator, hurried along by the rapidity of the action, has neither leisure nor inclination to measure back his steps, and to employ himself in calculations which might weaken the illusion.

Here ended the first conversation.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

The next day, when all the company were met, Zopyrus said to Theodectes, You yesterday shewed that the illusion of the drama ought to be founded on unity of action and on probability: what more is necessary to its perfection?

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Theodectes. To attain the great end of tragedy, which is to excite terror and pity. This is accomplished—1. By the exhibition of the scene, which presents to our view Œdipus with a bloody mask, Telephus clothed in rags, or the Eumenides with their terrific symbols. 2. By the action, when its subject, and the manner in which the incidents are connected, are such as to excite strong emotions in the spectator. It is in the latter of these means that the genius of the poet is especially displayed.

It had been long perceived that, of all the passions, terror and pity could alone produce a lively and durable pathos; hence the efforts which elegy and tragedy successively made to communicate to the soul emotion, which without violence might draw it from its languor, and cause it to taste pleasures without remorse. I tremble, and commiserate the woes which my fellow mortals suffer, and which I myself may in my turn experience: but I cherish this alarm and these tears; for the former only pains my heart that I may instantly find relief in the latter. If the object which compels my tears were before my eyes, how should I bear to look on it? Imitation shews it to me through a veil which softens its features; the copy is always less vivid than the original: and this imperfection is one of its principal merits.

Polus. Is not this what Aristotle meant, when he asserted that tragedy and music effect the purgation of terror and pity?

Theodectes. No doubt. To purge those two passions, is to purify their nature, and repress their excesses: and, in fact, the imitative arts take away from the reality all that is odious, and retain only what is interesting. It hence follows that emotions too harsh and painful are not to be excited. It is still remembered that Amasis, king of Egypt, when plunged to the lowest depth of human misery, wept not when he beheld his son led to death, but burst into a flood of tears at sight of one of his friends asking alms. The latter of these scenes melted his heart, which the former had hardened. Remove far from me that excess of terror, those fearful shocks, which stifle pity. Avoid staining the stage with blood. Let not Medea murder her children, Œdipus tear out his eyes, or Ajax pierce himself with his sword, in the sight of the spectators. This is one of the principal rules of tragedy.....

Nicephorus. And one which you incessantly violate. You love to feast your eyes with fearful and disgusting images. Recollect Œdipus and Polymnestor; who, after they are deprived of sight, again appear on the stage, bathed in blood which still streams from their eyes.

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Theodectes. This spectacle is foreign to the action; and our poets have had the weakness to grant it to the wishes of the multitude, who require violent shocks.

Nicephorus. It is you who have familiarized them to these horrid scenes. I shall not speak of those crimes, the very recital of which is dreadful; of those wives, mothers, children, murdered by those who were united to them by the tenderest ties: you would reply that these facts are consecrated by history; that they have been recounted to you repeatedly from your infancy; that they passed in ages so remote that they now only excite that species of terror which is proper for tragedy. But you have found the fearful secret of increasing their horror. My hair rises erect, when, at the cries of Clytæmnestra, who is stabbed by her son Orestes behind the scenes, Electra, her daughter, exclaims on the stage, Strike, if thou canst, a second time.

Theodectes. Sophocles has, through this whole tragedy, rendered the character of that princess so interesting; she is so loaded with misfortune and ignominy; she passes through so many paroxysms of fear, despair, and joy; that, without daring to justify, we are inclined to pardon this sally of ferocity, which escapes her in the first moment of passion. Observe that Sophocles foresaw its effect; and that, to correct it, he has made Electra declare, in a preceding scene, that her vengeance is only aimed against the murderer of her father.

This example, which shews with what address an able hand prepares and directs its strokes, proves at the same time, that the sentiments with which it is wished to inspire us; depend especially on the relations and qualities of the principal character.

We may remark that an action which passes between persons who are enemies, but indifferent to each other, makes on us only a transitory impression; but that our emotions are of the strongest kind when we behold any one about to perish by the hand of a brother, a sister, a son, or a parent. Let your heroes, therefore, be, as much as possible, at variance with Nature: but do not choose a villanous character; for such a one, whether he pass from misfortune to happiness, or from happiness to misfortune, will neither excite terror nor pity. Avoid also presenting to us a man of sublime virtue, who falls into calamity which he has in no manner drawn upon himself.

Polus. These principles require to be discussed and proved. That the punishment of the wicked produces neither compassion nor fear, I can readily conceive. I ought only to pity misfortunes which are unmerited; and the villain has but too well deserved

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the evils he suffers. I can only tremble at the calamities of one who resembles myself, and in the villain this resemblance is wanting. But nothing is so terrible and so affecting as innocence persecuted, oppressed, shedding bitter tears, and uttering fruitless cries.

Theodectes. Nor is any thing so odious as the sight of innocence suffering contrary to all appearance of justice. Then, instead of that pure pleasure, that sweet satisfaction, which I seek when I repair to the theatre, I feel only painful shocks, which at once wound my heart, and offend my reason. You will perhaps think that I speak a new language; but it is that of those philosophers who, in these modern times, have considered the nature of the pleasure we receive from tragedy.

What then is the picture which tragedy should present to us on the stage? That of a man who may in some measure reproach himself with his misfortunes. Have you not observed that the calamities of individuals, and even the revolutions of empires, frequently originate entirely from a first fault, remote or immediate: a fault the consequences of which are the more terrible because they were unforeseen? To apply this remark, we shall find, in Thyestes, vengeance carried to an extreme; in Œdipus and Agamemnon, false ideas of honour and ambition; in Ajax, pride which disdains the assistance of heaven; in Hippolytus, an injury done to a jealous divinity, in Jocasta, a neglect of the most sacred duties; in Priam and Hecuba, too great weakness in favour of the ravisher of Helen: and, in Antigone, a preference of the sentiments of nature to established laws.

The fate of Thyestes and of Œdipus makes us shudder; but Thyestes, deprived by Atreus, his brother, of the throne which was his right, took revenge by the most cruel of outrages, by debauching the wife of his brother. Atreus was culpable, and Thyestes not innocent. It is in vain that Œdipus asserts his innocence, and exclaims that he killed his father without knowing him: as the oracle had lately declared to him that he should commit the crime of parricide, ought he to have disputed for precedence with an old man whom he met on his road; and to have deprived both him, and the slaves by whom he was attended, of life, for a slight insult?

Zopyrus. He was not master of his anger.

Theodectes. He ought to have been: the philosophers admit not that any passion can be sufficiently violent to hurry us away in despite of our utmost efforts; and if the spectators in the the-

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atre, who are less enlightened, are more indulgent, they at least know that the momentary extravagance of passion is sufficient to precipitate us into an abyss of ills.

Zopyrus. Will you dare to condemn Antigone for having, in contempt of an unjust prohibition, performed the rights of sepulture for her brother?

Theodectes. I admire her courage, and I lament that she should be reduced to choose between two opposite duties; but, in fine, the law was express, Antigone had broken it, and her condemnation had a pretext.

If, among the causes assigned for the calamities of the principal personage, there are some which it may be easy to excuse, you shall then represent him with weaknesses and defects which may palliate in our eyes the horror of his destiny.

From these reflections you will concenter the interest on a man who shall be rather good than wicked; and who shall become unhappy, not by an attrocious crime, but by one of those great faults which are easily pardoned in prosperity: such were Œdipus and Thyestes.

Polus. You then disapprove of those pieces in which a man, in despite of himself, becomes both culpable and unhappy. Yet they have always succeeded; and tears will ever be excited by the deplorable fate of Phædra, Orestes, and Electra.

This remark occasioned a very warm dispute among the company, some of whom maintained that, to adopt the principle of Theodectes, was to condemn the ancient dramas, the great motive of which was the blind decrees of destiny; others observed that, in the greater part of the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, these decrees, though mentioned at intervals in the dialogue, had no influence either on the misfortunes of the principal personage, or on the progress of the action. Among other pieces referred to in proof of this assertion, were the Antigone of Sophocles, and the Medea and Andromache of Euripides.

The conversation occasionally turned on that fatality which is irresistible either by gods or men. This doctrine, said one, appears more dangerous than it is in reality. Observe its partizans, they reason as if they could effect nothing, and act as if every thing were in their power. Others, after having shewn that such an opinion serves only to justify crimes, and discourage virtue, asked, with surprise, in what manner it could first have been introduced.

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They were answered.—There was a time when, the common feelings of humanity being found insufficient to restrain the powerful from oppressing the weak, endeavours were made to curb their violence by religious fear. It was an impiety not only to neglect the worship of the gods, but also to despoil their temples, to drive away the flocks consecrated to them, and to insult their ministers. Such flagrant crimes, it was suggested, could not escape punishment, unless the guilty person made reparation for the outrage; and came to the feet of the altars, to submit to the ceremonies which could alone purify him. The priests ceased not attentively to observe him. Did Fortune lavish on him her favours? Heed it not, said they; by this lure the gods will entice him into the snare. Did he experience any of those misfortunes which are annexed to the lot of humanity? Behold, exclaimed they, the effects of the anger of heaven, which could not but burst on his devoted head. Did he escape the punishment he had merited during life? The thunderbolt, added they, is but suspended; his children, or his children's children, shall bear the weight and the chastisement of his iniquity. They are therefore accustomed to imagine they see the vengeance of the gods pursuing the guilty, even to their latest generation; which vengeance is considered as justice with respect to him who has merited it, and as fatality with regard to those on whom it devolves by inheritance. This doctrine appeared to be the solution of that concatenation of crimes and calamities which had destroyed the most ancient families of Greece. Let us give some examples. Œneus, king of the Ætolians, had neglected to offer sacrifices to Diana, who failed not to take vengeance for the omission. Hence the multiplied mischiefs that laid waste his states; and the murderous enmities and dissensions which distracted the royal family, and ended in the death of Meleager the son of Œneus.

A crime committed by Tantalus long caused the descendants of Pelops to be persecuted by the Furies. They had already infected the blood of that unfortunate family with all their poisons, when they directed the shaft of Agamemnon against a hind consecrated to Diana. The goddess required the sacrifice of Iphigenia: this sacrifice served as a pretext to Clytæmnestra to murder her husband. Orestes revenged the death of his father by killing his mother, and was himself pursued until he had received expiation.

Let us also recollect that uninterrupted succession of horrid crimes and dire disasters which poured like a torrent on the family

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in possession of the throne of Thebes, from Cadmus, the founder of the city, to the children of the wretched Œdipus. What was their baleful origin? Cadmus had killed a dragon which watched over a fountain consecrated to Mars; he had married Hermione, the daughter of Mars and Venus; and Vulcan, in a fit of jealousy, presented that princess with a fatal robe which transmitted crimes and misfortunes to her descendants.

Happy, nevertheless, were nations when the vengeance of heaven extended only to the posterity of the guilty person! How often has it been seen to fall on a whole kingdom! How many times also have the enemies of a people become likewise the enemies of their gods, whom they had never offended!

For this idea, which is derogatory to the divine nature, another that is not less so was afterwards substituted. Some sages, terrified at the vicissitudes which subvert all human affairs, imagined the existence of a power that sports with our projects, and seizes the moment of our happiness to immolate us to its cruel jealousy.

From these monstrous systems, concluded Theodectes, it followed that a man may be irresistibly hurried into crimes and misfortunes by the single impulse of a divinity to whom his family, his nation, or his prosperity is odious.

Yet, as the harshness of this doctrine became more sensible in a tragedy than in other writings, our early authors frequently only employed it with correctives, and thus approached the rule which I have laid down. Sometimes the person who was the victim of fatality justified it by a crime he had himself added to that which had been transmitted to him: sometimes, after having discharged the debt he owed to fate, he was brought back in safety from the precipice to which he had been hurried. Phædra is inflamed with a criminal passion, which Venus had kindled in her heart, to destroy Hippolytus. How does Euripides proceed? He gives to this princess only a secondary part; he does still more; she conceives and executes the fearful project of accusing Hippolytus. Her passion is involuntary, but her crime is not so; she is only an odious character, who, after having raised some pity, ends by exciting indignation.

The same Euripides has wished to concentrate all the interest on Iphigenia. Notwithstanding her innocence and her virtues, she is to expiate with her blood the offence committed by Agamemnon against Diana. How does the author act here? He does not complete the woes of Iphigenia; the goddess conveys her into Tauris, and is soon to bring her back triumphant into Greece.

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The doctrine of fatality is no where more conspicuous than in the tragedies of Orestes and Electra. But though an oracle is adduced which commands them to revenge their father's death; though they are filled with terror before, and with remorse after, the crime is committed; though they are encouraged by the appearance of a divinity, who justifies the action, and promises them a lot more fortunate; these subjects are not the less contrary to the object of tragedy. They nevertheless have been successful; because nothing can be more moving than the danger to which Orestes is exposed, the misfortunes of Electra, the discovery of the brother and sister; and because, besides, every subject receives new embellishments from the pen of Eschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides.

At present, since a more rational philosophy has forbidden us to attribute to the Divinity a single emotion of envy or injustice, I doubt whether similar fables, treated for the first time with the same genius, would receive universal approbation. I maintain, at least, that we should see with displeasure the principal character incur the guilt of an atrocious crime! and in this I am supported by the manner in which Astydamas has lately conducted the fable of his Alcmæon. History supposes that this young prince was authorised to plunge the poignard into the breast of his mother. Several authors have treated this subject. Euripides has fruitlessly exhausted all the resources of art to give a colouring to an act so horrid. Astydamas has had recourse to an expedient adapted to the present delicacy of our taste. Eriphile indeed perishes by the hand of her son, but he is ignorant that she is his mother.

Polus. If you do not admit this transmission of crimes and calamities that descend from fathers to children, you will be forced to suppress the complaints with which the theatre incessantly resounds against the injustice of the gods and the rigours of destiny.

Theodectes. We will not deprive the wretched of their privilege: we will leave them their complaints, but they shall take a more just direction; for they have still a foundation more real, and no less terrifying, than fatality: I mean the enormous disproportion between their errors and the evils consequent on them; as when they become the most unfortunate of men by a momentary gust of passion, by a trivial imprudence, or even, sometimes, by an excess of prudence; or, in fine, when the errors of the leaders of a people carry desolation through a whole empire.

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Such calamities were very frequent in those remote times when violent passions, as ambition and revenge, displayed all their energy. Tragedy therefore began by exhibiting the events of the heroic ages; events which are in part preserved in the writings of Homer, and in a still greater number in a work intitled the Epic Cycle, in which different authors have collected the ancient traditions of the Greeks.

Besides this source, from which Sophocles has drawn almost all his subjects, others have sometimes been taken from modern history, and others entirely invented. Æschylus brought on the stage the Defeat of Xerxes at Salamis, and Phrynichus the Taking of Miletus. Agatho brought out a piece the whole of which is invention, and Euripides another which is entirely allegorical.

These different attempts succeeded, but were not imitated. Perhaps they require too great talents; or perhaps it was perceived that history does not grant the poet sufficient liberty, that fiction grants him too much, and that both are with difficulty reconciled to the nature of our theatrical exhibition. What then does that in fact require? An action which shall be probable, and frequently accompanied by the apparition of departed spirits, and the intervention of the gods. If you should choose a recent fact, it will be necessary to exclude the marvellous from your piece; and if you invent your subject, as it will neither be supported by the authority of history nor the prejudice of public opinion, you will risk offending against probability. Hence it is that the subjects of our most excellent pieces are now taken from a small number of ancient families, as those of Alcmæon, Thyestes, Œdipus, Telephus, and some others, which formerly exhibited so many calamitous scenes.

Nicephorus. I must beg leave to tell you, with all due submission, that you are insupportably tiresome with your Agamemnons, your Orestes', your Œdipuses, and all your list of proscribed characters. Are you not ashamed to present to us subjects so trite and threadbare? I sometimes cannot but admire the sterility of your men of genius, and the patience of the Athenians.

Theodectes. You certainly are not serious, for you know well that we draw from an inexhaustible source. If we are obliged to pay a certain respect to received fables, it is only in some essential particulars: Clytæmnestra must indeed die by the hand of Orestes, and Eriphile by that of Alcmæon; but the circumstances of the same fact may vary in the ancient traditions, and the author may choose those which are most suitable to his plan. It is sufficient, also, that he introduces one or two known personages;

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the rest are entirely at his disposal. Each subject offers innumerable varieties, and ceases to be the same when it is diversified by a new complication or a new development.

1. Variety in the fable, which may be simple or complex. It is simple when the action continues and ends in one uniform manner, without its course being diverted or suspended by any accident; and complex when it turns on one of those discoveries which change the relations of the personages between themselves, or one of those revolutions which alter their condition, or by the union of both these.

Here the merits of these two species of fable were discussed by the company, and it was agreed that the complex was to be preferred to the simple.

2. Variety in the incidents which excite terror and pity. If this double effect is produced by the sentiments of nature being so mistaken or opposed, that one of the characters risks the loss of life; then he who kills, or purposes to kill, may act in one of these four ways. 1. He may commit the crime with deliberate intention, the examples of which are frequent among the ancients. I shall adduce that of Medea, who in Euripides forms and executes the project of killing her children; but her action is the more barbarous, because it is unnecessary. I believe that, at present, no writer would venture a similar incident. 2. The crime may not be discovered till after it is committed, as is the case in the Œdipus of Sophocles. Here the ignorance of the guilty person renders the action less odious, and the light which successively breaks in on him heightens the interest. This method has our approbation. 3. The action sometimes proceeds to the very moment of execution, and suddenly stops short by an unexpected discovery. Thus Merope recognizes her son, and Iphigenia her brother, at the very moment when they are about to give the fatal blow. This mode is the most perfect of all.

Polus. In fact, when Merope holds the sword suspended over the head of her son, a general shuddering seems to seize the spectators, as I have myself frequently witnessed.

Theodectes. The fourth and the worst of all these ways is, when the person stops in the moment of executing his design, by a simple change of will. This method has scarcely ever been employed. Aristotle once mentioned to me the example of Hæmon, who draws his sword against Creon his father, and, instead of executing his purpose stabs himself.

Nicephorus. How was it possible for him to execute it? Creon, seized with fear, had fled.

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Theodectes. His son might have pursued him.

Polus. Perhaps he only meant to kill himself in his father's presence, as he seems to have threatened in one of the preceding scenes; for, after all, Sophocles was too well acquainted with dramatic propriety to think of making the virtuous Hæmon attempt the life of his father.

Zopyrus. Why should he not? Do you not know that Hæmon was on the point of marrying Antigone, whom he loved, and by whom he was beloved; that his father had condemned her to be buried alive; that, unable to prevail on him by his tears and entreaties to reverse the sentence, he had found her dead, and threw himself at her feet in an agony of love and rage? Can it excite your indignation if, suddenly perceiving Creon, he rushes, not on his father, but on the murderer of his mistress? Certainly if he did not vindictively pursue the wretched tyrant, it was because he was in too much haste to terminate a hated life.

Theodectes. Represent his action as more noble; say that his first emotion originated in fury and vengeance, but that which succeeded it in remorse and virtue.

Zopyrus. Under whatever point of view I considered it, I maintain that this incident is one of the most pathetic and sublime on our stage; and if your friend Aristotle did not feel it to be so, it was probably because he has never felt the passion of love.

Theodectes. Amiable Zopyrus, beware lest you betray the secrets of your heart. I am willing, from complaisance to you, to reject this example; but let us still retain the principle, that an atrocious action ought either not to be begun, or not abandoned, without a motive. But let us continue to enumerate the ways in which a fable may be varied.

3. Variety in the discoveries, which are one of the most copious sources of the pathetic, especially when they produce a sudden revolution in the condition of the person of the drama. Of these there are several kinds: some, destitute of art, and too frequently made the resource of indifferent poets, are founded on accidental or natural signs, as bracelets, necklaces, scars, or marks impressed on the body; others display invention. That of Dicæogenes, in his poem intitled the Cypriacs, is greatly praised. The hero seeing a picture descriptive of his misfortunes, sheds tears, by which he is betrayed. Like commendation is bestowed on that of Polyides, who, in his Iphigenia, makes Orestes exclaim, when about to be sacrificed—"Thus was it my sister Iphigenia was sacrificed in Aulis." The most beautiful arise out of the action,

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See the Œdipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides.

4. Variety in the characters. Those of the personages which are frequently brought on the stage, are in some measure fixed among us, but it is only in their general tenor. Achilles is impetuous and violent, Ulysses prudent and dissimulating, Medea cruel and implacable; but all these qualities are capable of such gradations and varieties, that, from one single character, a number may be produced, which have only the leading features in common; such is that of Electra, and that of Philoctetes, as portrayed, respectively, by Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The defects of Achilles may be exaggerated; but it is better to enfeeble them by the splendour of his virtues, as has been practised by Homer. By pursuing this method, the poet Agatho produced an Achilles which had never before been seen on the stage.

5. Variety in the catastrophes. Some dramatic pieces conclude happily, and others disastrously. There are some in which, by a double revolution, both the virtuous and the wicked experience a change of fortune. The first of these endings seems only suitable to comedy.

Zopyrus. Why should it be excluded from tragedy? Excite the most passionate emotions through the whole of the piece; but at least suffer me to respire at the conclusion, and let my heart receive that comfort which may reward its sensibility.

Theodectes. You would wish me then to extinguish that tender interest by which you have been agitated, and that I should stop those tears which you have shed with so much pleasure? The best recompense I can bestow on your sensibility, is to continue as long as possible the emotions it has received. From those moving scenes in which the author displays all the secrets of art and eloquence, only results a pathos of situation; and we wish a pathos which may arise from the action, increase from scene to scene, and agitate the soul of the spectator as often as he hears even the name of the piece.

Zopyrus. And can you not find this in those tragedies in which the virtuous and the wicked experience a change of condition?

Theodectes. I have already hinted that the pleasure which they procure us too nearly resembles that which we receive from comedy. It is true that the spectators begin to approve of this double revolution, and that even some authors have assigned it the first rank; but I think it only deserves to be placed in the second; and I appeal to the experience of Polus, which are the pieces that are esteemed truly tragic?

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Polus. In general, those of which the catastrophe is calamitous.

Theodectes. And permit me to ask you, Anacharsis, what effects you experienced from the different destinies of the principal personage in our dramas.

Anacharsis. At first I shed tears profusely, without investigating their source. I afterward perceived that your finest pieces lost a part of their interest at a second representation; but that this loss was beyond comparison more sensible in those which terminated happily.

Nicephorus. It remains for me to ask you how you can be reconciled with yourself. You would have the catastrophe calamitous, and yet you have preferred that revolution by which a man is snatched from misfortune, and placed in a more prosperous condition.

Theodectes. I have preferred the discovery which prevents the completion of an atrocious act; but I have not said that it ought to be made the development of the plot. Orestes, when recognized by Iphigenia, is on the point of falling by the arms of Thoas; and, when recognized by Electra, is persecuted by the Furies. He has therefore only passed from one danger and one calamity to another. Euripides extricates him from this latter situation by the intervention of a divinity: an expedient which might be necessary in his Iphigenia in Tauris, but which was by no means so in his Orestes; the action of which would be more tragic if he had abandoned the assassins of Clytæmnestra to the tortures of remorse. But Euripides was fond of making the gods descend in machinery; and has but too frequently employed this gross artifice to explain the subject, and develope the plot.

Zopyrus. Do you condemn the apparitions of the gods, which are so favourable to scenic decoration?

Nicephorus. And so convenient to the poet.

Theodectes. I would only permit them when it is necessary to derive from the past or future a light which can be obtained by no other means. Without such a motive the prodigy does more honour to the machinist than to the author.

Let the poet ever be guided by the laws of reason and the rules of probability. Let the fable be so constructed that it may explain itself, and become complicated and unravelled without effort. Let no celestial angel descend to inform us, in a frigid prologue, of events which have passed prior to the opening of the drama, or which are to happen in the sequel. Let the knot, constituted by obstacles that have preceded the action, be drawn closer and

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closer, till the moment when the catastrophe commences; let the episodes be neither too long nor too numerous; let the incidents rapidly arise out of each other, and produce unexpected events; in a word, let the different parts of the action be so well connected, that if any one should be taken away or transposed, the whole would be destroyed or changed. Imitate not those authors who are ignorant of the art of happily terminating an intrigue ingeniously complicated; and who, after having imprudently ventured into the midst of rocks, can find no other means to extricate themselves but by imploring the succour of heaven.

I have now pointed out the different ways in which the fable may be treated; to these may be added the innumerable varieties which the sentiments, and especially the music, present. Complain not, therefore, of the sterility of our subjects; and remember that, to place them in a new light, is to invent.

Nicephorus. But you do not give them sufficient animation. We are sometimes tempted to say that you fear to investigate the passions: if by accident you engage them in a contest with each other, or an opposition to rigorous duties, you scarcely permit us a glimpse of their incessant conflicts.

Theodectes. More than once we have seen the sentiments of conjugal love and those of friendship portrayed in the softest colours; and a hundred times beheld the furies of ambition, hatred, jealousy, and revenge depicted with a more vigorous pencil. Would you wish that on these occasions we should have been presented with portraits, with analyses of the human heart? Among us, every art and science has its proper limits. We leave the theory of the passions to morals or rhetoric, and pay less attention to their investigation than to their effects: for it is not man in general which we represent to the spectators, but the vicissitudes of his life, and especially the misfortunes to which he is exposed. Tragedy is so much the recital of an action proper to excite terror and pity, that many of our pieces conclude with these words of the chorus: "*Thus ends this adventure.*" If we consider it under this point of view, we shall easily conceive that it is essential to express the circumstances which render the narative more interesting, and the catastrophe more calamitous; and it is still more so to make every thing understood, rather than to say every thing. This is the manner of Homer. He does not give the detail of the sentiments which unites Achilles and Patroclus; but at the death of the latter they are manifested by torrents of tears, and burst on the reader like thunder.

Zopyrus. I shall always regret that the tenderest and most

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forcible of all the passions has hitherto been neglected. All the fires of love blaze in the heart of Phædra, but diffuse no warmth in the tragedy of Euripides. Yet what a rich succession of scenes would the first birth of this love, its progress, agitations and remorse, present to the pencil of the poet! We have spoken of the love of Hæmon for Antigone. Why is not this sentiment made the principal motive of the action? What conflicts must it not have excited in the hearts of the father and of the two lovers! What various duties were there to respect, what misfortunes to fear!

Theodectes. The paintings which you regret would be as dangerous to morals as unworthy of a theatre, which only attends to great events and elevated sentiments. Never in the heroic ages did Love produce any of those revolutions which distinguish tragedy.

Zopyrus. Have you forgotten the war of Troy?

Theodectes. It was not the loss of Helen which armed the Greeks against the Trojans. Menelaus engaged in the war from the necessity of avenging a flagrant injury; and the other princes in consequence of the oath they had before taken to secure to him the possession of his queen. They therefore beheld, in this perfidy of love, only insulted honour.

Love, properly, only presents little intrigues, the display of which we leave to comedy; and sighs, tears, and frailties, to express which is the province of the lyric poets. If at any time it exhibits more elevated traits of nobility and grandeur, it is indebted for them to vengeance, ambition, or jealousy; three powerful springs, which we have never neglected to employ.

THIRD CONVERSATION.

In this were discussed the manners, thoughts, sentiments, and style which are proper for tragedy.

In all imitative works, said Theodectes, but especially in the poem, whether epic or dramatic, what is called the manners is the exact conformity of the actions, sentiments, thoughts, and language of the personage with his character. It is necessary therefore, that, from the very first scenes, we should be able to discover, from what he does and what he says, the nature of his present inclinations, and his ultimate designs.

The manners characterize the person in action. They should be good. Far from exaggerating any defect, be careful to enfeeble it. Poety, like painting, embellishes the portrait without neg-

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lecting the resemblance. Do not deform the character of a personage, not even a subaltern one, unless you are constrained. In a piece of Euripides, Menelaus acts a reprehensible part, because he does evil without necessity.

The manners must also be proper, resembling, and uniform; they must be suitable to the age and dignity of the person; they must not be contrary to the idea of the hero delivered down to us by ancient traditions; nor must they be inconsistent in any part of the piece.

Would you wish to give them boldness and lustre, contrast them with each other. Observe how, in Euripides, the character of Polynices is rendered interesting by that of Eteocles his brother; and in Sophocles, the character of Electra by that of Chrysothemis her sister.

We ought, like the orators, to inspire our judges with pity, terror, or indignation; like them to demonstrate a truth or refute an objection, to aggrandize or diminish an object. You will find the precepts necessary to attain this end in the treatises that have been published on rhetoric, and examples in the tragedies that are the ornaments of our theatres. In them we see beauty of thought and elevation of sentiment in all their lustre; in them triumph the language of truth, and the eloquence of the unfortunate. Behold Merope, Hecuba, Electra, Antigone, Ajax, Philoctetes, surrounded sometimes by the horrors of death, and sometimes plunged in shame or despair—listen to those accents of grief, those piercing exclamations, those passionate expressions, which, from one end of the theatre to the other, make the voice of Nature resound in every heart, and compel all eyes to dissolve in tears.

To what are these admirable effects to be described? To the art which our authors possess, in a sovereign degree, of placing their characters in the most moving situations, taking themselves their place in imagination, and indulging without reserve in the single and profound sentiment which the circumstances inspire.

You can never study too much our great models. Possess yourself perfectly of their beauties; but especially learn to judge of them aright, and let not a servile admiration induce you to reverence their errors. Fear not to condemn this reasoning of Jocasta:—Her two sons had agreed to ascend alternately the throne of Thebes: but, at the expiration of the time fixed, Eteocles refused to resign his authority; and, to induce him to make this important cession, the queen represents to him, among

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other things, that equality formerly instituted weights and measures, and has at all times regulated the periodical succession of days and nights.

Sentences which are clear, precise, and naturally introduced, are greatly to the taste of the Athenians; but it is necessary to be attentive in the choice of them, for they indignantly reject those maxims which are destructive of morality.

Polus. And frequently without reason. They imputed it as a crime to Euripides, that he had put in the mouth of Hippolytus these words, "My tongue has pronounced the oath,—my heart disavows it;" and though they are suitable to the circumstance, his enemies falsely accused him of establishing them as a general principle. Another time, the audience were about to drive from the stage the actor who played the part of Bellerophon, and who, suitable to the spirit of his part, had said that riches were preferable to all other things. The piece was on the point of being condemned. Euripides came forward on the stage. They demanded that he should expunge the line. He replied, that he had to give lessons, not to receive them; but that, if they would have the patience to wait, they would shortly see Bellerophon undergo the punishment which he had merited. When he brought out his Ixion, many of the spectators, after the performance, said that his hero was too great a villain. I have, therefore, concluded, he replied, by fastening him to a wheel.

Although the style of tragedy be no longer so pompous as it was formerly, it yet ought to be suited to the dignity of the sentiments. Use the charms of elocution to maintain the improbabilities which you are forced to admit; but if you have thoughts to express, or characters to depict, beware of obscuring them by unnecessary ornaments. Avoid low expressions. There belongs to each species of drama a particular style and distinct colours. It is from their being unacquainted with this rule, that the language of Cleophon Sthelenus too much resembles that of comedy.

Nicephorus. I discover another cause of it,—the style which you cultivate is so artificial, and ours so natural, that you are every instant compelled to pass from the one to the other, and borrow our thoughts, sentiments, manners, pleasantries, and expressions. I will cite only respectable authorities,—Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, playing upon words, and making insipid allusions to the names of their personages; the second of these poets puts in the mouth of Ajax these astonishing words, "Aï, Aï, what a fatal conformity between the name which I bear and the misfortunes which I experience."

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Theodectes. It was at that time the general persuasion that the names which are given to us presage our future destiny; and you know, that in misfortune, we have need of something to which to attach ourselves.

Nicephorus. But how will you excuse, in your author, their taste for false etymologies and a play of words, for frigid metaphors, insipid pleasantries, indecent images, and those sarcasms against women, those scenes intermixed with low comedy, and those frequent examples of unpolished manners or disgusting familiarity? How can it be endured, that instead of being simply informed of the death of Dejanira we are told that she has just performed her last journey without taking a single step? Does it become the dignity of tragedy that children should pour forth gross invective and ridicule against the authors of their being; that Antigone should assure us, that she would sacrifice a husband or son to her brother, because she might have another husband and another son, but having lost her parents, she could never be able to replace the brother of whom she was deprived?

I am not surprised, that Aristophanes has cursorily glanced a stroke against the means by which Eschylus effects the discovery of Orestes and Electra; but was Euripides obliged to parody and so pleasantly to turn into ridicule this discovery? I appeal to the opinion of Polus.

Polus. I confess, that more than once I have believed that I was playing comedy in a tragic mask. To the examples which you have just cited, permit me to add two others, taken from Sophocles and Euripides.

The former having taken for the subject of one of his tragedies, the transformation of Tereus and Procne, indulged himself in many pleasantries against that prince, who appeared together with Procne, under the form of a bird.

The latter, in one of his pieces, introduces a shepherd, who believes that he has somewhere seen the name of Theseus. On being questioned concerning it, "I cannot read," he replies, "but I will describe the form of the letters. The first is a circle with a dot in the middle; the second is composed of two perpendicular lines, joined with a transverse line; and thus he proceeds to discribe the others. Observe that this dissection as it were of the name of Theseus succeeded so well that Agathos soon afterwards presented a second, which he undoubtedly believed to be more elegant.

Theodectes. I scarcely dare to confess, that I am about to risk a third, in a tragedy, which I am preparing. The multitude are

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delighted with this species of wit; and as they will not conform to our taste, we must submit to theirs. The best of our writers having been subjected to this servitude, and the greater part of the faults which you have enumerated, clearly prove that they were unable to shake it off. There are other faults which may be excused. By fixing their scenes near the heroic ages, they have been compelled to depict manners different from those of the present times; by wishing to approach nature, they were obliged to pass from the simple to the familiar, the limits of which are not sufficiently distinct.

With less genius, we have still greater risks to encounter. The art is become more difficult. On one side, the public, satiated with the beauties which have been so long displayed to their view, absurdly require that an author should unite in himself the talents of all those who have preceded him. On the other, the actors incessantly complain that the parts assigned to them are not sufficiently brilliant. They force us, sometimes to lengthen and do violence to the subject, sometimes to destroy its connections, frequently, even their negligence and aukwardness are sufficient to cause the failure of a piece. Polus will excuse this censure, to venture in his presence is to pronounce his eulogium.

Polus. I am entirely of your opinion, and am about to relate to Zopyrus the danger to which the Orestes of Euripides was formerly exposed. In that fine scene in which the young prince, after a fit of madness, recovers his reason, the actor Hegelochus, not having properly managed his respiration, was obliged to separate two words, which, as they are pronounced with or without an elision, form two very different senses; so that, instead of saying "After the storm I see a *calm*;" he said, "After the storm I see a *cat*." You may judge of the effect which at this interesting moment was produced by such a failure; the assembly was convulsed with laughter, and many sarcastic epigrams were composed on the poet and the actor on this occasion.

FOURTH CONVERSATION.

In the fourth conversation were discussed some articles which had been reserved till this time. It was observed, 1. That in almost all the scenes, the answers and replies are made from verse to verse, which renders the dialogue extremely lively and concise, but sometimes not so natural. 2. That Pylades says only three lines in a piece of Eschylus, and not one in the Electra of Sopho-

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cles, nor in that of Euripides; that other personages, although present, remain silent during many scenes, whether from excess of grief or haughtiness of character. 3. That they have sometimes introduced allegorical personages, as Strength, Violence, Death, Frenzy. 4. That the choruses of Sophocles form a part of the action; that the greater part of those of Euripides are but slightly connected with it; that those of Agathon are entirely detached, and, by the example of this latter poet, no scruple is at present made to insert in the interludes fragments of poetry and music which make us lose sight of the subject.

After they had declared against these abuses, I asked if tragedy had attained its utmost perfection. They all exclaimed, at once, that certain pieces would leave nothing to be desired, if the blemishes by which they are disfigured were expunged, and which are not inherent in this construction. But, having made them observe that Aristotle had hesitated upon this question, they examined it more closely, and doubts began to multiply.

Some maintained that the theatre is too vast, and the number of spectators too considerable. From which results, they said, two inconveniences: the authors are obliged to conform themselves to the taste of an ignorant multitude; and the actors to exhaust themselves by straining their voices, though still at the risk of not being heard by a part of the assembly. It was therefore proposed that a more confined space should be chosen, and that the price of the seats should be augmented which would cause them to be filled only by persons of the higher classes. It was replied, that this project could not be reconciled neither with the nature nor the interests of the government. It is only, they added, for the sake of the people and of strangers that our theatrical exhibitions are celebrated with such magnificence. On one hand, we should destroy the equality which ought to be maintained among the citizens; on the other, we should deprive ourselves of the sums of money expended by strangers in this city during our festivals.

The objectors replied: Why should not the choruses and music be suppressed, as they have began to suppress them in comedy? The choruses oblige the authors every instant to offend probability. The personages of the piece must be brought by force or by consent into the vestibule of a palace, or into some other open place, to reveal their inmost secrets, or to treat of affairs of state in the presence of many witnesses, who are frequently assembled without motive. Medea must there reveal the dreadful projects which she meditates; Phedra declare a passion

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which she wishes even to conceal from herself; Alcestis, when dying, must cause herself to be removed thither to breath her last sigh. As to the music, it is absurd to imagine that men oppressed by grief, act, speak, or die, singing.

Without the chorus, replied the other, no more any motion on the theatre, no more majesty in the spectacle. It augments the interest during the acts, and maintains it during the interludes. They added that the people would not renounce the charms of music, and that to adopt the proposed change would be to destroy the nature of tragedy.

Let us beware, said Nicephorus, not to despoil tragedy of its ornaments; it would lose too much. But let us, at least, give it a more noble destination, and, by the example of comedy.....

Theodectes. Let it make us laugh?

Nicephorus. No; but let it be useful to us.

Theodectes. And who dare maintain that it is not? Is not the soundest morality inculcated by the maxims in our tragedies?

Nicephorus. But is it not continually contradicted by the action itself. Hypolytus, informed of the love of Phedra, believes himself polluted by the horrible secret, but nevertheless he falls. What a fatal lesson for youth! It was from our example that you formerly undertook to unmask the vices of the administration. But how different was your mode from ours! We showered ridicule upon the guilty orators of the state,—you dwelt heavily and gloomily upon the abuses of eloquence. We sometimes told the Athenians harsh and salutary truths, and you still flatter them with an audacity at which you ought to blush.

Theodectes. By cherishing their hatred against despotism, we attach them to the democracy; by exhibiting to them the piety, beneficence, and other virtues of their ancestors, we place before them models for their imitation: we nourish their vanity, to inspire them with a sense of honour. There is no subject which does not teach them to support their misfortunes, and to guard against the errors by which they may be brought on them.

Nicephorus. I should agree with you, if the instruction were derived from the essence of the action itself; if you banished from the stage those calamities which are hereditary in a family; if man were never represented culpable without being criminal, not unfortunate but by the abuse of his passions; if the villain were always punished, and the virtuous man constantly rewarded.

But so long as you shall be enslaved by your forms, expect nothing from your efforts. It is necessary either to correct the vi-

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cious ground-work of your scandalous histories, or to employ your talents, as you have sometimes done, on subjects which are the offspring of your imagination. I know not whether the plans of such works would be susceptible of more learned combinations; but I know well that their morality might be rendered more pureand instructive.

All who were present applauded this idea, without even excepting Theodectes, who nevertheless constantly maintained that, in the present state of things, tragedy had as beneficial an influence on manners as comedy. Disciple of Plato, said Polus, turning to me, what would your master, and the great sage of whom he was the scholar, have thought of the dispute that has arisen between Theodectes and Nicephorus? I answered, that they would have condemned the pretensions of both; and that the philosophers could not see without indignation that mass of obscenities and personalities which polluted the ancient comedy.

Let us recollect, replied Nicephorus, the circumstances of the times. Pericles had imposed silence on the Areopagus; manners would have had no resource, if our authors had not had the courage to exercise the public censure.

There is no courage, replied I, in being malevolent, when malevolence is certain to pass unpunished. Let us compare the two tribunals of which you have spoken. I behold, in that of the Areopagus, upright, virtuous, and discreet judges, who regret to find the accused guilty, and do not punish him till he is convicted: in the other, I see writers who are passionate, furious, and sometimes suborned; every where seeking victims to immolate to the public malignity; imagining crimes, exaggerating vices; and offering the most cruel injury to virtue, by lavishing the same invectives against the villain and the virtuous man.

What a strange reformer was that Aristophanes, who of all the comic poets possessed the most wit and genius, was best acquainted with the true style of humour, and most indulged in a ferocious pleasantry! It has been said that he only composed his works in the delirium of intoxication; but it was rather in that of hatred and revenge. If his enemies are exempt from vices, he attacks them on their birth, their poverty, or their personal defects. How many times did he not reproach Euripides with being the son of a woman who sold herbs! He possessed the qualities requisite to give pleasure to persons of merit: but many of his pieces seem only designed to please those who are addicted to every kind of debauchery, and sunk in the blackest infamy.

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Nicephorus. I renounce Aristophanes when his pleasantries degenerate into licentious satire; but I admire him when, penetrated with a sense of the evils that have befallen his country, he attacks those who have misled it by their counsels; and when, with this view, he spares neither the orators, the generals, the senate, nor the multitude itself. From this he derived renown which extended into distant countries. The king of Persia said to the ambassadors from Lacedæmon, that the Athenians would soon be masters of Greece if they would only follow the advice of that poet.

Anacharsis. But of what importance is the testimony of a king of Persia? or what confidence can an author merit, who knows not, or pretends not to know, that guilt is not to be attacked by ridicule, and that a portrait ceases to be odious as soon as it is exhibited with burlesque features? We do not laugh at the sight of a tyrant or a villain; nor ought we to laugh at his image, under whatever form it may be presented. Aristophanes painted in strong colours the insolence and rapine of Cleon, whom he hated, and who was at the head of the republic; but gross and disgusting buffooneries in a moment destroyed all the effect of his portrait. Cleon, in some scenes of the most farcical kind, overcome by a man of the dregs of the people, who disputes with him and carries off the palm of impudence, was too grossly degraded to be rendered contemptible. What was the consequence? The multitude laughed at his expence; as, in other pieces of the same author, they had laughed at the expence of Hercules and Bacchus: but when they left the theatre they ran to prostrate themselves before Bacchus, Hercules, and Cleon.

The sarcasms of the poet on the Athenians, though not of more effectual utility, were more moderate. Besides that such a kind of licence was easily pardoned, when it did not attack the established constitution, Aristophanes accompanied his satire with artful correctives. This people, said he, act without reflection or consistency; they are severe, choleric, and insatiably greedy of praise. In their assemblies they resemble an old man who understands with half a word, yet suffers himself to be led like a child who is enticed by a cake; but in every other place they abound in wit and good sense. They know when they are deceived, and patiently bear with imposition for some time; but at length rectify their error, and punish those who have abused their goodness. The old man, flattered by the eulogium, laughed at his faults; and after having derided his gods, his rulers, and himself,

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continued to be, as he had been before, superstitious, a dupe, and fickle.

An exhibition so full of indecency and malignity could not but give offence to the wisest and most enlightened persons in the republic. They were so far from considering it as the support of manners, that Socrates would never be present at the performance of comedies, and that the law forbad the Areopagites to compose any.

Here Theodectes exclaimed, The cause is ended; and immediately arose. Stay, cried Nicephorus; we now proceed to a decision on your authors. What should I fear? said Theodectes. Socrates saw with pleasure the pieces of Euripides; he esteemed Sophocles; and we have always been on good terms with the philosophers. As I sat next him, I said to him, in a whisper, You are very generous. He smiled, and made another attempt to withdraw, but was prevented; and I saw myself obliged to continue my discourse, which I addressed to Theodectes.

Socrates and Plato rendered justice to the talents, as well as to the probity, of your best writers; but they accused them of having, after the example of the other poets, degraded the gods and heroes. On the first head, in fact, you will not venture to vindicate them. All virtue, all morality, is destroyed, when the objects of public worship, more vicious, unjust and cruel even than men, spread snares for innocence to render it miserable; and impel to guilt, that they may inflict punishment. Comedy, which exposes such divinities to public ridicule, is less deserving censure than tragedy, which presents them to our veneration.

Zopyrus. It would be easy to bestow on them a more august character. But what can be added to that of the heroes of Eschylus of Sophocles?

Anacharsis. A grandeur more real and constant. I shall endeavour to explain my idea. When we observe the changes that have taken place among you since your civilization, we seem to distinguish three kinds of men which have only general relations to each other: the man of nature, such as he still appeared in the heroic ages; the man of art such as he at present is; and the man which philosophy has, for some time past, undertaken to form.

The first without refinement or fiction, but carrying both his virtues and frailties to excess, has no fixed measure: he is too great or too little. This is the man of tragedy.

The second, having lost the noble and generous features which distinguished the former, no longer knows either what he is or what he wishes to be. We behold in him only a ridiculous as-

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semblage of forms which attach him more to appearances than reality; and dissimulation so frequently repeated, that he seems to borrow even the qualities which he possesses. His whole resource is to act comedy; and he is, in his turn, made the object of comedy.

The third is modelled after new proportions. His reason preserves a superiority over his passions, and gives him a vigorous and uniform character. He follows, unmoved, the course of events, and permits them not to drag him bound like a vile slave. He is unable to determine whether the calamities of life are to be considered as a good or an evil; he only knows that they are a consequence of that general order to which it is his duty to contribute. His enjoyments are not followed by remorse; he finishes his course in silence, and beholds death slowly advance without dismay.

Zopyrus. But does he not feel a keen affliction when he is deprived of a father, a son, a wife, or a friend?

Anacharsis. He feels a natural pang: but, faithful to his principles, he resists his grief, and neither in public nor private suffers tears and fruitless exclamations to escape him.

Zopyrus. These tears and exclamations would give ease to his heart.

Anacharsis. They would render it effeminate. His passions would once have obtained the mastery, and would dispose him to be still more subjected to them in future. Observe, in fact, that his soul is, as it were, divided into two parts: the one, ever in motion, and ever requiring to be impassioned, prefers the lively attacks of grief to the insupportable torment of rest: the other is only employed to curb the impetuosity of the former, and to procure a calm which the tumult of the senses and the passions may be unable to disturb. But it is not this system of internal peace which the tragic authors wish to establish. They will not choose for their principal character a wise man ever consistent with himself: such a character would be too difficult to imitate, and would not make a forcible impression on the multitude. They address themselves to the more sensible and blind part of the soul, which they agitate and torment; and, filling it with terror and pity, compel it to satiate itself with tears and complaints, for which it has, if I may so speak, an eager appetite.

What indeed can we hereafter hope from a man who from his infancy has been continually exercised in fears and pusillanimity? How may he be induced to imagine that it is cowardice to sink beneath misfortunes, when he continually beholds Hercules and

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Achilles give vent to their grief with cries, complaints, and groans; and when he every day sees a whole people honour with their tears the state of degradation to which calamity has reduced those heroes who were before invincible?

No; philosophy can never be reconciled with tragedy: the one continually destroys the work of the other. The former exclaims to the unfortunate, in a stern tone: Meet the tempest with a serene brow; remain erect and tranquil amid the ruins which beat upon thee on all sides; reverence the hand which crushes thee, and suffer without a murmur: such is the law of wisdom. Tragedy, with a more moving and persuasive voice, cries to him, in her turn; Solicit consolations, rend your garments, roll yourself in the dust, weep, and give the most plaintive utterance to your grief; for such is the law of nature.

Nicephorus triumphed: he concluded from these reflections, that comedy, by being improved, might approach nearer to philosophy, and that tragedy must depart from it still more. A malicious smile, that escaped him at the moment, so irritated young Zopyrus, that suddenly passing the bounds of moderation, he said that I had only given the sentiments of Plato, and that his chimerical ideas ought not to have more authority than the enlightened judgment of the Athenians, and especially of the Athenian ladies, who have always preferred tragedy to comedy. He proceeded to inveigh against a drama, which, after the efforts of two centuries, was not yet purified from its original vices. I am acquainted, said he to Nicephorus, with your most celebrated writers; and have just read, a second time, all the pieces of Aristophanes, except that entitled the Birds, the subject of which disgusted me in the very first scenes. I maintain it is unworthy of the reputation he has acquired. Without mentioning the offensive and acrimonious wit, and the infamous malignity with which his writings abound, how are they filled with obscure thoughts and insipid puns; and how unequal is their style!

But let me add, said Theodectes, interrupting him, how elegant, how pure, is his diction; how acute are his pleasantries; what truth, what warmth in his dialogue; what poetry in his choruses!—Young man, do not become supercilious to appear judicious; and remember that to attach ourselves in preference to the extravagance of genius, frequently only shews a vice in the heart, or a defect in the mind. Because a great man does not admire every thing, it will not follow that he who admires nothing is a great man. These authors, whose merits you estimate before

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you have considered your own, abound in defects and beauties that resemble the irregularities of Nature, which, notwithstanding the imperfections our ignorance may discover in her works, appears not less great to attentive eyes.

Aristophanes well understood that species of raillery which in his age was pleasing to the Athenians, and that which must please in every age. His writings contain within them the germ of true comedy, and the models of the best comic style, and can only be surpassed by the poet who has an intimate feeling of their beauties. Of this you would have been convinced by the perusal of the allegorical piece you mentioned, had you had patience to finish it; for it abounds with original strokes.—Permit me to give you a slight idea of some of the scenes which it contains.

Pisthetærus and another Athenian, to avoid the law-suits and dissensions which give them a disgust for Athens, retire to the regions of the birds, and persuade them to build a city in the midst of the air. The first labours are to be accompanied by the sacrifice of a goat; but the ceremonies are interrupted by several troublesome persons, who arrive successively to seek their fortune in the new city. The first of these is a poet who sings these words: Celebrate, muse, celebrate the fortunate Nephelococcygiæ. Pisthetærus asks him his name, and from what country he comes. I am, answers he, to borrow the expression of Homer, the humble servant of the muses; my lips distil the honey of harmony.

Pisthetærus.

What brings you hither?

The Poet.

The rival of Simonides, I have composed sacred songs of every kind, for all ceremonies, and all in honour of this new city, which I will never cease to sing. O Father! O founder of Ætna! cause to flow on me the source of the blessings which I wish to accumulate on your head. *(This is a parody of some verses which Pindar had addressed to Hiero king of Syracuse.)*

Pisthetærus.

This fellow will torment me till I give him something. Hark you *(To his slave)*: Give him your cloak, but not your coat. *(To the Poet)* Take this garment; you seem half dead with cold!

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The Poet.

My muse receives your gifts with gratitude.—Now listen to these verses of Pindar. *(Then follows another parody, in which he asks for the slave's coat.—He at length obtains it, and goes off singing.)*

Pistheterus.

At last I am happily delivered from the frigidity of his verses. Who would have thought that such a plague would have been introduced among us so soon? But let us finish our sacrifice.

Priest.

Keep silence.

(Enter a Soothsayer, with a book in his hand.)

Soothsayer.

Touch not the victim.

Pistheterus.

Why, who are you?

Soothsayer.

An interpreter of oracles.

Pistheterus.

So much the worse for you.

Soothsayer.

Beware, and reverence sacred things. I bring you an oracle of importance to this new city.

Pistheterus.

You should have brought it me sooner.

Soothsayer.

The gods did not permit.

Pistheterus.

Well, what does it say?

Soothsayer.

"When the wolves shall dwell with the crows in the plain which separates Sicyon from Corinth——"

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Pisthetœrus.

What are the Corinthians to me?

Soothsayer.

It is a mysterious image. The oracle thus describes the aërial region in which we are. But hear what follows: You shall sacrifice a he-goat to the Earth, and give to him who shall first explain to you our will, an elegant robe and a new pair of shoes.

Pisthetœrus.

What! are the shoes mentioned in the oracle?

Soothsayer.

There, read. *(He continues reading.)* Also a flagon of wine, and a portion of the entrails of the victim.

Pisthetœrus.

Are the entrails there too?

Soothsayer.

Read, read.—If you perform my commands, you shall be as much exalted above mortals as the eagle is above other birds,

Pisthetœrus.

Is that there too?

Soothsayer.

Read, read.

Pisthetœrus.

I have in my tablets an oracle which I have received from Apollo. It differs a little from yours: it runs thus: When any one, without being invited, should have the impudence to come among you, disturb you when sacrificing, and demand a portion of the victim, you shall not fail to cudgel him well.

Soothsayer.

You jest, surely?

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Pisthetærus (presenting him his tablets).

There, read. Were he an eagle, were he one of the most illustrious impostors of Athens, strike, and spare him not.

Soothsayer.

Is that there too?

Pisthetærus.

Read, read—Begone, and carry your oracles elsewhere.

No sooner is he gone than the astronomer Meton appears, who, with his rule and compasses in his hand, proposes to lay out the new city, and talks in a ridiculous manner. At present, as the merit of Meton is generally acknowledged, this scene reflects more disgrace on the poet than on him.

He is followed by one of those inspectors who are sent by the republic to the states from which they exact tribute and expect presents. As he comes on he is heard exclaiming: Where are those who are to receive me?

Pisthetærus.

Who is this Sardanapalus?

Inspector.

I am appointed by lot to the inspection of the new city.

Pisthetærus.

Who have appointed you?

Inspector.

The people of Athens.

Pisthetærus.

We have no need of your services here: we will however give you something, and you shall return whence you came.

Inspector.

By the gods, I have no objection; for I must be at the next general assembly, which is to meet to consider of a negociation that I have opened with Pharnaces, one of the satraps of the king of Persia.

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Pisthetœrus (beating him.)

There, there; that is what I promised you.—Now begone instantly.

Inspector.

What do you mean?

Pisthetœrus.

That is the decision of the assembly on the affair of Pharnaces.

Inspector.

What! do you dare to strike an inspector? Here; witness witnesses. *(Exit.)*

Pisthetœrus.

Is it not intolerable! We have scarcely begun to build our city, and already we are plagued with inspectors.

(Enter a Crier of Edicts.)

Crier of Edicts.

If any inhabitant of the new city shall insult an Athenian——

Pisthetœrus.

What does this fellow want, with his scraps of paper?

Crier of Edicts.

I cry the edicts of the senate and people. I have brought you some new ones. Who will buy any edicts?

Pisthetœrus.

What do they enact?

Crier of Edicts.

That you should conform to our weights, measures, and decrees.

Pisthetœrus.

Stay; I will shew you those which we sometimes make use of. *(He beats him.)*

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Crier of Edicts.

What do you mean?

Pisthetœrus.

If you do not take yourself and your decrees away instantly——

(Re-enter the Inspector.)

Inspector.

I summon Pisthetærus to appear before a court of justice, to answer for injuries and insults——

Pisthetœrus.

What are you there again!

(Re-enter the Crier of Edicts.)

Crier of Edicts.

If any one shall drive away our magistrates, instead of receiving them with the honours which are their due——

Pisthetœrus.

And you too!

Inspector.

You shall be fined a thousand drachmas. *(They go off and re-enter several times: Pisthetœrus pursues sometimes one and sometimes the other, and at length drives them both off the stage.)*

If we besides consider how much the humour of this extract was heightened by the performance of the actors, we shall not hesitate to admit that the true secret of making the multitude laugh, and men of wit and understanding smile, has long been known; and, that it only remains to apply it to the different kinds of the ridiculous. Our authors have been born in an age peculiarly favourable to this species of composition. Never were there so many avaricious fathers and spendthrift sons; so many fortunes ruined by a passion for play, law-suits, and courtesans; nor ever, in fine, such a variety of arrogant pretensions, in every condition of life; nor such exaggeration in ideas, sentiments, and even in vices.

It is only among a rich and enlightened people, like that of Athens and Syracuse, that comedy can take birth and arrive at perfection. The former have indeed, a decided advantage over

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the latter; their dialect is better adapted to this species of drama than that of the Syracusans, which has in it somewhat of the emphatical.

Nicephorus appeared moved by the praise that Theodectes had bestowed on the ancient comedy. I wish, said he to him, that I possessed sufficient abilities to render to the masterly dramas of your stage the eulogium which is their due. I have ventured to point out some of their defects, for their beauties were not then the subject under consideration. But now that the question is, whether tragedy be susceptible of new improvements, I shall give my opinion more explicitly. With respect to the construction of the plot, the more profound researches of art may, perhaps, discover the means of which the first authors were deficient, for we cannot assign limits to the progress of the art; but never shall we excel them in depicting the sentiments of nature, since the language of nature is ever the same.

This opinion was unanimously passed, and the conversation concluded.

CHAPTER LXII.

Extract of a Voyage upon the Coasts of Asia, and some of the neighbouring Islands.

PHILOTAS had possessions in the island of Samos which required his presence. I proposed to him to set out before the time which he had fixed and to repair to Chios; from thence to proceed to the continent, and travel through the principal Greek cities established in Eolia, Ionia, and Doria; afterwards to visit the islands of Rhodes and Crete; and, finally, to view upon our return, those islands which are situated towards the coast of Asia, as Astypalea, Cos, Patmos, from whence we should go to Samos. The narrative of this voyage would be excessively long, I shall, therefore, merely extract from my journal those articles which appeared to me suitable to the general plan of this work.

Apollodorus permitted to join our party, Lysis, his son, who having finished his studies was about to enter upon the world. Many of our friends were desirous to accompany us; among others was Stratonicus, a celebrated performer on the cithare, and as agreeable to those whom he esteemed, as he was formidable to those whom he disliked; for his frequent repartees were mostly successful. He passed his life in travelling among the different

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cantons of Greece, and was now returned from the city of Ænos, in Thrace. We enquired what kind of climate he had found there. He told us, "Winter reigns there during four months of the year, and cold during the other eight. Having promised, in some place which I do not recollect, to give public lessons in his art, he could only procure two scholars, whom he instructed in a room in which were the nine statues of the muses together with that of Apollo. "How many scholars have you?" inquired some one. "Twelve" replied he, "the gods included."

The island of Chios, where we landed, is one of the largest and most celebrated in the Egean sea. Here many chains of mountains, clothed to their summits with the finest trees, form delicious vallies, and the rising grounds are in divers places covered with vines which produce excellent wine. That of the canton named Arvisia is most particularly esteemed.

The inhabitants pretend to have transmitted to other nations the art of cultivating the vine. They make excellent cheer. One day, that we dined at the house of one of the principal men of the island, the famous question of the country of Homer was agitated: several cities wish to appropriate to themselves this celebrated man. The pretensions of other cities were rejected with contempt, but those of Chios were defended with great heat. Among other proofs, they told us that the descendants of Homer still subsisted in the island, under the name of Homerides. At this very moment two of them made their appearance, clad in magnificient robes, and their heads covered with crowns of gold. They did not commence with the eulogy of the poet, they had a more precious incense to offer to him. After an invocation to Jupiter, they sang alternately many pieces from the Iliad, and with such truth and justness of execution, that we discovered new beauties in those parts by which we had been most impressed.

This people possessed, during some years, the empire of the sea. Their power and riches became fatal to them. This justice is due to them, that in their wars against the Persians, the Lacedæmonians, and the Athenians, they displayed the same prudence both in their successes and in their reverses; but they are highly blamable for having introduced the custom of purchasing slaves. The oracle, informed of this crime, declared that it would draw upon themselves the wrath of heaven. This is one of the finest and most useless responses which the gods ever made to mankind.

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From Chios we repaired to Cuma in Eolia, and from hence we set out to visit those flourishing cities which bound the empire of the Persians upon the coast of the Egean sea. What I am about to relate, requires some preliminary notices.

The Greeks, from the most ancient times, are found divided into three principal nations, that is to say, of the Dorians, the Eolians, and the Ionians. These names, as it is pretended, were given to them by the children of Deucalion, who reigned in Thessaly. Two of his sons, Dorus and Eolus, and his grandson Ion, having established themselves in different cantons of Greece, the people civilized, or at least united, by the cares of these strangers, deemed it an honour to bear their names, as we see the different schools of philosophy distinguish themselves by the names of their founders.

The three grand divisions which I have enumerated, are again remarkable by features more or less distinct. There are three principal dialects of the Grecian language, the Dorian, the Eolian, and the Ionian, which branch into innumerable subdivisions. The Dorian, which is spoken in Lacedæmon, Argolia, Crete, Sicily, &c., forms in all these and other places particular idioms. This too is the case with the Ionian. The Eolian is frequently confounded with the Dorian; and this similarity being apparent in many other essential points, it is only between the Dorians and the Ionians that we are able to fix a kind of parallel. It is not my purpose, however, to undertake this; I shall merely cite one example; the manners of the former have always been austere; grandeur and simplicity characterise their music, their architecture, their dialect, and their poetry. The two latter have in some measure softened their character; all the works which they have produced are brilliant in elegance and taste.

There reigns amongst them a mutual antipathy, founded, probably, from the Lacedæmonians holding the first rank among the Dorian nations, and the Athenians among the Ionians; probably, from men being unable to form themselves into classes without dividing. However this be, the Dorians have acquired a more exalted consideration than the Ionians, who, in some places, are ashamed of their national denomination. This contempt, which the Athenians have never experienced, has uncommonly increased since the Ionians of Asia have been subjugated, sometimes by particular tyrants sometimes by barbarous nations.

About two centuries after the Trojan war, a colony of these Ionians having driven out the ancient inhabitants made an establishment upon the coasts of Asia. A short time before some

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Eolians had seized upon the country to the north of Ionia, and afterwards that to the south fell into the hands of the Dorians. These three cantons form upon the coast a strip of country, which, in a straight line, may be one thousand seven hundred stadia in length, and about a hundred and sixty in its greatest breadth. I do not comprehend in this calculation the islands of Rhodes, Cos, Samos, Chios, and Lesbos, although they form a part of the three colonies.

The country which they occupy upon the continent, is renowned for its riches and its beauty. The coast is every where happily diversified with capes and bays, around which arise numerous cities and towns. Many rivers, some of which seem, by their frequent windings, to multiply themselves, carry abundance into the country. Although the soil of Ionia does not equal in fertility that of Eolia, they enjoy here a more serene sky, and a milder temperature.

The Eolians possessed upon the continent eleven cities, the deputies of which assembled on certain occasions in that of Cuma. The confederation of Ionia is formed by twelve principal cities. Their deputies every year meet near a temple of Neptune, situated in a sacred wood, beneath Mount Mycalus, and at a small distance from Ephesus. After a sacrifice, which is interdicted to the other Ionians, and over which presides a young man of Priene, they deliberate upon the affairs of the province. The states of the Dorians assemble at the Triopium promontory. The city of Cnidus, the island of Cos, and three cities of Rhodes have alone the right of there sending deputies.

The diets of the Asiatic Greeks, from the most ancient times, were regulated much after this manner. Undisturbed in their new abodes, they cultivated in peace a fertile country, and were invited, by the position of their situation, to transport the produce from coast to coast. Their commerce soon increased by their industry. They were seen in the sequel, to establish themselves in Egypt, to brave the Adriatic and the sea of Tyrrhenia, to found a city in Corsica, and to extend their navigation to the island of Tartessus, beyond the pillars of Hercules.

Their first successes, however, had fixed the attention of a nation too contiguous not to be formidable. The kings of Lydia, of which Sardes was the capital, seized on some of their cities. Crœsus subjugated the whole, and rendered them tributary. Cyrus previous to his attack on this prince, proposed to them to unite their forces to his, which they refused. After his victory, he despised their homage, and caused to march against them his lieutenants, who, by right of conquest, united them to Persia.

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They revolted under Darius, the son of Hystaspes. They very soon, seconded by the Athenians, burnt the city of Sardis, and kindled that fatal hatred between the Persians and Greeks which torrents of blood have not yet extinguished. Again subjugated by the former, and compelled to furnish ships against the latter, threw off their yoke after the battle of Mycale. During the Peloponnesian war they were sometimes the allies of the Lacedæmonians, but more frequently of the Athenians, who finished by enslaving them. Some years afterwards, the peace of Antalcidas restored them for ever to their ancient masters.

Thus, during about two centuries, the Greeks of Asia, were occupied alone in supporting, impairing, breaking, and again assuming their chains. With them, as with all polished nations, peace was only a sleep which for some moments suspended their labours. In the midst of these fatal revolutions, entire cities opposed an obstinate resistance to their enemies. Others gave the most exalted examples of courage. The inhabitants of Teos and Phocea abandoned the tombs of their fathers; those of the former place went to establish themselves at Abdera in Thrace; and a part of the latter, after having long wandered upon the waves, laid the foundations of the city of Elea in Italy, and of that of Marseilles among the Gauls.

The descendants of those who remained in the dependance of Persia, continued to pay to that power the tribute which Darius had imposed upon their ancestors. In the general division made by this prince of all the provinces of his empire, Eolia, Ionia, and Doria, together with Pamphylia, Lycia, and other countries, were for ever taxed in the amount of four hundred talents, which will not appear an immoderate sum, when we consider the extent, fertility, industry, and commerce of these countries. As the assessment of the impost occasioned dissentions between cities and individuals, Artapherus, the brother of Darius, having caused the lands of those liable to contribution, to be measured and rated by parasanges, made them consent by their deputies to a plan of assessment adapted to conciliate all interests and prevent all disturbances.

It may be seen by this example, that the court of Susa was desirous to retain the Greeks, its subjects, in submission rather than in servitude; it had even left them their laws, religion, festivals, and provincial assemblies. But by a fallacious policy, the sovereign granted the domain or at least the administration of a Grecian city to one of its own citizens, who, having answered for the fidelity of his countrymen, excited them to revolt, or exercised

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over them an absolute authority. They had then to support the haughtiness of the governor general of the province, and the vexations of the particular governor whom he protected, and being situated at too great a distance from the centre of the empire, their complaints seldom reached to the foot of the throne. In vain did Mardonius, the same who commanded the army of the Persians under Xerxes, undertake to bring back the constitution to its principles. Having obtained the government of Sardes, he re-established democracy in the cities of Ionia, and drove out the subordinate tyrants, they, however, soon re-appeard; for the successors of Darius, wishing to recompence their flatterers, found nothing more easy than to abandon to them the pillage of a remote city. At the present time, concessions being more rarely granted the Asiatic Greeks, softened by pleasures, have every where permitted oligarchy to establish itself upon the ruins of the popular government.

If we consider with proper attention the circumstances in which they were situated, we shall be convinced that it was impossible they should preserve complete liberty. The kingdom of Lydia, which afterward became one of the provinces of the Persian empire, had for its natural boundary the Ægean sea, the shores of which are peopled by Greek colonies. They occupy so narrow a space that they must necessarily fall into the hands of the Lydians and Persians, unless they took proper measures for their defence. But by a defect which also subsists among the confederate republics of the continent of Greece, not only Eolia, Ionia, and Doris, when threatened with invasion, did not unite their forces; but in each of the three provinces the decrees of the general assembly were not obligatory on all the states of the deputies of which it was composed. Thus we see, in the time of Cyrus, the inhabitants of Miletus made a separate peace with that prince, and delivered up the other cities to the fury of their enemies.

When Greece consented to take arms in their defence, she drew on herself the innumerable armies of the Persians; and, but for prodigies of chance and valour, must have sunk beneath a foreign yoke. If after disastrous wars, repeated through a whole century, she has at last renounced the ill-fated project of breaking the chains of the Ionians, it is because she has at length been convinced that their situation and circumstances oppose invincible obstacles to their emancipation. This the sage Bias of Priene expressly declared when Cyrus had rendered him master of Lydia. "Stay not here," said he to the Ionians, "to sink into an

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ignominious slavery; embark on board your ships, traverse the seas, and take possession of Sardinia and the neighbouring islands, where you may still enjoy liberty and peace."

Twice have these people had it in their power to throw off the Persian yoke, once by following the counsel of Bias, and a second time by accepting the proposals of the Lacedæmonians, who, after the termination of the Median war, offered to convey them back into Greece; but they have always refused to forsake their habitations; and if we may judge from their population and their riches, independance was not necessary to their happiness.

I return to the narrative of my travels, from which I have too long digressed. We made the tour of the three Greek provinces of Asia; but, as I have said above, I shall confine myself in my account of them to a few general observations.

The city of Cyme is one of the largest and most ancient in Eolia. The inhabitants had been described to us as men almost stupid: but we soon found that they owed this character only to their virtues. The next day after our arrival it rained, while we were walking in the forum, which is surrounded with porticos appertaining to the republic. We were about to take shelter under them, but were withheld, because it was necessary permission should first be given. A voice exclaimed: "Enter under the porticos;" and immediately every person ran thither. We learned that they had been made over for a time to the creditors of the state; and as the people pay respect to their property, though they on the other hand would blush to leave the people exposed to the inclemency of the weather, it is said that the inhabitants of Cyme would never take refuge under the porticos when it rains, unless they were expressly desired. It is also said that for three hundred years they knew not that they possessed a harbour, because during that time they abstained from receiving any customs on the merchandize which was brought to them from foreign countries.

After having passed some days at Phocæa, the walls of which are built of large stones joined together with the greatest exactness, we entered the vast and rich plains which the Hebrus fertilizes with its waters, and which extend from the sea-shore to beyond Sardes. The pleasure I felt in admiring them was accompanied with a melancholy reflection. How repeatedly, said I, have these fields been drenched with human blood! and how many times yet to come shall they again be ensanguined! When I surveyed a spacious plain in Greece, I was constantly informed, Here, on such an occasion, so many thousand Greeks fell in battle;

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but in Scythia, it was said: These fields, the eternal abode of peace, will feed so many thousand sheep.

Our road, which was almost every where overshadowed by beautiful andrachnes, led us to the mouth of the Hermus, and thence our view extended over that superb bay, formed by a peninsula, on which are the cities of Erythræ and Teos. At the bottom of it are some small villages, the unfortunate remains of the ancient city of Smyrna, formerly destroyed by the Lydians. They still bear the same name; and should favourable circumstances one day permit the inhabitants to unite, and form one town, defended by walls, their situation will doubtless attract an immense commerce. They shewed us, at a little distance from their habitations, a grotto from which issues a small stream they name Meles. They hold this place sacred; for it was there, as they pretend, that Homer composed his immortal works.

In the road, almost in front of Smyrna, is the island of Clazomenæ, which derives a great profit from its oils. Its inhabitants hold one of the first ranks among the people of Ionia. They told us the means they once employed to restore their finances. After a war that had exhausted the public treasury, they found they were indebted to the disbanded soldiers the sum of twenty talents: which being unable to raise, they paid them, during some years, interest which they fixed at five per cent. They afterwards struck copper money, to which they affixed the same value as if it were silver. The rich consented to take it, the debt was liquidated, and the revenues of the state, administered with economy, enabled them gradually to call in the adulterated coin circulated in commerce.

The petty tyrants formerly established in Ionia had recourse to more odious means to acquire riches. The following fact was related to us at Phocæa. A Rhodian governed that city, who had contrived to form two opposite factions. He separately and secretly told the leaders of each, that their enemies had offered him such a sum of money to declare in their favour: by which means he obtained the same price from both, and afterwards effected a reconciliation between the two parties.

We took our road towards the south. Besides the cities which are within land, we visited, on the sea-shore, or in the environs, Lebedos, Colophon, Ephesus, Priene, Miletus, Iasus, Myndus, Halicarnassus and Cnidus.

The inhabitants of Ephesus shewed us with regret the ruins of the temple of Diana, epually celebrated for its antiquity and its magnificence. Fourteen years before it had been burnt, not by

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lightning, or the fury of an enemy, but by the caprice of an individual, named Herostratus, who, when put to the torture confessed that his only motive was to eternise his name. The general assembly of the states of Ionia passed a decree to condemn this fatal name to oblivion; but the prohibition to record it can only serve to perpetuate its remembrance: and the historian Theopompus one day told me that, when he relates the fact, he shall give the name of the incendiary.

Nothing remains of this superb edifice but the four walls, and some columns which rise in the midst of ruins. The fire has consumed the roof, and the ornaments which decorated the nave. It is begun to be rebuilt. All the citizens have contributed, and the women have sacrificed their jewels. The parts which the fire has damaged will be repaired, and those which it has destroyed restored with still greater magnificence, or at least with more taste. The beauty of the inside was heightened by the lustre of gold, and the works of several celebrated artists; but it will now derive additional splendour from the tributes of painting and sculptor, which have been brought to perfection in these modern times. No change will be made in the form of the statue, a form anciently borrowed from the Egyptians, and which is also found in the temples of several Greek cities. The goddess bears on her head a tower; two iron rods support the hands, and the body terminates in a sheath enriched with figures of animals and other symbols.

The Ephesians have a very wise law relative to the construction of public edifices. The architect whose plan is chosen, enters into a bond by which he engages all his property. If he exactly fulfils the condition of his agreement, honours are decreed him; if the expence exceeds the sum stipulated only by one quarter, the surplus is paid from the public treasury; but if it amounts to more, the property of the architect is taken to pay the remainder.

We next proceeded to Miletus, and surveyed with admiration its temples, festivals, manufactures, harbours, and the innumerable concourse of ships, mariners, and workmen there perpetually in motion. This city is an abode of opulence, learning and pleasure: it is the Athens of Ionia. Doris, daughter of the Ocean, had by Nereus fifty daughters, named Nereides, all distinguished by various charms. Miletus has sent forth a still greater number of colonies, which perpetuate her glory on the coasts of the Hellespont, the Propontis, and the Euxine sea. Their metropolis gave birth to the first historians and the first philosophers, and boasts of having produced Aspasia, and the

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most beautiful and accomplished courtezans. On certain occasions the interests of her commerce have compelled her to prefer peace to war; on others she has laid down her arms without having disgraced them; and hence the proverb: the Milesians were valiant in times past.

Within the walls the city is adorned by the productions of the arts, and without embellished by the riches of nature. How often have we directed our steps to the banks of the Mæander which, after having received numerous rivers, and bathed the walls of various cities, rolls its waters, in innumerable windings, through the plain which is honoured by bearing its name, and proudly ornaments its course with the plenty it creates! How often, seated on the turf which borders its flowery margin, surrounded on all sides with the most delightful prospects, and unable to satiate our senses with the purity and serene splendour of the air and sky, have we not felt a delicious languor insinuate itself into our souls, and throw us, if I may so speak, into the intoxication of happiness! Such is the influence of the climate of Ionia: and as moral causes, far from correcting, have only tended to increase it, the Ionians are become the most effeminate, but at the same time are to be numbered amongst the most amiable people of Greece.

In their ideas, sentiments, and manners, a certain softness prevails, which constitutes the charm of society; and in their music and dances a liberty which at first offends, but at length seduces. They have added new charms to pleasure, and enriched their luxury by inventions. Numerous festivals occupy them at home, or attract them to the neighbouring cities, where the men appear in magnificent habits, and the women in all the elegance of female ornament, and with all the desire of pleasing. Hence the reverence they preserve for the ancient traditions which justify their propensity to pleasure. Near Miletus we were conducted to the fountain of Biblis, where that unhappy princess expired with love and grief. We were also shewn Mount Latmos, where Diana granted her favours to the youth Endymion. At Samos unfortunate lovers address their vows to the manes of Leontichus and Rhadina.

When we go up the Nile from Memphis to Thebes, we survey on each side monuments of every kind, among which pyramids and obliesks at intervals lift their heads. But a scene a thousand times more interesting offers itself to the admiration of the attentive traveller who takes his departure from the port of Halicarnassus to proceed to the peninsula of Erythræ. In this pas-

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sage, which in a right line, is only of about nine hundred stadia, he views a multitude of cities scattered over the coasts of the continent and the neighbouring islands. Never within such a narrow space did nature produce so great a number of men of distinguished talents and sublime genius. Herodotus was born at Halicarnassus, Hippocrates at Cos, Thales at Miletus, Pythagoras at Samos, Parrhasius at Ephesus, Xenophanes at Colophon, Anacreon at Teos, Anaxagoras at Clazomenæ, and Homer every where; for I have already said that the honour of having given birth to the latter excites a great rivalry through all this country. I have not included in this list all the celebrated writers of Ionia; for the same reason that, when speaking of the deities of Olympus, we only mentioned the greatest gods.

From Ionia, properly so called, we passed into Doris, which makes a part of ancient Caria. Cnidus, situated near the promontory Triopium, gave birth to the historian Ctesias; as also to the astronomer Eudoxus, who has lived in our time. We were shewn, as we passed by, the house in which the latter made his observations; and soon after found ourselves in the presence of the Venus of Praxiteles. This statue had just been placed in the middle of a small temple, which received light by two opposite doors, in order that a gentle light might fall on it on every side. But how may it be possible to describe the surprise we felt at the first view, and the illusions which quickly followed! We lent our own feelings to the marble, and seemed to hear it sigh. Two pupils of Praxiteles, who had lately arrived from Athens to study this master-piece of art, pointed out to us the beauties of which we felt the effect, without penetrating the cause. Among the by-standers one said—"Venus has forsaken Olympus, and come down to dwell with us:" another said—"If Juno and Minerva should now behold her, they would no more complain of the judgment of Paris:" and a third exclaimed, "The goddess formerly deigned to exhibit her charms without a veil to Paris, Anchises, and Adonis. Has she been seen in the same manner by Praxiteles?" "Yes replied one of his pupils, and under the form of Phryne." In fact, at the first sight we had recognized the look and features of that famous courtezan; and our young artists discovered, at the same time, that the statue had the enchanting smile of another mistress of Praxiteles, named Cratine.

Thus have the painters and sculptors, taking their mistresses for their models, exhibited them to public veneration under the name of different divinities. In like manner, in designing the head of Mercury, they have copied the features of Alcibiades.

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The Cnidians are proud of a treasure which at once promotes the interests of their commerce, and contributes to their glory. Among a people devoted to superstition, and passionately in love with the arts, an oracle or a celebrated monument is sufficient to attract strangers, who frequently cross the seas, to repair to Cnidus, and contemplate the finest work which ever came from the hands of Praxiteles.

Lysis, who was unable to take his eyes from the statue, expressed his admiration in the most exaggerated terms; and exclaimed from time to time—Never did Nature produce any thing so perfect. But how, replied I, can you be certain that, among the infinite number of forms which she has given to the human body, there may not be some one which even surpasses in beauty that you have before your eyes? Have you examined all the bodies which have existed, or which now exist?—You will at least confess, answered he, that art multiplies these models; and that, by carefully collecting the beauties scattered among different individuals, it has found the secret of remedying the unpardonable negligence of Nature. Is not the human form exhibited with more splendor and dignity in the workshops of our artists than among all the families of Greece? In the eyes of Nature, replied I, nothing is beautiful, nothing deformed; all is order. Little does she regard that, from her innumerable combinations, a form may result possessed of all the perfections, or all the defects, which we attribute to the human body: her single object is, to preserve that harmony which, connecting by invisible chains the minutest parts of the universe to the great whole, conducts them silently to the end she has proposed. Reverence therefore her operations; they are of so exalted a kind that the least reflection would discover to you more real beauties in an insect than in this statue.

Lysis, indignant at the blasphemies I had uttered in the presence of the goddess, replied to me, with warmth—Why should we reflect, when we are compelled to yield to impressions so lively?—Those you feel, answered I, would be less so were you alone and uninterested, and especially were you ignorant of the name of the artist. I have followed the progress of your sensations. You have been struck at the first view, and you have expressed yourself like a man of taste; agreeable recollections have afterwards been awakened in your heart, and you have assumed the language of passion. When our young pupils had unfolded to you some secrets of their art, you have wished to refine on their expressions, and you chilled me with your enthusiasm. How

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much more commendable was the candour of that Athenian, who being by accident in the portico in which is the celebrated Helen of Zeuxis, and viewing it for some moments, was less surprised at the excellence of the picture than at the transports of a painter who stood near him, and to whom he frankly said—For my part, I cannot perceive that this woman is so extraordinarily beautiful.—That is, replied the artist, because you have not my eyes.

On coming out of the temple we passed through the sacred grove, in which every object has a relation to the worship of Venus. There the mother of Adonis seemed again to live, and enjoy an eternal youth, under the form of the myrtle; the tender Daphne under that of the laurel; and the beautiful Cyparissus under that of the cypress.—Every where the flexible ivy closely grasped the branches of the trees, and in some places the too fruitful vine found a convenient support. Beneath arbours overshadowed by lofty plane trees, we saw several companies of Chidians; who, after having solemnized a sacrifice, took a rural repast.—They sang their loves, and frequently poured into their cups the delicious wine which that happy country produces.

In the evening, when we returned to our inn, our two young pupils opened their port-folios, and shewed us, in sketches which they had procured, the first thoughts of several celebrated artists; as also a great number of studies which they had made after various beautiful works, and in particular after the famous statue of Polycletus which is named the Canon or Rule. They constantly carried with them the work which that artist composed to justify the proportions of his figure; and the treatise on symmetry and colours, which had been published not long before by the painter Euphranor.

On this occasion several questions were proposed concerning beauty, both universal and individual. All present considered it as a quality solely relative to our species: and all agreed that it produces a surprize accompanied with admiration: and that it acts on us with more or less force, according to the organization of our senses, and the modifications of our soul. But they added that, the idea which we form of it not being the same in Africa as in Europe, but every where varying according to the difference of age and sex, it was not possible to unite all its different characteristics in an exact definition.

One of the company, who was at once a physician and a philosopher, after having observed that the parts of our body are

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composed of primitive elements, maintained that health is the consequence of the equilibrium of these elements, and that beauty is the result of the whole produced by these parts. No, said one of the disciples of Praxiteles; he, who, servilely following rules, shall only fix his attention on the correspondence of the parts, and accuracy of their proportions, will never arrive at perfection. He was asked what models a great artist proposes to himself, when he wishes to represent the sovereign of the gods, or the mother of love?

Those models, answered he, which he has formed to himself from an attentive study of nature and art; and in which are stored up, if I may so speak, all the charms which are suitable to every kind of beauty. With his eyes fixed on one of these, he endeavours by long labour to reproduce it in his copy: he retouches it a thousand times; now stamping on it the impress of his elevated soul, and now that of his luxuriant imagination: and never leaves it till he has infused a sublime majesty into the Jupiter of Olympia, or seductive graces into the Venus of Cnidus.

The original difficulty, replied I, still remains. These images of beauty of which you speak, these abstract forms in which the truly simple is enriched by the true ideal, have in them nothing precise or uniform; but each artist conceives and exhibits them to us with different features. The true idea therefore of the transcendently beautiful cannot be taken from measures so variable.

Plato, no where finding beauty exempt from blemishes and imperfection, to discover it, raised his ideas to that model which the great disposer of all things copied, when he reduced chaos to order. There were traced, in an ineffable and sublime manner, all the species of objects which our senses discover, and all the beauties of which the human body is susceptible, in the different periods of life. Had not rebellious matter opposed, with an invincible resistance, the action of the Divine Being, the visible world would have possessed all the perfections of the intellectual. Particular beauties indeed would have made on us but a slight impression, because they would have been common to individuals of the same sex and the same age; but how much stronger and more durable would have been our emotions at beholding such a profusion of beauties, ever pure and without the least mixture, ever the same, and ever new!

In our present state, the soul, in which shines a ray of light emanated from the Divinity, incessantly sighs after this essential

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beauty; seeks its feeble remains dispersed in the beings which surround it; and elicits from itself some sparkles of it, which are resplendent in the noble productions of the arts, and cause us to acknowledge that their authors, no less than the poets, are animated by a celestial flame.

This theory was admired, but at the same time combated. Philotas took up the discourse. Aristotle, said he, who never indulges his imagination, perhaps because Plato has indulged his but too much, has been contented with saying that beauty is order in grandeur. In fact, order supposes symmetry, fitness, and harmony; in grandeur are comprised simplicity, unity, and majesty. It was agreed that this definition c ontained nearly all the characteristics of beauty, both universal and particular.

We went from Cnidus to Mylasa, one of the principal cities of Caria. It possesses a rich territory, and contains a great number of temples, some of them very ancient, and built of a beautiful marble, dug from a neighbouring quarry. In the evening, Stratonicus told us he intended to play on the cithara, in the presence of the people of the place; and was not to be dissuaded from his design by our host, who related to him a fact that had lately happened in another city of that district, named Iasus. The multitude having collected together at the invitation of a player on the cithara, at the moment when he displayed all the powers of his art, the trumpet sounded to give notice of the sale of fish, on which all his hearers ran away to the market, except one honest citizen who was rather deaf. The musician approached him to thank him for his polite attention, and congratulate him on his good taste.—What, said he, has the trumpet sounded?—It certainly has, replied the musician.—Farewel then, said the other, I must be gone this moment. On the next day, Stratonicus, being in the middle of the forum, and seeing only a very few auditors round him, began to cry, with his utmost strength, "O ye temples, hear me!" This was all the revenge he took for the contempt with which the Greeks of Caria treated his extraordinary abilities.

He was exposed to greater danger at Caunus.—The country there is fertile; but the heat of the climate, and the great abundance of fruits often occasion fevers. We were astonished at the number of pale and languid sick persons whom we saw in the streets. Stratonicus thought proper to quote to them a verse of Homer, in which the race of men is compared to the leaves on trees. This was in the autumn when the leaves were yellow. Perceiving that the people were offended at his pleasantry, he

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added—"I could not mean to say that this place is unwholesome, for I here every day see the dead walking about the streets." It was now necessary to depart immediately, which we did; but not without many reproaches on Stratonicus, who laughing told us that once at Corinth, having suffered some indiscreet jokes to escape him, he observed an old woman surveying him with great attention; and when he enquired why she did so, received for answer—"I am astonished how your mother could bear you within her nine months, when this city cannot a single day."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The Islands of Rhodes, Crete, and Cos.

We embarked at Caunus. As we approached Rhodes, Stratonicus sang to us that beautiful ode in which, among other praises Pindar has bestowed on that island, he calls it the daughter of Venus, and the spouse of the Sun; expressions which perhaps have a reference to the pleasures the goddess there distributes, and to the attention of the god to honour it incessantly with his presence; for it is affirmed that there is no day in the year in which he is not visible there for some moments. The Rhodians consider him as their principal divinity, and his image is stamped on all their money.

Rhodes was first named Ophiusa, that is to say, the isle of serpents; a name given also to several other islands which abounded in those reptiles, when they were first taken possession of by men: and it may be made a general remark, that a great number of places at the time of their first discovery, were named after the animals, trees, plants, and flowers, which were found there in greatest abundance. It was said, I am going to the country *of quails, of cypresses, of laurels, &c.*

In the time of Homer, the island of which I speak was divided between the cities of Ialysus, Camirus, and Lindus, which still exist, though deprived of their ancient splendour. Almost in our time the greater part of their inhabitants, having resolved to settle in one place to unite their strength, laid the foundations of the city of Rhodēs, after the designs of an Athenian architect. They conveyed thither the statues that had adorned their former abodes, and of which some are truly colossal. The new city

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was built in the form of an amphitheatre, on a spot of ground which has a declivity to the sea-shore.—Its ports, arsenals, and walls, which are extremely high, and defended by towers; its houses built with stone, and not with brick; its temples, streets, and theatres—all bear the impress of grandeur and beauty; all proclaim the taste of a people who cherish the arts, and whose opulence enables them to execute great designs.

The air of the island of Rhodes is pure and serene. The country contains fertile districts; and produces excellent grapes and wine, trees of particular beauty, and honey which is in great esteem. We also find there salt-pits and marble quarries; and the surrounding sea furnishes the island with fish in abundance. These advantages, and others beside, have occasioned the poets to say that a golden rain descends on Rhodes from heaven.

Nature was assisted by industry. Before the æra of the Olympiads, the Rhodians applied themselves to maritime affairs. Their island, by its happy situation, invited ships to put in there in their passage from Egypt to Greece, or Greece to Egypt. They successively formed settlements in the greater part of the places to which they were drawn by commerce. Among their numerous colonies we must reckon Parthenope and Salapia in Italy, Agrigentum and Gela in Sicily, Rhodes on the coast of Iberia, at the foot of the Pyrenees, &c.

The progress of their improvement in knowledge is marked by æras sufficiently distinct. In the most ancient times they were taught by some strangers, known by the name of Telchinians, certain processes, at that time no doubt very rude, for working metals; and the authors of this beneficial discovery were suspected of employing magical operations. Men more enlightened afterwards gave them ideas on the course of the heavenly bodies and on the art of divination. These were called the children of the sun. At length men of genius induced them to submit to laws the wisdom of which is universally acknowledged. Those relative to their navy will always preserve it in a flourishing condition, and may serve as a model to all commercial nations. The Rhodians confidently navigate every sea, and visit every coast. The lightness and speed of their vessels, and discipline observed on board of them, and the ability of their commanders and pilots, are no where to be equalled. This part of the administration is confided to attentive and rigid magistrates; and any person who without permission should enter certain places in the arsenals, would be punished with death.

I shall mention some of their civil and criminal laws. To prevent children from suffering the memory of their father to be dishonoured,

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the law ordains that they shall pay his debts, even though they renounce the succession. At Athens, when a man is condemned to die, before he is executed his name is obliterated from the register of the citizens; it is not therefore an Athenian but a stranger who suffers the ignominious punishment. The same spirit has dictated the law of the Rhodians, which enacts that those who have committed murder shall be tried without the city. With a view to inspire a greater horror for guilt, the public executioner is forbidden to enter the city.

The supreme authority had always been in the hands of the people, but it was wrested from them some years since by a faction in the interest of Mausolus king of Caria; and they in vain implored the assistance of Athens. The rich, who had before been ill treated by the people, took more care of their interests than they had done themselves. They ordered distributions of corn to be made among them, from time to time; and appointed certain officers to supply the necessities of the poorer class, and especially of those employed in the fleets and arsenals.

Such prudent measures will no doubt perpetuate the oligarchy; and, so long as the principles of the constitution shall remain uncorrupted, other states will ever seek the alliance of a people the leaders of whom are distinguished by consummate prudence, and the soldiers by intrepid courage. But these alliances will never be frequent. The Rhodians will remain as much as possible in an armed neutrality. They will have fleets always ready to protect their commerce; by commerce they will amass riches, and the riches will enable them to maintain their fleets.

Their laws inspire them with an ardent love for liberty, and their superb monuments impress their minds with the ideas and sentiments of grandeur. They preserve hope in the most calamitous reverses of fortune, and the ancient simplicity of their fathers in the midst of opulence. Their manners have sometimes been endangered; but they are so attached to certain forms of order and decency, that such attacks have on them only a transient influence. They appear in public in modest habits, and with a grave demeanour. They are never seen running in the streets, and hurrying over each other. They are present at the public shows in silence; and in those entertainments in which mirth and the confidence of friendship reign, they forget not the respect they owe to themselves.

We went over the eastern part of the island, which it is pretended was formerly inhabited by giants. Bones of a prodigious size have been found there, and we have been shown others like

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them in different places in Greece. Has this race of men really existed? I know not.

At the town of Lindus, the temple of Minerva is remarkable not only for its great antiquity and the offerings of kings, but also for two objects which fixed our attention. We there saw, traced in letters of gold, that ode of Pindar, which Stratonicus had rehearsed to us; and near it the portrait of Hercules by Pyrrhasius, who, in an inscription at the bottom of the picture, has declared that he has represented the god such as he had seen him more than once in a dream. Other works of the same artist excited the emulation of a young man of Caunus, with whom we had made an acquaintance, and who was named Protogenes. I mention him, because it is augured, from his first essays, that he will one day rival, or even surpass, Pyrrhasius.

Among the men of letters which the island of Rhodes has produced, we shall first mention Cleobulus, one of the sages of Greece; and next Timocreon and Anaxandrides, both celebrated for their comedies. The former was at once an athleta and a poet; extraordinarily voracious, and extremely satirical. In his theatrical pieces, as well as in his songs, he satirized, without mercy, Themistocles and Simonides. After his death Simonides composed his epitaph in these words:—"I have passed my life in eating, drinking, and speaking ill of every body."

Anaxandrides, invited by the king of Macedon to his court, increased, by one of his pieces, the splendour of the festivals there celebrated. Having been chosen by the Athenians to compose the dithyrambics to be sung during the solemnization of some religious ceremony, he appeared on horseback, at the head of the chorus, habited in a purple robe fringed with gold, his hair floating on his shoulders, and singing himself the verses he had written. He believed that the splendour of his dress, added to the gracefulness of his person, would ensure to him the admiration of the multitude. His vanity rendered him insufferably petulant. He had composed sixty-five comedies, and gained the prize ten times; but, much less flattered by his victories than mortified by his failures, instead of correcting the pieces which had not succeeded, he sent them in a fit of passion to the grocers for waste paper.

The general character of the people is not to be estimated from these examples. Timocreon and Anaxandrides lived at a distance from their country, and sought only their own personal glory.

The island of Rhodes is much smaller than that of Crete. Both appeared to me to merit attention. The former has raised

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itself above what might have been expected from the means it possessed, while the latter has not attained to the eminence to which it appears entitled from its situation and advantages. We had a very prosperous passage from one island to the other; and landed at the port of Cnossus, distant from the city of the same name twenty-five stadia.

In the time of Minos, Cnossus was the capital of Crete. The inhabitants are desirous still to preserve to it the same prerogative: and found their pretensions, not on their present power, but on the glory of their ancestors, and on a title which they consider as still more sacred: I mean the tomb of Jupiter, or that famous cave in which they say he was buried. It is situated at the foot of Mount Ida, at a small distance from the city: they pressed us to go and see it; and the Cnossian who was so obliging as to entertain us in his house, insisted on accompanying us thither.

Our way lay through the forum, which was full of people. We were told that a stranger was to deliver an oration in honour of the Cretans, at which design we were not surprised; for we had seen, in several places in Greece, orators or sophists compose or recite, in public, the panegyric of a people, a hero, or some celebrated personage. But what was our astonishment, when the stranger ascended the rostrum, to behold Stratonicus, who the evening before, without giving us any intimation of his design, had signified his intention to the magistrates, with whom he had become acquainted in a preceding voyage!

After having represented the ancient inhabitants of the island in a state of barbarism and ignorance—Among you, he proceeded, was it that all the arts were discovered, and to you is the world indebted for them. Saturn endowed you with the love of justice, and that simplicity of heart by which you are especially distinguished; Vesta taught you to build houses, and Neptune to construct ships; you owe to Ceres the culture of corn, to Bacchus that of the vine, to Minerva that of the olive; Jupiter destroyed the giants who endeavoured to enslave you; and Hercules cleared your island of serpents, wolves, and different kinds of noxious animals. The authors of these various benefits, admitted by your cares into the number of the gods, first received existence in this beautiful country, and are now solely occupied in procuring its happiness.

The orator afterward spoke of the wars of Minos; his victories over the Athenians; the strange loves of Pasiphae, and that man, still more strange, who was born with the head of a bull, and

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who was named Minotaur. Stratonicus, while he collected the most contradictory traditions, and absurd fables, treated them as important and incontestable truths, from which resulted a ridicule so glaring that we trembled for him; but the multitude, intoxicated with the praises which he so profusely lavished on them, would scarcely suffer him to proceed for their applause.

When he had concluded his harangue he came and joined us. We asked him whether, while he entertained himself at the expence of the people, he had not feared irritating them by the extravagance of his praises? No, replied he; the modesty of nations, like that of individuals, is so mild a virtue, that it easily pardons any insult of that kind.

The road which leads to the cave of Jupiter is very pleasant; it is bordered by lofty trees; and has on each side of it charming meadows, and a grove of cypress trees of remarkable height and beauty: the grove is consecrated to the gods, as is also a temple at which we afterward arrived.

At the entrance of the cavern a number of offerings are suspended. We were shewn, as a singularity, one of those black poplars which bear fruit annually; and we were told that others grew in the environs, on the borders of the fountain Saurus. The length of the cave may be about two hundred feet, and its breadth twenty. At the bottom we saw a seat which is called the throne of Jupiter; and near it this inscription, in ancient characters: *This is the tomb of Zan.*

As it was believed that the god revealed himself in the sacred cavern, to those who repaired thither to consult him, men of genius took advantage of this error to enlighten or mislead the people. It is, in fact, affirmed that Minos, Epimenides, and Pythagoras, when they wished to give a divine sanction to their laws or their opinions, descended into this cave, and remained shut up in it for a certain time.

From the tomb of Jupiter we proceeded to the city of Gortyna, one of the principal in the island. It is situated at the entrance of a very fertile plain. On our arrival we were present at the trial of a man accused of adultery. He was found guilty, and treated as one who had become a vile slave of his senses. Deprived of the privileges of a citizen, he appeared in public with a crown of wool, the symbol of effeminacy, and was obliged to pay a considerable sum of money.

We were made to ascend a hill, by a very rough road, till we came to the entrance of a cavern, the inside of which presented innumerable circuits and windings. There we see distinctly the

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danger of a first mistake, for there the error of a moment may cost the unwary traveller his life. Our guides whom long experience had made acquainted with every turning of these dark retreats, were provided with torches. We followed a kind of alley wide enough to admit two or three men to pass in front; and in some places of the height of seven or eight feet, but in others only two or three. After having walked or crept the distance of about twelve hundred paces, we came to two halls, almost round, each twenty-four feet in diameter, and having no other outlet but the way that had brought us to them. Both were cut in the rock, as was likewise a part of the passage which led to them.

Our guides pretended that this vast cavern was that famous labyrinth in which Theseus killed the Minotaur that Minos kept shut up there. They added, that at first the labyrinth was only intended for a prison.

In mountainous countries, the want of maps frequently obliged us to ascend an eminence, to discover the relative position of the places around us. The summit of Mount Ida presented us with a station that commanded a most extensive prospect. We took with us provisions for some days; and made part of the journey on horseback, and part on foot. As we ascended the mountain, we visited the caves which were the dwellings of the first inhabitants of Crete. We passed through woods of oaks, maples, and cedars; and admired the size of the cypress trees, and the height of the arbutes and andrachnes. As we proceeded, the road became more rugged and steep, and the country more desert. Our way lay sometimes along the edge of precipices; and, to render our journey more tiresome, we were obliged to endure the frigid reflections of our host, who compared the different regions of the mountains, sometimes to the different ages of life, and sometimes to the dangers of elevation and vicissitudes of fortune. Could you have imagined, said he, that this enormous mass, which in the midst of our island occupies a space of six hundred stadia in circumference, which has successively presented to our view superb forests, valleys, and delightful meadows, animals wild and tame, and abundant springs which pour forth their waters to fertilize our plains—would at last terminate in some rocks incessantly beaten by the winds, and perpetually covered with ice and snow?

Crete must be reckoned among the largest islands hitherto known; its length from east to west is, it is said, 2500 stadia; its breadth in the middle is about 400, but much less in every

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other part. To the south the sea of Lybia bathes its coasts, and to the north the Ægean; to the east it approaches Asia, and to the west Europe. It abounds in mountains; some of which, though not so lofty as Mount Ida, are yet extremely high. In the western part of the island the most conspicuous are the *White Mountains*, which form a chain three hundred stadia in length.

On the sea-coasts, and within the country, are rich meadows covered with numerous flocks; well-cultivated plains present successively an abundance of corn, wine, oils, honey, and fruits of every kind. The island produces a number of salutary plants; the trees are very large and flourishing, and cypresses delight much in the soil: they grow, it is said, amid the eternal snows which crown the White Mountains, and which give to them their name.

Crete was very populous in the time of Homer, and was estimated to contain ninety or a hundred cities. I know not whether the number has since increased or diminished. It is said that the most ancient were built on the sides of mountains, and that the inhabitants descended into the plains when the winter was more severe and long than usual. I have already remarked, in my journey through Thessaly, that at Larissa the inhabitants complained of the successive increase of cold.

The country being every where mountainous and unequal, the Cretans are less used to the race with horses than the foot race. By continually exercising the bow and sling they are become the best archers and slingers in Greece.

The island is of difficult access. The greater part of its harbours are exposed to the wind; but as it is easy to get out of them when the weather is favourable, they are convenient for expeditions destined for any part of the world. Ships which sail from the most eastern promontory, employ but three or four days in their passage to Egypt; and in only ten reach the Palus Mæotis, beyond the Euxine Sea.

The position of the Cretans in the midst of all known nations, the extreme populousness of their island, and the riches of their soil, would incline us to believe that Nature had destined them to reduce all Greece under their yoke. Before the war of Troy they had subjected a part of the islands of the Ægean Sea, and formed settlements on several of the coasts of Asia and Europe. At the breaking out of this war, eighty of their ships sailed to the shores of Ilium, under the command of Idomeneus and Merion. Soon after, the spirit of conquest was extinguished among them; and in these later times has been succeeded by sentiments which it

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would be difficult to justify. At the time of the expedition of Xerxes, they obtained from the Pythia an oracle by which they were dispensed from affording succours to Greece; and during the Peloponnesian war, influenced not by a principle of justice, but by a thirst of gain, they sent a body of archers and slingers to enter into the pay of the Athenians, who had requested this assistance from them.

But such was never the spirit of their laws; those laws the more celebrated; as they have given birth to others still more excellent. Let us regret that we cannot here cite all those which are relative to this great object. Let us at least pronounce with respect the name of Rhadamanthus, who from the most ancient times laid the foundations of legislation; and that of Minos, who raised the superstructure.

Lycurgus borrowed from the Cretans the practice of repasts in common, the rigid rules of public education, and several other particulars which seem to establish a perfect conformity between his laws and those of Crete. Why then have the Cretans more early and more shamefully degenerated from their institutions than the Spartans? Unless I am mistaken, the following are the principal causes.

1. In a country surrounded by seas and mountains, which separate it from the neighbouring regions, each people it contains must sacrifice one part of their liberty to preserve the other; and, for their mutual protection, unite their interests in one common centre. Sparta having become, by the valour of its inhabitants, or the institutions of Lycurgus, the capital of Laconia, dissensions are rarely seen to arise within that country. But in Crete, the cities of Cnossus, Gortyna, Cydonia, Phæstus, Lyctos, and a number of others, form so many independent republics, who are jealous enemies, and constantly at war with each other. When a rupture takes place between the people of Cnossus and Gortyna her rival, the island is distracted with factions; and when they are united, it is in danger of being reduced to slavery.

2. At the head of each of these republics ten magistrates, named Cosmi, are charged with the administration of the government, and the command of the armies. They consult with the senate; and lay the decrees, which they draw up in concert with that body, before the assembly of the people, which only possesses the privilege of confirming them. This constitution has an essential defect. The cosmi are only chosen from a certain class of citizens; and as, after their year of office has expired, they possess the exclusive right of filling the vacant places

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in the senate, the consequence is, that a small number of families, invested with the whole authority of the state, refuse to obey the laws; exercise, by uniting, the most despotic power; or, by opposing each other, excite the most fatal seditions.

3. The laws of Lycurgus establish equality of possessions among the citizens, and preserve it by prohibiting commerce and industry; but those of Crete permit every person to increase his property. The former forbid all communication with foreign nations; but this stroke of genius escaped the legislators of Crete. That island is open to merchants and travellers from all countries, who import the contagion of riches and that of evil example. It appears that Lycurgus justly relied more on the purity of manners than on the excellence of laws. What has been the result? In no country have the laws been so respected as by the magistrates and citizens of Sparta. The Cretan legislators seem to have laid greater stress on the laws than on manners, and to have been more careful to punish than to prevent crimes: the consequence has been, injustice in the heads of the state, and corruption in individuals.

The law of syncretism, which enjoins all the inhabitants of the island to unite if a foreign power should attempt a descent, would be insufficient to defend them either against their internal dissensions or against the arms of an enemy; because it would only suspend instead of extinguishing animosities, and would suffer too many individual interests to subsist in a general confederation.

We were told of several Cretans who distinguished themselves by cultivating poetry or the arts.—Epimenides, who boasted that by certain religious ceremonies he could avert the anger of heaven, became much more celebrated than Myson, who was placed among the number of the sages.

In several places in Greece, pretended monuments of the highest antiquity are preserved with reverence. At Cheronea is the sceptre of Agamemnon; and elsewhere the club of Hercules, and the spear of Achilles: but I was more solicitous to discover in the maxims and usages of a people the relics of their ancient wisdom. The Cretans never employ the names of the gods in their oaths. To guard against the dangers of eloquence, the professors of oratory were forbidden to enter their island; and, though they are at present more indulgent on this head, they still speak with the precision of the Spartans, and are more attentive to the thought than the words.

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I was witness to a quarrel between two Cnossians; one of whom, in a fit of passion, said to the other, "May you live in bad company;" and immediately left him. I was informed that this was considered as the bitterest imprecation that could be uttered against an enemy.

Some of the Cretans keep a kind of register of their fortunate and unfortunate days; and as they estimate the duration of their lives only by the former, they order this singular inscription to be engraven on their tombs: "Here lies such a one, who existed during so many years, and lived so many."

A merchant ship, and a galley with two benches of oars, being ready to sail immediately from the port of Cnossus for Samos, we chose to embark on board the former, though on account of its round shape it was not so swift a sailer as the other, because it was to touch at the islands that we proposed to visit.

We composed a company of travellers who could never be wearied of each other. Sometimes, as we sailed along the coast, we admired the resemblance and variety of the prospects; and sometimes, less attentive to external objects, we discussed with warmth, questions which in fact interested us but little. At other times we employed our leisure on subjects of philosophy, literature, and history. One day the conversation turned on the urgent necessity we feel to communicate the strong emotions raised in our souls. One among us cited the reflection of the philosopher Archytas: "Were any one to be carried up into the heavens, he would be transported with the grandeur and beauty of the spectacle; but to the ravishment of admiration would soon succeed the poignant regret, that he had no companion to share with him in his delight." In this conversation I collected some other remarks--In Persia it is not permitted to speak of things which it is not permitted to do—Old men live more on the memory of the past than on the hope of the future—How often has a work, which has been ostentatiously announced, disappointed the expectations of the public!

In the conversation of another day, the citizen of Athens was stigmatized as infamous, who gave his vote against Aristides, because he was disgusted at hearing him continually styled *the Just*. I feel, replied Protesilaus, that in a moment of peevishness I might have done the same myself; but I should first have said to the general assembly—Aristides is just, so also am I, and others likewise are equally so. What right have you to bestow on him exclusively a title which is the most noble of rewards? Your praises become pernicious; and only tend to corrupt vir-

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tue which is conspicuous, and discourage that which is obscure. I esteem Aristides, yet I condemn him; not because I believe him culpable, but because, by mortifying me, you have forced me to be unjust.

The conversation afterwards turned on Timon, who was surnamed the Misanthrope, and whose history has in some measure a connection with that of manners. No person among our company had known him, but all had heard their fathers speak of him differently. Some drew an advantageous portrait of him, and others painted him in the blackest colours. In the midst of these disputes, a formal accusation, similar to those presented to the tribunals of Athens, was brought against him in these words: "Stratonicus accuses Timon of having hated all mankind; the punishment, the hatred of all mankind." It was agreed to hear the cause: and Philotas was appointed advocate for Timon. I shall give a summary of the arguments on each side.

I accuse, before your tribunal, said Stratonicus, a ferocious and perfidious character. Some friends of Timon having, as is pretended, repaid the benefits they had received from him with ingratitude, the whole human race became the object of his vengeance; and he incessantly vented his spleen against the measures of the government, and the actions of individuals. As if every virtue were to expire with him, he only beheld on the earth imposture and guilt, took offence even at the politeness of the Athenians, and declared that he was better pleased with their contempt than their esteem. Aristophanes, who was acquainted with him, represents him as surrounded with a hedge of thorns, which permitted no one to approach him: he says, likewise, that he was detested by all, and looked on as the offspring of the Furies.

But this is not all; he was a traitor to his country, of which I can bring proof. Alcibiades having prevailed on the general assembly to approve of some projects hurtful to the state, "Bravely done, my boy!" said Timon to him: "I congratulate you on your success: proceed as you have begun, and you will be the ruin of the republic."—How detestable are such expressions! and who will dare to undertake the defence of such a man?

That, replied Philotas, I have been appointed to perform, and I shall proceed to acquit myself of the charge. Let us first examine what effect the words of Timon produced on the crowd of Athenians who accompanied Alcibiades. Some indeed loaded him with invectives, but others laughed aloud; and those of most sense were struck as with a ray of light. Thus Timon foresaw

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and foretold the danger, but was not listened to. To blacken him still more, you have quoted Aristophanes, without perceiving that his testimony is sufficient to justify the accused. "It is that Timon," says the poet, "that execrable man, sprung from the Furies, who incessantly pours forth imprecations against rogues and rascals." You perceive, Stratonicus, that the crime of Timon was, that he reviled men of base character.

He lived at a time in which ancient manners still maintained a struggle against the passions leagued for their destruction. This is a period pregnant with the most momentous consequences to a state. Then is it that in feeble and indolent minds the virtues are indulgent, and accommodate themselves to circumstances; while in vigorous characters they redouble their severity, and sometimes become odious by their inflexible rigour. To much wit and integrity Timon added the light of philosophy; but, soured perhaps by misfortune, or perhaps by the rapid progress of corruption, he indulged in such asperity in his language and behaviour as gave offence to every body. He fought in the same cause as Socrates, who was his contemporary; and as Diogenes, between whom and him there was a considerable resemblance. Their fate has depended on their different kinds of attack. Diogenes combated vice with ridicule, and we laugh with him; Socrates assailed it with the weapons of reason, and it cost him his life; Timon attacked it with sourness and asperity: he ceased to be dangerous, and was treated as a misanthrope; a term at that time new, which destroyed his credit with the multitude, and will perhaps be its destruction with posterity.

I cannot believe that Timon meant to include the whole human race in his censure. He loved women.—No, replied Stratonicus immediately; he must have been unacquainted with love, since he knew not friendship. Recollect what he said to that Athenian who seemed to be a favourite with him, and who, when they were supping privately together, having exclaimed—O Timon, what an agreeable repast! received only this insulting answer: Yes, if you were not present.

This, replied Philotas, was perhaps only a pleasantry suggested by the circumstance. Let us not judge of Timon from the idle rumours raised against him by his enemies, but from the effusions of his heart, which were forced from him by his indignation in the cause of virtue; and the originality of which could never displease persons of taste: for, from a man who carries the love of the public good to too great a length, the sallies of peta-

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lance are poignant, because they display the whole of his character. He one day ascended the rostrum: the people, surprised at this unexpected sight, kept a profound silence. "Athenians," said he, "I have a small piece of ground, on which I mean to build. There is a fig-tree in it, which I must cut down. Several citizens have hanged themselves on this tree, and if any of you have a desire to do the same, I now give you notice that you have not a moment to lose."

Stratonicus, who was unacquainted with this anecdote, was so entertained with it, that he gave up his accusation. The votes of the company however were collected; and it was determined that, by the asperity of his zeal, Timon had lost the opportunity of rendering real service to morals: but that intractable virtue is less dangerous than inert complaisance; and that, if the greater part of the Athenians had held knaves and villains in the same detestation as they held Timon, the republic would still retain its ancient splendour.

After this decision, several persons expressed their surprise that the Greeks had never erected any temples to Friendship—I am still more astonished, replied Lysis, that they have never dedicated any to Love. What! shall there be no festivals nor sacrifices in honour of the most ancient and most beautiful of the gods? An ample subject now lay open before us, which had repeatedly been discussed. The ancient traditions and modern opinions on the nature of love were adduced. Some acknowledged but one kind of love, and others distinguished several. Others admitted only two; the one celestial and pure, and the other terrestrial and gross. Some gave this name to the principle which reduced to order the parts of matter agitated in chaos, to the harmony which reigns throughout the universe, or to the sentiments which unite mankind. Wearied at length with so much learning and obscurity, I requested the disputants to reduce this long contest to a single point. Do you consider, said I, Love as a god? No, answered Stratonicus, he is a beggar soliciting alms. He was beginning to explain his thought, when he was seized with a mortal panic. A violent gust of wind came on, and our pilot seemed to employ every resource of his heart to no purpose.—Lysis, whom Stratonicus had never ceased to importune with questions, seized this moment to ask him, which vessels he thought least exposed to danger, the round built or the square? Those, replied he, which are safe on dry ground. He soon had the happiness to arrive at this desirable situation. A brisk gale carried us into

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the port of Cos; we leaped on shore, and the vessel was drawn upon land.

This island is small, but very pleasant. If we except some mountains that defend it from the violent south wind, the country is level, and extremely fertile. An earthquake having destroyed part of the ancient city, and the inhabitants being afterward distracted by factions, the greater part, some years since, settled at the foot of a promontory, at the distance of forty stadia from the continent of Asia. No situation can present richer prospects; nor can any thing be conceived more magnificent than the harbour, walls and edifices of the new city. The celebrated temple of Æsculapius, situated in the suburb, is full of offerings, the tribute of the gratitude of the sick; and inscriptions which indicate the maladies by which they were afflicted, and the remedies in which they found a cure.

A more noble object engaged our attention. In this island was born Hippocrates, in the first year of the eightieth Olympiad. He was of the family of the Asclepiadæ, which for many ages has preserved the doctrine of Æsculapius, from whom it derives its origin. It has formed three schools; one of which is established at Rhodes, another at Cnidus, and the third at Cos. Hippocrates was instructed by his father Heraclides in the elements of the sciences; and being soon convinced that, to attain to the knowledge of the essence of each body in particular, it was necessary to ascend to the constituent principles of the universe, he applied himself with such assiduity to the study of physics in general, that he obtained an honourable rank among those who have been most distinguished in that part of science.

The improvement of medicine then depended on two classes of men, who laboured without the knowledge of each other to give it new splendour. On the one hand, the philosophers could not bestow their attention on the general system of nature, without glancing on the human body, and assigning to certain causes the changes to which it is liable; and, on the other, the disciples of Æsculapius treated maladies according to rules that had been confirmed by numerous cures, and their three schools congratulated each other on many excellent discoveries. The philosophers reasoned, the Asclepiadæ acted. Hippocrates, enriched with the knowledge of both, conceived one of those great and important ideas which serve as æras in the history of genius; this was, to enlighten experience by reasoning, and rectify theory by practice. In this theory however he only admitted principles

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which may explain the phænomena observable in the human body, considered with respect to sickness or health.

Improved by this new method, the art of physic, exalted to the dignity of a science, made a more certain progress in the path opened before it; and Hippocrates silently effected a revolution which has changed the face of medicine. I shall not enlarge on the happy experiments he made of new remedies, nor on the prodigies he wrought in all the places he honoured by his presence; especially in Thessaly, where, after a long residence, he died, a short time before my arrival in Greece.—But I shall say that neither the love of gain, nor the desire of celebrity, led him into those distant climates. From all that has been related to me concerning him, I have perceived in his soul but one sentiment—the love of doing good; and in the course of his long life but one single act—the relieving of the sick.

He has left behind him several works. Some are only journals of the maladies he had followed through their various stages; others contain the observations of his own experience, and that of preceding ages; and others treat of the duties of the physician, and of various parts of medicine or of natural philosophy. They all require attentive study; because the author frequently merely scatters the seeds of his doctrine, and because his style is always concise: but he says a great deal in a few words; never wanders from the end he has in view; and, while he hastens towards it, leaves in his way traces of light which are more or less perceptible, according as the reader is more or less intelligent. This was the method of the ancient philosophers, who were ever more desirous to point out new than to dwell on trite ideas.

This great man has portrayed himself in his writings. Nothing can be more affecting than the candour with which he gives an account of his failures and his errors. Here we read a list of the sick whom he attended in an epidemical distemper, and of whom the greater part died under his hands. There we behold him called to the assistance of a Thessalian, who had been wounded in the head by a blow with a stone. He did not at first perceive that it was necessary to have recourse to the trepan; but some dangerous symptoms at length discovered to him his mistake. The operation was performed on the fifteenth day and the patient died the day after. It is from himself that we have received these accounts; for so superior was he to every kind of vanity, that he wished that even his very mistakes might be useful as lessons.

Not satisfied with having dedicated his life to the relief of the

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sick, and having deposited in his writings the principles of a science of which he was the creator; he has also laid down rules for forming the physician, of which I shall give a slight sketch.

Life is so short, and the art we exercise so long, that the study of it should be begun in earliest youth. Have you a pupil you would educate for the practice of medicine, examine leisurely whether his genius be adapted to the art. Has he received from Nature an exquisite discernment, a sound judgment, a character in which mildness and firmness are combined, the love of labour, and an inclination to what is amiable and praise-worthy, you will entertain well-founded hopes. Does he suffer with the sufferings of others; does he naturally feel the tenderest commiseration for the woes incident to his fellow mortals; you will reasonably infer that he will be passionately devoted to an art that will instruct him in what manner to afford them relief.

Accustom him early to the manual operations of surgery, except those of lithotomy, which should be left to operators by profession. Lead him in order through the whole circle of the sciences. Let natural philosophy shew him the influence of climate on the human body; and when, to extend his knowledge and experience, he shall travel through different countries and cities, counsel him carefully to observe the situation of places, the difference of the air, the waters which are drunk, and the eatables that are the principal food of the inhabitants; in a word, all the causes that may occasion disorder in the animal economy.

You shall also shew him, in the mean time, by what preceding signs maladies may be known, by what regimen they may be avoided, and by what remedies cured.

When he shall be instructed in your doctrines, which shall be clearly explained in stated conferences, and which you shall reduce to short maxims proper to be impressed on the memory, it will be necessary to inform him that experience alone is less dangerous than theory destitute of experience; that it is time to apply general principles to particular cases, which, incessantly varying, have frequently misled physicians by deceitful resemblances; that it is not in the dust of the school, nor in the works of philosophers, that we can learn the art of interrogating nature, and the still more difficult art of waiting her answer. With nature he is yet unacquainted; he has hitherto only noticed her in full vigour, and arriving at the end at which she aims without meeting with obstacles. You shall conduct him to those abodes of pain, where, already veiled with the shades of death, exposed

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to the violent attacks of the enemy, falling, and rising only to sink again, she displays, to the attentive eye, her wants and her resources. The disciple, while he witnesses this terrible combat, shall observe you watch, and seize the instant which may decide the victory, and save the life of the patient. If for some moments you quit the field of battle, you shall direct him to remain there, to observe every thing, and afterwards render to you an account both of the changes which have taken place during your absence, and of the remedies which he judges to be requisite.

It is by obliging him to be frequently present at these terrible but instructive scenes, that you shall initiate him, as much as possible, into the most profound secrets of nature and art. But this is not yet enough: when, for a small salary, you shall have adopted him for a disciple, he shall swear to preserve in his manners and practice an incorruptible purity, and strictly fulfil his oath. Without the virtues requisite to his profession, he can never discharge its duties. What are these virtues? I scarcely except any one, since his functions are so honourable that they require almost all the noblest qualities of the mind and heart; and, in fact, what head of a family, were he not assured of his discretion and integrity, would not fear to call him in, lest he should introduce a spy into his house, and a seducer to his wife and daughters? What dependence can be placed on his humanity, if he only accost his patients with an offensive gaiety, or a disgusting petulance? on his firmness, if by a servile adulation he too much fear their displeasure, and give way to their caprices? on his prudence, if continually occupied with his dress, arrayed in magnificent habits, and perfumed with essences, he is seen to stroll from city to city, to pronounce, in honour of his art, harangues filled with quotations from the poets? What reliance can be placed on his understanding, if, besides that general justice which the man of sense and integrity observes towards every one, he does not possess that which the sage exercises towards himself, and which teaches him that in the midst of the greatest knowledge there is more of want than of abundance? And, lastly, what confidence can be reposed in the sincerity of his intentions, if he be under the dominion of a foolish pride, and that mean envy which was never the portion of superior genius; if, sacrificing every other consideration to the thirst of gain, he devote himself only to the service of the rich; if authorised by custom to stipulate his reward at the beginning of the malady, he is careful first to conclude his bargain, although the case of the patient becomes every moment more dangerous?

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These vices and defects especially characterize those ignorant and presumptuous men with whom Greece is filled, and who disgrace the most noble of the arts by trafficing in the life and death of men; impostors the more dangerous, as they are beyond the reach of the laws, and as they cannot be mortified even by ignominy.

Who then is the physician who is an honour to his profession? He who has merited the public esteem by profound knowledge, long experience, consummate integrity, and an irreproachable life; he who, esteeming all the wretched as equals, as all men are equals in the eyes of the Divine Being, eagerly hastens to their assistance at their call, without distinction of persons; speaks to them with mildness, listens to them with attention, bears with their impatience, and inspires them with that confidence which is sometimes sufficient to restore them to life; who, sensibly feeling for their sufferings, carefully and assiduously studies the cause and progress of their complaint, is never disconcerted by unforeseen accidents, and holds it a duty, in case of necessity, to call in some of his brethren in the healing art to assist him with their advice; he, in fine, who, after having struggled with all his strength against the malady, is happy and modest in success, and may at least congratulate himself, in case of failure, that he has been able to alleviate the pains of his patient, and administer to him consolation.

Such is the philosophical physician whom Hippocrates compares to a god, without perceiving that he has delineated the portrait of himself. Several persons, who from the excellence of their own merit were qualified to judge of the superiority of his, have often affirmed to me that physicians will ever regard him as the first and most able of their legislators; and that his doctrine, adopted among all nations, after thousands of years will still continue to work thousands of cures. Should this prediction be accomplished, the most extensive empires will be unable to dispute with the little island of Cos the glory of having produced the man most useful to the human race; and, in the eyes of men of real wisdom, the names of the greatest conquerors will be held in much less honour than that of Hippocrates.

After having visited some of the islands in the environs of Cos, we departed for Samos.

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CHAPTER LXXIV.

Description of Samos.

When we enter on the road of Samos, we see on the right the promontory of Neptune, on which stands a temple dedicated to that god; on the left the temple of Juno, and several beautiful edifices that appear through the trees which shade the banks of the Imbrasus. In front is the city, situated partly along the sea-shore, and partly on the declivity of a hill which rises on its north side.

The island is 609 stadia in circumference. If we except its wines, all the productions of the country are as excellent as the partridges and different kinds of game which are found there in great abundance. The mountains, covered with trees, which bestow on them eternal verdure, give birth at their feet to springs which fertilize the neighbouring plains.

The city is equally distinguished with any that either the Greeks or barbarians possess on the neighbouring continent. The inhabitants were eager to shew us its curiosities. The aqueduct, the mole, and the temple of Juno, principally engaged our attention.

Not far from the ramparts, towards the north, is a cavern, hollowed by the hands of men, in a mountain which is cut entirely through. The length of this passage is seven stadia; and its height, which is equal to its breadth, eight feet. Through its whole extent a channel is cut, three feet wide, and twenty cubits deep; and pipes, placed at the bottom of the channel, convey to Samos the waters of a plentiful spring which rises on the other side of the mountain.

The mole is intended to secure the harbour and shipping from the south wind. Its height is about twenty orgyiæ, and its length more than two stadia.

To the right of the city, in the suburb, is the temple of Juno; originally built, as it is said, about the time of the Trojan war, and since rebuilt by the architect Rhœcus. It is of the Doric order. I have not seen one more vast, though there are some which are more elegant. It is situated not far from the sea, on the banks of the Imbrasus, in the very place which was honoured by the birth of the goddess; for it is, in fact, believed that she was born under one of those shrubs named *agnus castus* which grow in great numbers on the banks of the river. This celebrated

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and reverend edifice has always been in possession of the privilege of asylum.

The statue of Juno presents us with the first attempts of sculpture: it is by the hand of Smilis, one of the most ancient artists of Greece. The priest who accompanied us told us that, before, an unshapen log had received in these holy places the worship of the Samians; that the gods were then every where represented by the trunks of trees, and stones, either square or of a conical form; that these rude images still subsist, and even are worshipped in many temples, both ancient and modern, where they are attended by priests as ignorant as those barbarous Scythians who adore a cimeter.

Though somewhat piqued at this reflection, I mildly replied, that the trunks of trees and stones were never the immediate objects of worship, but only arbitrary signs, around which the nation assembled to address its vows to the Divine Being. That is not sufficient, replied he; the Divinity must be represented with a body similar to the human, but with features more beauteous and august. Observe with what veneration the people prostrate themselves before the statues of Jupiter at Olympia, and of Minerva at Athens. That is, replied I, because they are covered with gold and ivory. By representing the gods after our image, instead of elevating the minds of the people, you have only sought to make impression on their senses; and hence is it that their piety only increases in proportion to the grandeur, beauty, and riches of the objects presented to their veneration. Embellish your Juno; and, however rude the ornaments may be, you will find the offerings multiply.

To this the priest assented. We asked him what was the meaning of the two peacocks of brass placed at the foot of the statue. He told us that these birds are natives of Samos; that they have been consecrated to Juno; that they are represented on the current coin of the state; and that from this island they have passed into the rest of Greece. We only asked what was intended by a pot or box in which a shrub grew. That, replied he, is the same *agnus castus* which served as a cradle to the goddess. It still retains its freshness, added he, though it is older than the olive of Athens, the palm of Delos, the oak of Dodona, the wild olive of Olympia, the plane-tree which Agamemnon planted with his own hands at Delphi, and all those sacred trees which have been preserved in different temples during so many ages.

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We asked why the goddess was represented in a nuptial robe. He replied—Because at Samos she was espoused to Jupiter; the proof of which is incontestible, for we have a festival in which we celebrate the anniversary of the marriage. It is celebrated, likewise, said Stratonicus, in the city of Cnossus, in Crete; and the priests there have assured me that the nuptials of the goddess were consummated on the banks of the river Theron. I must likewise remind you that the priestesses of Argos endeavour to deprive your island of the honour of having given birth to the goddess; as other countries dispute with each other that of having been the native place of Jupiter. In fact, I should not be a little embarrassed if I had to sing to my lyre either their birth or their marriage. You surely would not, replied our companion; you would follow the tradition of the country in which you were; for poets certainly are not apt to be burdened with such scruples.

But at least, replied I, the ministers of the altars of the gods ought to pay greater attention to them. To adopt false and absurd opinions, shews only a want of knowledge; but to embrace such as are contradictory and impossible, argues a deficiency of reason, and leaves no room to reproach the Scythians for worshipping a cimeter.

You appear to me intelligent, replied the priest, and I shall reveal to you our secret. When we speak of the birth of the gods, we mean the time when their worship was received in a country; and by their marriage we signify the æra when the worship of one deity was associated with that of another. And what do you understand by their death? said Stratonicus; for I have seen the tomb of Jupiter in Crete. We have recourse to another solution, replied the priest. The gods sometimes manifest themselves to men under a human form; and, after having passed some time with them, to instruct them, disappear, and return to heaven. It is in Crete especially that they have formerly been accustomed to descend, and from thence they have departed to traverse the earth. We were about to reply, but he prudently thought proper to retire.

We afterward took notice of that multitude of statues by which the temple is surrounded; and contemplated with admiration three of colossal size, by the hand of the celebrated Myron, placed on the same base, and representing Jupiter, Minerva, and Hercules. We saw also the Apollo of Telecles and Theodorus; two artists who, having acquired the principles of their art in Egypt, learned from their masters to labour in concert to execute one same work. The former dwelt at Samos, the latter at Ephesus.

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After having agreed on the proportions of the figure, the one undertook the upper part of it, and the other the lower; and these, when finished, so exactly corresponded, that any person would have believed them the work of the same artist. It must nevertheless be confessed that the art of sculpture, not having at that time made any great progress, this Apollo is more to be admired for the accuracy of the proportions, than the beauty and finished execution of the parts.

The Samian who gave us this information added: Towards the close of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenian fleet, under the command of Alcibiades, cruised on our coasts. He favoured the party of the people, who caused this statue to be erected to him. Some time after, Lysander, who commanded the Lacedæmonian fleet, made himself master of Samos, and restored the authority of the rich citizens, who sent his statue to the temple of Olympia.

Two Athenian generals, afterward, returned with superior forces; and these are the two statues which the people erected to them: and there is the place where we intend to erect one to Philip, when he shall seize on our island. We ought to blush at this meanness; but the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands, and the greater part of the Grecian states on the continent, without even excepting the Athenians, are equally guilty of it. The hatred which has always subsisted between the rich and the poor, has every where destroyed the resources of honour and virtue. He concluded in these words: A people who, during two centuries, have exhausted their blood and treasure to obtain a few moments of liberty which they have found to weigh heavier on them even than slavery, are excusable if they seek tranquillity, especially when the conqueror requires only money and a statue.

The Samians are the richest and most powerful people of all the states which compose the Ionian confederation: they are very intelligent, industrious, and active: and their history therefore furnishes many interesting particulars for that of literature, arts, and commerce. Among the celebrated men whom the island has produced, I shall mention Cleophylus, who merited, it is said, the gratitude of Homer, by receiving him in his poverty; and that of posterity, by preserving to us his works. Nor can I forget Pythagoras, whose name would be sufficient to reflect new splendour on the most illustrious age, and the greatest empire. After the latter, but in a much inferior rank, we shall place two of his contemporaries, Rhœcus and Theodorus, able sculptors for their time; who, after having, as it is said, brought to perfection the rule, the level, and other useful instruments, discovered

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the secret of forging iron statues, and new methods of casting those of copper.

The Samian earth not only possesses properties which are of use in medicine; but a number of workmen are continually employed in making vessels of it, which are every where in great request.

The Samians early applied themselves to navigation, and formerly had a settlement in Upper Egypt. It is now about three centuries since one of their merchant ships, on its passage to Egypt, was driven, by contrary winds, beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to the island of Tartessus, situated on the coasts of Iberia, and till then unknown to the Greeks. Gold there was extremely plentiful; and the inhabitants, who were ignorant of its value, parted with it very readily to their foreign visitors, who carried home riches to the amount of sixty talents, at that time esteemed an immense sum, and which it would have been difficult to raise in any part of Greece. The tenth of this was appropriated to dedicate, in the temple of Juno, a large cratera of brass, which is still preserved there. The rims of it are ornamented with heads of griphons; and it is supported by three colossal statues, in a kneeling posture, of the proportion of seven cubits in height. This group is also of brass.

Samos has not since neglected to increase and exercise her navy. Formidable fleets have frequently sailed from her ports, and defended for some time her liberty against the efforts of the Persians and the powers of Greece, anxious to re-unite her to their dominions: but more than once she has become a prey to internal dissensions, which, after long and violent struggles, have ended in the establishment of tyranny. This happened in the time of Polycrates, who had received from nature great endowments, and from his father Æaces great riches. The latter had usurped the sovereign power, and his son resolved to seize it in his turn. He communicated his intentions to his two brothers, who imagined they were admitted into the conspiracy as his associates, when they were only his tools. On the day on which the festival of Juno was celebrated, their partisans having taken their station in the posts assigned them, some of them fell upon the Samians assembled round the temple of the goddess, while others seized on the citadel, and kept possession of it, with the assistance of some troops sent by Lygdamis, the tyrant of Naxos. The island was divided between the three brothers, and soon after fell entirely under the power of Polycrates, who condemned one of them to death and the other to banishment.

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To hold the people in subjection, sometimes by amusing them with festivals and shows, and sometimes by employing violence and cruelty; to prevent them from feeling the oppression they suffered by leading them to splendid conquests; to conceal from them their strength by subjecting them to fatiguing labours; to seize on the revenues of the state, and sometimes on the possessions of individuals; to surround his person with guards and a body of foreign troops; to shut himself up, in case of need, in a strong citadel; artfully to deceive mankind, and sport with the most sacred oaths: such were the principles by which Polycrates governed his conduct after his elevation to the throne. The history of his reign may be entitled: The art of government, for the use of tyrants.

His riches enabled him to fit out a hundred gallies, which procured him the empire of the sea, and subjected to his authority many of the neighbouring islands, and some cities of the continent. His generals were secretly ordered to bring to him the spoils not only of his enemies, but also of his friends, who afterward solicited and received them from his hands, as a pledge of his affection or his generosity.

During peace the inhabitants of the island and the prisoners of war, together or separately, added new works to the fortifications of the capital, dug ditches around its walls; and, within them, erected those monuments which embellish Samos, and which were executed by artists whom Polycrates had brought into his states, at a great expence.

Equally attentive to promote the advancement of literature, he invited to his court those who cultivated it, and collected in his library the noblest works of the human mind. A striking contrast was then seen between Philosophy and Poetry. While Pythagoras, unable to bear the sight of a barbarous despot, fled from his oppressed country, Anacreon brought to Samos the Graces and Pleasures. He without difficulty obtained the friendship of Polycrates, and celebrated him on his lyre with the same ardour that he would have sung the most virtuous of princes.

Polycrates, wishing to multiply in his states the most beautiful species of domestic animals, procured dogs from Epirus and Lacedæmon, pigs from Sicily, goats from Scyros and Naxos, and sheep from Miletus and Athens. But as he did good only from ostentation, he introduced at the same time among his subjects the luxury and vices of the Asiatics. He knew that at Sardes, the capital of Lydia, women of distinguished beauty assembled together were occupied in refining on the delicacies of the table

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and the different kinds of pleasure. Samos saw a similar society formed within her walls, and *the flowers* of that city became as famous as those of the Lydians; for by that name were called those societies in which the youth of both sexes, giving and receiving lessons of intemperance, passed their days and nights in feasting and debauchery. The corruption spread among the other citizens, and became fatal to their descendants. It is also said that the discoveries of the Samian women, were insensibly introduced, among the other Greeks, and every where tainted the purity of manners.

In the mean time many of the inhabitants of the island having murmured against these dangerous innovations, Polycrates caused them to embark on board the fleet which carried troops that were to join the army, Cambyses, king of Persia, was marching into Egypt. He entertained hopes they would fall in battle, or at least that Cambyses would never suffer them to return. Informed of his designs, they resolved to anticipate them, and deliver their country from a shameful slavery. Instead of proceeding to Egypt, they returned to Samos, but were repulsed. Some time after they again returned, in conjunction with troops from Lacedæmon and Corinth: but this attempt succeeded no better than the former.

Polycrates seemed to have nothing more to wish; every year of his reign, and almost every enterprize in which he had engaged, had been signally fortunate. His subjects had become accustomed to the yoke. They esteemed themselves honoured by his victories, his splendour, and the magnificent edifices he erected at their expence. Attached to their sovereign by such a display of grandeur, they forgot the murder of his brother, his usurpation, his cruelties and perjuries. He himself no longer remembered the sage advice of Amasis, king of Egypt, with whom he had for some time been united by the ties of hospitality, and who had once written to him in the following terms: "I am alarmed at your uninterrupted prosperity: I would wish those who are connected with me to experience a mixture of good and ill fortune; for there is a jealous divinity, who will not permit any mortal to enjoy perfect and perpetual felicity. Endeavour to procure to yourself some suffering or mortification, to oppose to the unremitted favours of Fortune." Polycrates, alarmed at these reflections, resolved to fortify his happiness by a sacrifice which would cost him some moments of chagrin. He wore on his finger an emerald, set in gold, on which Theodorus, of whom I have already spoken, had engraven I know not what subject; and which was

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the more valuable as the art of engraving gems was then only in its infancy among the Greeks. He went on board a galley, sailed out to some distance from the coast, and threw his ring into the sea. But a few days after he received it again from one of his officers, who had found it in the belly of a fish. He hastened to inform Amasis of the circumstance, who from that moment desisted from all intercourse with him.

The forebodings of Amasis were at length accomplished. While Polycrates was forming plans for the conquest of Ionia and the islands of the Ægean sea, the satrap of a province contiguous to his states, and subject to the king of Persia, found means to allure him into his government; and, after having put him to death by horrid tortures, ordered his body to be fastened to a cross on Mount Mycale, in front of Samos.

After his death, the inhabitants of the island successively experienced every kind of tyranny; that of a single person, that of the rich citizens, that of the multitude, that of the Persians, and that of the principal states of Greece. The wars between Lacedæmon and Athens by turns gave the ascendancy to the oligarchy and the democracy. Each revolution glutted the vengeance of one party, and prepared the way for the vengeance of the other. The inhabitants exhibited the greatest courage in the famous siege which they sustained, during nine months, against the forces of Athens, under the command of Pericles. Their resistance was obstinate, and their losses almost irreparable. They consented to demolish their walls, to surrender up their ships, to give hostages, and to reimburse the expences of the war. Both the besiegers and the besieged treated with equal cruelty the prisoners who fell into their hands. The Samians branded theirs in the forehead with the figure of an owl; and the Athenians those they took with that of the prow of a ship.

They afterwards recovered from these misfortunes, but fell again under the power of the Lacedæmonians, who banished the favourers of the democracy. At length the Athenians, having become masters of the island, divided it, some years since, into two thousand portions, which they assigned by lot to as many colonists, whom they appointed to cultivate them. Among the number of these was Neocles, who went to settle there with Chærestrate his wife. Though they possessed only a moderate fortune; they obliged us to accept apartments in their house. The civility and attention with which we were treated by them, and the rest of the inhabitants, induced us to prolong our stay at Samos.

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Sometimes we crossed the arm of the sea which separates the island from the coast of Asia, and took the diversion of hunting on Mount Mycale; and sometimes that of fishing at the foot of the same mountain, near the place where the Greeks gained, over the fleet and army of Xerxes, that famous victory which completely restored tranquillity to Greece. In the night time we lighted torches, and kindled a number of fires, the brightness of which, reflected by the waves, made the fish approach the boats, and be caught in our nets, or wounded and taken with our pikes. Stratonicus, in the mean time, sung the battle of Mycale, accompanying his voice with the cithara; but he was continually interrupted, for our boatmen would insist on recounting to us all the particulars of the fight. They talked all together; and though it was so dark it was impossible to discern objects, they pointed out to us different parts of the horizon. Here, said they, was the Grecian fleet, there the Persian. The former came from Samos; and as it approached the enemy, the Phœnician gallies fled, and those of the Persians took refuge under that promontory, near the temple of Ceres, which you see before us. The Greeks landed, and were astonished to find on the shore the innumerable army of the Persians, and their allies. They were commanded by one Tigranes. He disarmed a body of Samians he had with him, because he was afraid of them. The Athenians attacked on this side: the Lacedæmonians on that. The camp was taken, and the greater part of the barbarians fled. Their ships were burnt; forty thousand soldiers were slain, and Tigranes among the rest. The Samians had prevailed on the Greeks to pursue the Persian fleet: the Samians during the battle having found arms, fell upon the Persians. To the Samians are the Greeks indebted for the noblest victory they ever gained over the Persians. Our boatmen, while they gave us this account, danced, threw their caps up into the air, and gave loud shouts of joy.

Fishing is practised in various ways: some take fish with the line; that is, they have a long reed or rod, at the extremity of which is a horse-hair line, with a hook, on which they put the bait, fastened to the end of it: others dexterously pierce them with darts that have two or three points, and are named harpoons or tridents: and others take them in different kinds of nets, some of which are furnished with leaden plummets that sink them in the water, and pieces of cork that buoy them upon its surface.

The manner of fishing for tunny especially engaged our attention. A long and very large net had been extended along the shore. We repaired to the spot at the break of day, when a pro-

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found calm seemed to reign throughout all nature. One of the fishermen, lying flat on a neighbouring rock, kept his eyes fixed on the almost transparent waves, till he perceived a shoal of tunnies quietly following the windings of the coast, and entering the net by an opening contrived for that purpose: when immediately giving the signal to his companions, they divided into two companies, one of which drew the net, while the other beat the water with their oars, to prevent the fish from escaping. A great number were taken; many of them of an enormous size: one weighed about fifteen talents.

On our return from a little excursion, which we had made to the coast of Asia, we found Neocles employed in making preparations for an entertainment. Chærestrate, his wife, had been brought to bed some days before; and he had just given a name to his son, whom he had called Epicurus. On these occasions it is customary with the Greeks to invite their friends to an entertainment. The company was numerous and select. I was placed at one end of the table, between an Athenian, who talked a great deal, and a Samian, who said nothing.

Among the other guests the conversation was very loud and noisy; with us it was at first vague, and without any determinate object, but afterward more connected and serious. It turned, I know not on what occasion, on the world and society. After some common place remarks, the opinion of the Samian was asked; who replied, I shall content myself with giving you that of Pythagoras. He compared the scene of the world to that exhibited at the Olympic games; to which some resort to combat, others to traffic, and others merely to be spectators. Thus the ambitious and the conquerors are our combatants; the greater part of men exchange their time and labour for the goods of Fortune; and the sages calmly observe all that passes, and are silent.

At these words I surveyed him with greater attention. He had a placid air, and was of grave deportment. He was habited in a white robe, extremely neat and clean. I successively offered him wine, fish, a slice of beef, and a plate of beans; but he refused them all. He drank only water, and eat only vegetables. The Athenian said to me, in a wisper, He is a rigid Pythagorean; and immediately raising his voice, We are to blame, said he, for eating these fish; for originally we dwelt, like them, in the depths of the ocean. Yes, our first progenitors were fish; it cannot be doubted, for it has been asserted by the philosopher Anaximander. The doctrine of the metempsychosis makes the scrupulous

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of eating meat; for when I regale on the flesh of this ox, I am perhaps an anthropophagist. As to beans, they are the substance which contains the largest portion of that animated matter of which our souls are particles. Take the flowers of the bean when they begin to grow black; put them in a vessel, and bury it in the ground: and if, at the end of ninety days, you open it, you will find at the bottom the head of a child. Pythagoras himself has made the experiment.'

Loud bursts of laughter now broke forth at the expence of my neighbour, who still continued silent. They press you very closely, said I to him. I am sensible of it, answered he; but I shall make no reply. I should be to blame to reason gravely at this moment. To refute ridicule seriously, is only to become still more an object of ridicule. But I shall not be exposed to this danger with you. Neocles has explained to me the motives which have induced you to undertake such long voyages; I know you love the truth, and I shall not be unwilling to declare it to you. I accepted his offer, and after supper we had the following conversation.

CHAP. LXXV.

Conversation between Anacharsis and a Samian, on the Institution of Pythagoras.

The Samian.

You certainly do not believe that Pythagoras has advanced the absurdities that are attributed to him?

Anacharsis. They indeed excited my surprise. On the one hand I beheld that extraordinary man enriching his country with the knowledge of other nations, making discoveries in geometry, which can only appertain to genius, and founding that schoole which has produced so many great men; and, on the other, I saw his disciples frequently ridiculed on the stage, and obstinately persevering in the observance of certain frivolous practices, which they justified by puerile reasons, or forced allegories. I read your authors, and made enquiries of the Pythagoreans, but I only met with a mysterious and enigmatical language. I consulted the other philosophers; and Pythagoras was represented to me as the head of a sect of enthusiasts, who had taught incomprehensible dogmas, and prescribed impracticable observances.

Samian. This portrait is not very flattering.

Anacharsis. Hear to the end the account of my prejudices and enquiries. When I was at Memphis, I perceived the source from

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which your founder had derived the rigorous laws to which he has subjected you; they are the same with those of the Egytian priests. Pythagoras adopted them without considering that the rule of diet ought to vary according to the difference of climates and religions. Let us give an example. These priests hold beans in such aversion, that none are sown throughout all Egypt; and if by chance a single plant any where springs up, they turn away their eyes from it, as from an impure thing. If this vegetable is hurtful in Egypt, the priests acted rightly in proscribing it: but Pythagoras ought not to have imitated them; and still less ought he if the prohibition was only founded on some idle superstition. He has nevertheless transmitted it to you; and never did it occasion, in the places where it originated, so cruel a scene as has been acted in our time.

Dionysius, king of Syracuse, was desirous to penetrate your mysteries. The Pythagoreans, whom he persecuted in his states, carefully concealed themselves. He gave orders that some should be brought to him from Italy. A detachment of soldiers perceived ten of these philosophers journeying peaceably from Tarentum to Metapontum, and gave chace to them like wild beasts. They fled before their pursuers; but at the sight of a field of beans, which happened to be in their way, they stopped, put themselves in a posture of defence, and submitted to be all massacred, rather than defile their souls by touching that odious vegetable. Presently after, the officer who commanded the detachment surprised two others who had not been able to follow the rest. These were Myllias of Crotona, and his wife Tymicha, a native of Lacedæmon, and far advanced in her pregnancy. They were brought to Syracuse. Dionysius wished to learn from them why their companions had rather chosen to lose their lives, than cross the field of beans; but neither his promises nor his threats could induce them to satisfy his curiosity: and Tymicha bit off her tongue, lest she should yield to the tortures, the instruments of which were placed before her eyes. We here see, however, what the prejudices of fanaticism, and the senseless laws by which they are cherished, are able to effect.

Samian. I lament the fate of these unhappy persons. Their zeal, which was not very enlightened, was doubtless soured by the cruelties which had for some time been exercised against them. They judged of the importance of their opinions by the eagerness of their enemies to force them to renounce them.

Anacharsis. And do you think that they might without a crime have violated the precept of Pythagoras.

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Samian. Pythagoras has written scarcely any thing; the works which are attributed to him are almost all by his desciples, who have burthened his rules with many new practices. You have heard it said, and it will hereafter be still more confidently affirmed, that Pythagoras annexed an infinite merit to abstinence from beans. It is nevertheless certain that he himself very frequently ate them; as I learned, when a young man, from Xenophilus, and many aged persons who were almost contemporary with Pythagoras.

Anacharsis. And why then did he afterwards forbid them to be eaten?

Samian. Pythagoras permitted the eating of them, because he believed them wholesome; but his disciples have forbidden them, because they produce flatulence, and are otherwise prejudicial to health; and their opinion, which agrees with that of the greatest physicians, has prevailed.

Anacharsis. This prohibition then, according to you, is only a civil regulation, or salutary advice. I have nevertheless heard other Pythagoreans speak of it as a sacred law, which is founded either on the mysteries of nature and religion, or the principles of a wise policy.

Samian. With us, as among almost all religious societies, the civil laws are sacred laws; the character of sanctity, which is impressed on them, renders their observance more certain and easy. Art must be employed to overcome the negligence of men, as well as to subjugate their passions. The rules relative to abstinence are every day violated when they are considered as having no other merit than that of preserving health. The man who, for the sake of the latter, would not sacrifice a single pleasure, will risk his life a thousand times in defence of rites which he reverences without knowing their object.

Anacharsis. Are we to believe, then, that those ablutions, privations, and fasts, which the Egyptian priests so scrupulously observe, and which are so strongly recommended in the Grecian mysteries, were originally only the prescriptions of medicine, and lessons of temperance.

Samian. I am of that opinion; and in fact no person is ignorant that the Egyptian priests, by cultivating the most beneficial part of medicine, or that which is more employed to prevent disorders than to cure them, have at all times procured to themselves a long and tranquil life. In their school Pythagoras learned this art, which he transmitted to his disciples, and was deservedly ranked among the ablest physicians of Greece. As he wished to exalt the minds of men to perfection, it was neces-

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sary to detach them from that mortal integument by which they are held confined, and which communicates to them its pollution. He therefore prohibited those aliments and liquors which, by occasioning disorder in the body, obscure and render heavy the intellectual faculties.

Anacharsis. He believed, then, that the use of wine, flesh, and fish produced these fatal effects; for all these he has rigorously forbidden you.

Samian. That is a mistake: he condemned the intemperate use of wine, and advised to abstain from it; but he permitted his disciples to drink it at their principal meal, though only in a small quantity. They also sometimes eat of animals offered in sacrifice, except the ox and the ram. He himself refused not to taste of them, though he usually was satisfied with a little honey and some vegetables. He forbade to eat certain fish, for reasons which it is useless to repeat. He besides preferred a vegetable diet to every other; but the absolute prohibition of meat was only for such of his disciples as aspired to more exalted perfection.

Anacharsis. But how can we reconcile the permission he granted to others with his system of the transmigration of souls? for, in fact, as the Athenian just now remarked, you continually risk eating your father or your mother.

Samian. I might answer, that the flesh of victims is alone served up at our tables; and that we only sacrifice the animals into which our souls are not destined to transmigrate. But I have a better solution of the difficulty: Pythagoras and his first disciples did not believe in the metempsychosis.

Anacharsis. How?

Samian. Timæus, one of the most ancient and celebrated among them, has acknowledged this. He says that, the fear of human laws not making a sufficient impression on the multitude, it is necessary to awe them by the dread of imaginary punishments; and to teach that the guilty shall, after death, be transformed into vile or savage beasts, and suffer all the pains annexed to their new condition.

Anacharsis. You overturn all my ideas. Did not Pythagoras reject bloody sacrifices? Did he not forbid to slaughter animals? Whence arose the attention he has shewn to their preservation, unless from his believing they were animated by a soul similar to ours?

Samian. This was founded on justice. By what right, in fact, do we presume to deprive of life creatures who, like ourselves, have received that gift from heaven? The first men, more obedi-

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ent to the dictates of nature, only offered to the gods fruits, honey, and the cakes which were their food. They dared not shed the blood of animals, especially those which are useful to man. Tradition has transmitted to us with horror the memory of the most ancient parricide; and by preserving, in like manner, the names of those who by inadvertence, or in a fit of anger, first slew animals of any kind, has shewn us the astonishment and abhorrence which such a deed excited in every mind. A pretext therefore was necessary. Animals were found to occupy too much room in the world; and an oracle was invented to authorise us to overcome our repugnance to put them to death. We obeyed; and still more to stifle our remorse, we wished even to obtain the consent of our victims; whence it is that, even at this day, none are sacrificed without having first, by ablutions or other means, been induced to bow the head in token of approbation. With such indignity does violence mock weakness!

Anacharsis. This violence was no doubt necessary: animals, by becoming too numerous, would devour the harvests.

Samian. Those which multiply most, live only a few years; and the greater part, deprived of the care we take of them, would not perpetuate their species. With respect to the rest, wolves and vultures would have delivered us from them. But, to prove to you that it was not their depredations that induced us to make war on them, I shall ask you whether the fish, which we pursue in an element so different from that which we inhabit, would ever have laid waste our fields? No; nothing ought to have induced us to defile altars with the blood of animals! for, since I am not permitted to offer to heaven fruits stolen from the field of my neighbour, ought I to present to him a life which appertains not to me? Let us, besides, enquire which is the victim most agreeable to the Divinity. On this question nations and priests are divided. In one place, savage and noxious animals are sacrificed; and, in another, those which assist us in our labours. The interest of man, guiding him in this choice, has so associated with his injustice, that in Egypt it is considered as an impiety to sacrifice the cow, and an act of piety to immolate the bull.

Amidst this uncertainty, Pythagoras distinctly perceived that abuses consecrated by a long course of ages were not at once to be eradicated. He abstained from bloody sacrifices, and the first class of his disciples abstained from them likewise. The rest, obliged still to preserve connections with the world, were permitted to sacrifice a small number of animals: and to taste, rather than eat, their flesh.

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This was a compliance which a respect for custom and religion seemed to justify; and, except in this particular, we lived in the most social friendship with the mild and peaceable animals. We are forbidden to do them the least injury. After the example of our founder, we feel the strongest aversion to those occupations the business of which is to put them to death; for experience has but too well proved that the frequent effusion of blood makes the soul contract a kind of ferocity. The chace is forbidden us. We renounce pleasures: but we are more humane, mild, and compassionate than other men; and I will add, much more ill treated. No means have been left untried to destroy a pious and learned society, which, contemning pleasures, has been entirely devoted to promote the happiness of mankind.

Anacharsis. I have been but ill acquainted with your institution: may I be permitted to request you to give me a more just idea of it?

Samian. You know that Pythagoras, on his return from his travels, fixed his residence in Italy; and that, listening to his advice, the Greek colonies settled in that fertile country, laid their arms at his feet, and consented to make him the arbiter of their disputes; that he taught them to live in peace with each other, and with the neighbouring nations; that both men and women submitted with equal ardour to make the greatest sacrifices; that from all parts of Greece, Italy, and Sicily, an incredible number of disciples resorted to him; that he appeared at the courts of tyrants without flattering them, and induced them to abdicate their power without repining; that at the sight of so many great and beneficial changes, the people every where exclaimed that some deity had descended from heaven to deliver the earth from the evils by which it was afflicted.

Anacharsis. But have not either he or his disciples had recourse to falsehood to support the character he had acquired? Recollect the miracles that are attributed to him; at his voice the sea became calm, the storm was dispersed, and the pestilence suspended its rage. Recollect also the eagle which he called while soaring in the air, and which came and rested on his hand; and the bear that, in obedience to his commands, no longer attacked the timid animals.

Samian. These extraordinary stories have always appeared to me destitute of foundation. I find no reason to suppose that Pythagoras ever pretended to exert a power over nature.

Anacharsis. But you will at least allow that he pretended to a knowledge of future events, and to have received his doctrines from the priestess of Delphi.

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Samian. He certainly believed in divination; and this error, if it be one, was common to him with the sages of his time, with those posterior to him, and even with Socrates himself. He affirmed that his doctrine was dictated by the oracle of Apollo. If this be esteemed a crime, we must charge with imposture Minos, Lycurgus, and almost all the legislators, who, to give greater authority to their laws, have feigned that they received them from the gods.

Anacharsis. Permit me still to urge my objections, for inveterate prejudices are not easily renounced. Why is his philosophy enveloped in a triple veil of darkness? How it it possible that the man who had the modesty to prefer the title of Lover of Wisdom to that of Sage, should not have had the frankness to declare the truth without disguise?

Samian. You will find similar secrets to those at which you now express your surprise, in the mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace, among the Egyptian priests, and among all religious societies. Nay, have not also our philosophers a doctrine which they exclusively reserve for those disciples whose circumspection they have proved? The eyes of the multitude were formerly too weak to endure the light; and even at present, who would venture, in the midst of Athens, freely to explain his opinions on the nature of the gods, and the defects of the popular government? There are therefore some truths which the sage should guard with care, and suffer only to escape him, if I may so speak, drop by drop.

Anacharsis. But there are others which surely he ought to dispense in a full stream; as the truths of morality, for instance; yet even these you cover with an almost impenetrable veil. When, for example, instead of advising me to fly idleness, or not to irritate an enraged man, you tell me not to sit down on a bushel, or to beware how I stir the fire with a sword, it is evident that, to the difficulty of practising your lessons, you add that of understanding them.

Samian. Yet is it this very difficulty which impresses them more forcibly on the mind. What has been hardly acquired is more carefully preserved. Symbols excite curiosity, and give an air of novelty to common maxims; and as they present themselves more frequently to our senses than the other signs of our thoughts, they give greater authority to the laws they inculcate. Thus the soldier cannot sit near his fire, nor the labourer look on his bushel, without recollecting the prohibition and the precept,

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Anacharsis. You are so fond of mystery, that one of the first disciples of Pythagoras incurred the indignation of the rest for having published the solution of a problem in geometry.

Samian. It was then a general opinion that science, like modesty, should cover itself with a veil, to increase the charms of the treasures it conceals, and give more authority to him by whom they are possessed. Pythagoras doubtless profited by this prejudice; and I will even acknowledge, if you insist, that, after the example of some legislators, he had recourse to pious frauds to gain credit with the multitude; for I equally mistrust the extravagant eulogiums which have been bestowed on him, and the odious accusations that have been employed to blacken him. But what ensures his glory is, that he conceived the grand project of a society, which, perpetually subsisting, and becoming the depositary of the sciences and of manners, should be the organ of truth and virtue, when men should be able to listen to the one, and to practise the other.

A great number of disciples embraced the new institution. He assembled them in a spacious edifice, where they lived in common, and were distributed in different classes. Some passed their lives in meditation on heavenly things; others cultivated the sciences, and especially geometry and astronomy; while others, who were called managers or stewards, were charged with the direction of the house and its affairs.

It was not easy to obtain admission as a novice. Pythagoras examined the character of the candidate, his habits, his behaviour, his discourse, his silence, the impression which objects made on him, and the manner in which he carried himself to his relations and friends. As soon as he was accepted, he deposited all his property in the hands of the stewards.

His probation or noviciate lasted several years; but this term was abridged in favour of those who sooner attained to perfection. During three whole years, the novice received no kind of notice or respect in the society, but was, as it were, devoted to contempt. Afterwards, condemned to silence for five years, he learned to bridle his curiosity, to detach himself from the world, and to employ his thoughts on God alone. All his time was taken up with purifications, and different exercises of piety: he heard, at intervals, the voice of Pythagoras, who was concealed from his eyes by a thick veil, and who judged from his disposition from his answers.

If the progress he made gave satisfaction, he was admitted to the sacred doctrine; but if he disappointed the expectations of

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his masters, he was dismissed, and his property restored to him considerably increased. From that moment he was as it were blotted out from among the number of the living. A tomb was erected for him within the house, and the members of the society refused to know him if by any accident they saw him again. The same punishment was inflicted on those who divulged the sacred doctrine to the profane.

The ordinary associates might, with the permission of, or rather by an order from, the chief, re-enter into the world, take on them public employments, or superintend their domestic affairs, without renouncing their first engagements.

Unassociated disciples, both men and women, were admitted to different houses, where they sometimes remained whole days, and were present at different exercises.

And, lastly, virtuous men, the greater part residing in distant places, were affiliated to the society, laboured to promote its advancement, imbibed its spirit, and practised its rules.

The disciples who lived in common rose very early, and immediately on their awaking employed themselves in two examinations; the one relative to what they had said or done the preceding evening, and the other to what they were to do on the ensuing day; the former to exercise their memory, the latter to regulate their conduct. After having put on a white and extremely neat robe, they took their lyres, and sang sacred songs, till the moment when the sun appearing above the horizon, they prostrated themselves before him, and went each separately to walk in pleasant groves or agreeable solitudes. The aspect and tranquillity of these beauteous scenes diffused peace and harmony through their souls, and prepared them for the learned conversations that awaited them at their return.

These were almost always held in a temple, and turned on the accurate sciences, or on morality; of which skilful professors explained to them the elements, and gradually conducted them to the most exalted theory. Frequently they proposed to them, for the subject of their meditation, some comprehensive principle, or some perspicuous and instructive maxim. Pythagoras, who saw every truth at a glance, and expressed it in a single word, would sometimes say to them: What is the universe? Order. What is friendship! Equality. These sublime definitions, which were at that time new, charmed and elevated the minds of his disciples. The former was received with such approbation, that it was substituted to the ancient names which the Greeks had till then given to the universe.—To the exercises of

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the mind succeeded those of the body; as running and wrestling, and those less violent contests which might be decided in groves or gardens.

At dinner, bread and honey were served up to them, but rarely wine. Those who aspired to perfection often took only some bread and water. When they rose from table, they employed themselves in the consideration of the affairs which strangers had submitted to their arbitration. Afterwards they again took their walks, by two or three together, and discoursed on the lessons they had received in the morning. From these conversations were strictly banished all slander, invectives, pleasantries, and superfluous words.

When they returned to the house, they went to the bath, and on coming out of it were distributed in different rooms, in which tables were spread, each with ten covers. They were served with wine, bread, vegetables, boiled or raw; sometimes portions of animals offered in sacrifice; and sometimes, though but rarely, fish. Their supper, which must be ended before the setting of the sun, was preceded by the burning of incense and different perfumes which they offered to the gods.

I had forgotten to tell you that, on certain days of the year, an exquisite and sumptuous repast was served up to them, which, after it had remained for some time before their eyes, they sent untouched to their slaves, rose from table, and even abstained from their ordinary meal.

The supper was followed by libations to the gods; after which the youngest disciple read to the rest, the oldest choosing the subject. The latter, before he dismissed them, reminded them of these important precepts: "Neglect not to honour the gods, the genii, and heroes; to reverence those from whom you have received life or benefits; and to fly to the defence of the violated laws." To inspire them still more with the spirit of mildness and equity, he added: "Beware not to root up the tree or plant which may be useful to man; nor to kill the animal which has done him no injury."

When retired to their apartments, each cited himself before the tribunal of his conscience, and mentally passed in review and condemned his faults of commission and omission.

After this examination, the constant practice of which would alone be sufficient to correct our defects, they again took their lyres, and sang hymns in honour of the gods. In the morning, when they arose, they had recourse to music, to dissipate the

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vapours of sleep; and in the evening, to calm the disturbance of the senses. Their death was tranquil. Their bodies, as is still practised, were inclosed in coffins with leaves of myrtle, olive, and poplar, and their funerals were accompanied with ceremonies which it is not permitted us to reveal.

During their whole lives they were animated by two sentiments, or rather by one single sentiment, an intimate union with the gods, and the most perfect union with men. Their principal obligation was to meditate on the Divinity, to consider themselves as ever in his presence, and to regulate their conduct in all things by his will. Hence that reverence for the Divine Being which permitted them not to pronounce his name in their oaths; that purity of manners which rendered them worthy of his regard; those exhortations they continually inculcated, not to drive away the spirit of God, who resided in their souls; and that ardour with which they applied to divination, the only means remaining to us by which we can discover his will.

Hence also flowed the sentiments which united them to each other and to all mankind. Never was friendship known, never was it felt, as by Pythagoras. He it was who first uttered the finest and most consoling of all sentiments: *My friend is my other self.* In fact, when I am with my friend I am not alone, nor are we two.

As, in physics and morals, he referred every thing to unity; he wished that his disciples might have but one same opinion, one single will. Divested of all property, but free in their engagements; insensible to false ambition, to vain glory, to the contemptible interests which ordinarily divide mankind; they had only to fear the rivalry of virtue, and opposition of character. From the time of their noviciate the greatest efforts concurred to surmount these obstacles. Their union, cemented by the desire of pleasing the Divine Being, to whom they referred all their actions, procured them triumphs without arrogance, and emulation without jealousy.

They learned to forget themselves, and mutually to sacrifice to each other their opinions; not to wound friendship by distrust, by the slightest falsehoods, ill-timed pleasantries, or useless protestations.

They also learned to take the alarm at the approach of the least coolness. When, in the conversations in which they discussed questions in philosophy, any harsh expression escaped them, they never suffered the sun to go down, without giving the hand in token of reconciliation. One of them on such an occasion

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ran to his friend, and said to him: Let us forget our anger, and be you the judge of the difference between us. Most willingly, replied the other: but I ought to blush that since I am older than you, I was not the first to make this offer.

They learned to subdue those inequalities of temper which weary and discourage friendship.—Did they feel their passion rise, did they foresee a moment of melancholy or disgust; they sought retirement, and calmed this involuntary disorder either by reflection, or by melodies suited to the different affections of the soul.

To their education were they indebted for this docility of mind, and those easy and complying manners which united them to each other. During their youth, particular care was taken not to sour their disposition. Respectable and indulgent tutors recalled them to their duty by mild corrections, opportunely administered, and which had more the appearance of exhortation than reproach.

Pythagoras, who reigned over the whole body with the tenderness of a father, but with the authority of a monarch, lived with the members of it as with his friends. He took care of them in sickness, and consoled them under their sufferings; and it was by the kindness with which he treated them as much as by his understanding and knowledge, that he obtained that ascendancy over their minds that his most trivial expressions were considered by them as oracles; and that they frequently returned no other answer to objections urged against them, than by these words: *He has said it*. By this also he infused into the hearts of his disciples that rare and sublime friendship which has passed into a proverb.

The children of this great family, dispersed through various climates, without having ever seen each other before, made themselves known by certain signs, and became as familiar at the first interview as if they had been acquainted from their birth. So closely were their interests united, that many of them have passed the seas and risqued their fortune, to re-establish that of one of their brethren who had fallen to distress or indigence.

I shall here adduce an affecting example of their mutual confidence. One of our society travelling on foot, lost his way in a desert, and arrived exhausted with fatigue at an inn, where he fell sick.—When at the point of death, unable to recompense the care and kindness with which he had been treated, he traced some symbolical marks, with a trembling hand, on a tablet, which he directed to be exposed to view on the public road. A long

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time after, chance brought to these remote places a disciple of Pythagoras; who, informed by the enigmatical characters, he saw before him of the misfortunes of the first traveller, stopped, payed the inn-keeper the expence he had been at with interest, and then continued his journey.

Anacharsis. I am not surprised at this. I will tell you what was related to me at Thebes. You knew Lysis.

Samian. He was one of the ornaments of the order. While yet young, he found means to escape from that persecution in which so many illustrious Pythagoreans perished; and repairing to Thebes, undertook the education of Epaminondas.

Anacharsis. He died there. Your philosophers, in Italy, fearing that the rites peculiar to their society had not been observed in his funeral, sent Theanor to Thebes, to obtain his body, and to distribute presents to those who had assisted him in his old age. Theanor, on his arrival, learned that Epaminondas, who had been initiated into your mysteries, had caused him to be buried according to your statutes, and could not prevail on any person to accept the money he brought.

Samian. You remind me of an anecdote of this Lysis. One day, coming out of the temple of Juno, he met, under the portico, one of his brethren, Euryphemus of Syracuse; who, having requested him to wait a moment, went to prostrate himself before the statue of the goddess; and, after a long meditation, in which he became absorbed without perceiving it, went out at another door. On the morrow, the day was far advanced when he repaired to the assembly of the disciples, whom he found uneasy at the absence of Lysis. He then remembered the promise he had obtained from him, ran to the temple, and found him in the porch, sitting composedly on the same stone on which he had left him the preceding evening.

You will not be astonished at this perseverance, when you are acquainted with the spirit of our society it is rigid, and admits of no relaxation. Far from suffering the least infringement on the severity of its laws, it makes perfection consist in converting counsels into precepts.

Anacharsis. But among those precepts you have some so trivial and frivolous as to degrade the mind: as, for example, not to cross the right leg with the left; not to pare your nails on festival days; nor to make use of cypress wood for your coffins.

Samian. Do not judge of us from that multitude of observances, the greater part of which were added to our rule by rigourists who wished to reform reformation; though some have

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relation to truths of a superior order, and all have been prescribed to exercise us in patience and other virtues. The tendency and power of our institution should be estimated by its effects on important occasions. A disciple of Pythagoras suffers neither tears nor complaints to escape him, nor manifests either fear or weakness in dangers. In affairs of interest he descends not to entreaties, because he only asks for justice; nor to flatteries, because he loves only the truth.

Anacharsis. You need say no more on this subject. I know the power which religion and philosophy have over ardent imaginations, when devoted to them; but I know also that we frequently indemnify ourselves for the passions we sacrifice by those which we retain. I have seen and had an opportunity of observing, a society whose time is divided between study and prayer, which has renounced without regret the pleasures of sense and the enjoyments of life; and willingly embraced solitude, abstinence, and austerities, because by these means it governs kings and people. I speak of the Egyptian priests, whose institution appears to me perfectly to resemble yours.

Samian. With this difference, that, far from labouring to reform the nation, they regard no other interest than that of their own society.

Anacharsis. The same reproach has been thrown on you. Is it not said that, full of a blind deference for your founder, and a fanatical attachment to your society, you regard the rest of mankind only as a vile herd of animals of an inferior species?

Samian. Is it possible that we should be charged with degrading and contemning mankind, when we consider beneficence as one of the principal means by which we may approach the Divine Being? we, who have only laboured to effect a close connexion between heaven and earth, between the citizens of the same city, the children of the same family, and between all living beings, of whatever nature they may be!

In Egypt the sacerdotal order aims only at respect and power; it therefore protects despotism, by which it is in its turn protected. Pythagoras loved mankind affectionately, since he wished that they should all be free and virtuous.

Anacharsis. But could he flatter himself that they would desire to become so with the same ardour, and that the least shock would not destroy the authority of the laws and of virtue?

Samian. It was at least a noble act to lay the foundations of that authority; and his first success might induce him to hope

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that he should be able to raise it to a certain elevation. I have spoken to you of the revolution which his arrival in Italy immediately produced in manners; and which would have been gradually extended, had not men possessing power, but polluted with crimes, entertained the foolish ambition of being admitted into our society. They were refused, and this refusal occasioned its ruin. Calumny attacked us the moment it saw itself supported. We became odious to the multitude, because we condemned the conferring of the offices of magistracy by way of lot; and to the rich because we recommended that they should be bestowed on merit. Our words were transformed into seditious maxims, and our assemblies into meetings of conspirators. Phythagoras banished from Crotona, could find no asylum even among the people who owed to him their happiness. His death could not extinguish the persecution. Many of his disciples, collected in a house, were devoted to the flames, and almost all perished; the rest having fled, the inhabitants, who were become sensible of their innocence, re-called them some time after; but a war taking place, they signalized their courage in a battle, and terminated an innocent life by a glorious death.

Though after these calamitous events the body of the society was threatened with an approaching dissolution, they continued during some time to name a head for its government. Diodorus, one of the last, was an enemy to that cleanliness and neatness which Phythagoras had so strongly recommended to us; and affected more rigid manners, a more negligent exterior, and a coarser habit.—He had adherents, and a distinction was made in the society between those of the old and those of the new rule.

At present, reduced to a small number, separated from each other, and exciting neither envy nor pity, we practise in secret the precepts of our founder. Judge of the influence they had in the origin of our institution by that which they still retain; for we educated Epaminondas, and Phocion formed himself on the examples of our philosophers.

It is not necessary that I should remind you that this society has produced a multitude of legislators, geometricians, astronomers, naturalists, and celebrated men of every class; that it is that which has enlightened Greece; and that the modern philosophers have derived from our authors the greater part of the discoveries which give a lustre to their works.

The glory of Pythagoras has increased; every where he has obtained a distinguished rank among the sages. In some cities of Italy divine honours have been decreed him; they were even

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paid to him during his life: at which you will not be surprised, if you observe in what manner nations, and even philosophers, speak of the legislators and preceptors of the human race. They consider them not as men, but as gods, as souls of a superior order, who, having descended from heaven into the Tartarus which we inhabit, have deigned to take on them a human body, and participate in the evils we suffer, to institute among us laws and philosophy.

Anacharsis. It must nevertheless be confessed that the endeavours of these beneficient genii have succeeded but imperfectly; and, since they have not been able universally to extend or perpetuate their reformation, I conclude that men will always be equally unjust and vicious.

Samian. At least, as Socrates has said, until heaven shall more clearly explain itself to us; and God, compassionating our ignorance, shall send some messenger to deliver to us his word, and reveal his will.

The next day after this conversation, we set out for Athens, and, some months after, repaired to the festivals of Delos.

CHAP. LXXVI.

Delos and the Cyclades.

In the happy climate in which I reside, the spring is like the morning of a beautiful day. We there enjoy the blessings which it brings, and those which it promises. The rays of the sun are no longer obscured by gross vapours, nor are they yet irritated by the ardent aspect of the dog-star. They dispense a pure and steady light, which mildly reposes on all objects, and resembles that with which the gods are surrounded on Olympus.

When the luminary of day first appears in the horizon, the trees agitate their newly-unfolded leaves, the banks of the Ilyssus resound with the song of birds, and the echoes of Mount Hymettus with the music of the rustic reed; and when again he hastens to his bed, the heavens are covered with a sparkling veil, and the nymphs of Attica essay with timid feet light dances on the turf. But soon he once more returns, and we neither regret the coolness of the night, which flies his approach, nor the splendour of the preceding day; it seems as if a new sun arose on a new universe, and brought from the east colours unknown to mortals. Each instant adds a new charm to the beauties of nature, and

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every moment the great work of the development of beings advances towards its perfection.

O resplendent days! O delicious nights! what an emotion did that succession of scenes which you presented to all my senses excite in my soul! O god of pleasures! O spring! I have this year beheld thee in all thy glory. You traversed as a conqueror the fields of Greece, and scattered from your head the flowers which were to embellish them.—You appeared in the valleys, and they were changed into smiling meads; you were seen on the mountains, and the serpyllum and thyme exhaled a thousand perfumes. You rose into the air, and diffused all around the serenity of your smile. The Loves eagerly hastened to you at your call, and cast on every side their flaming darts, enkindling the whole earth. All things revived to receive new embellishments, and were embellished to give new pleasure. Such appeared the world when it emerged from chaos, in those happy moments in which man, charmed with his abode, and astonished and delighted at his existence, seemed only to possess understanding that he might know, a heart that he might desire, and a soul that he might feel, his happiness.

This charming season brought with it festivals still more charming: I mean those which are celebrated every four years at Delos, in honour of Diana and Apollo. The worship of these two divinities has subsisted in that island for a long succession of ages. But as it latterly began to decline, the Athenians instituted during the Peloponnesian war, games which drew thither a great concourse of people from various nations. The youth of Athens were eager to distinguish themselves in these, and the whole city was in motion. Preparations were likewise made for the solemn deputation which is annually sent to the temple of Delos, to present a tribute of gratitude for the victory which Theseus gained over the Minotaur. The voyage is made in the same ship which carried that hero to Crete; and already the priest of Apollo had crowned its stern with his sacred hands. I went down to the Piræus with Philotas and Lysis. The sea was covered with small vessels, which were getting under sail for Delos. We had not the liberty of choice, but were hurried away by the sailors, whose lively and tumultuous joy was mingled with that of the immense crowds of people who thronged to the beach. We were under way in a moment, got out of the harbour, and arrived in the evening at the isle of Ceos.

On the next day we coasted Scyros, and leaving Tenos on the left, entered into the channel which separates Delos from the

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island of Rhenea. We immediately came in sight of the temple of Apollo, which we saluted with new transports of joy; and the city of Delos was almost entirely displayed to our view. With an eager eye we ran over the superb edifices, elegant porticos, and forests of columns by which it is embellished; and this prospect, momentarily varying, suspended in us the desire to arrive at the land.

When we had reached the shore, we ran to the temple, which is distant from it only about a hundred paces. It is more than a thousand years since Erisichthon, son of Cecrops, laid the first foundation of this edifice, to which the different states of Greece continually add new embellishments. It was covered with festoons and garlands, which, by the contrast of their colours, gave a new lustre to the Parian marble, of which it is built. Within we saw the statue of Apollo, less celebrated for the delicacy of the workmanship than its antiquity. The god is represented holding his bow in one hand; and to signify that music owes to him its origin and charms, with his left he supports the three Graces, who are represented, the first with a lyre, the second with flutes, and the third with a pipe.

Near the statue is that altar which is esteemed one of the wonders of the world. It is not gold or marble which is admired in it; horns of animals, forcibly bent, and artfully interwoven, form a whole equally solid and regular. Some priests, whose employment it is to adorn it with flowers and boughs, made us observe the ingenious contexture of its parts. It was the god himself, exclaimed a young priest, who in his childhood interwove them as you see. Those menacing horns, which you behold suspended on the wall, and those of which the altar is composed, are the spoils of the wild goats which fed on Mount Cynthus, and which fell beneath the shafts of Diana. Here the eye meets nothing but prodigies. This palm-tree, which displays its branches over our heads, is the sacred tree that supported Latona when she brought forth the divinities we adore. The form of this altar has become celebrated by a problem in geometry, of which an exact solution will perhaps never be given. The plague laid waste our island, and Greece was ravaged by war. The oracle, being consulted by our ancestors, declared that these calamities would cease if they could make this altar double the size it is of at present. They imagined it would be sufficient to make it twice as large every way; but they found, with surprise, that they were constructing an enormous mass, that would contain the altar in question eight times. After other attempts equally fruitless,

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they sent to consult Plato, then just returned from Egypt: who told their messengers, that the god, by this oracle, sported with the ignorance of the Greeks, and exhorted them to cultivate the accurate sciences, rather than to be continually occupied in dissensions and wars. At the same time he proposed a simple and mechanical method of resolving the problem; but the plague had ceased when his answer arrived. This, said Philotas to me, was probably what the oracle had foreseen.

These words, though pronounced in a low voice, engaged the attention of a citizen of Delos, who approached us, and shewing us an altar less embellished than the former: This, said he, is never drenched with the blood of victims; on this the devouring flame is never kindled. Hither Pythagoras came, to offer, after the example of the people, cakes, barley, and wheat; and beyond all doubt the god was better pleased with the enlightened worship of that great man than with all those streams of blood with which our altars are perpetually inundated.

He afterwards pointed out to us whatever was worthy our remark within the temple. We listened to him with respect; we admired the wisdom of his discourse, the mildness of his aspect, and the kind attention which he paid us. But, what was our surprise when mutual explanations discovered to us Philocles! He was one of the principal inhabitants of Delos for his riches and his dignities; he was the father of Ismene, whose beauty was the subject of conversation among all the women of Greece; and it was him to whose hospitality we had been recommended by letters from Athens.—After having repeatedly embraced us, Hasten, said he, to salute my household gods; come and see Ismene, and you shall be witnesses to her marriage, and partake in the joy of Leucippe her happy mother. They will not receive you as strangers, but as friends, whom Heaven has long destined to visit them. Yes; I swear to you, added he, grasping our hands; all those who love virtue have legitimate claims to the friendship of Philocles and his family.

We came out of the temple: his friendly impatience would scarcely permit us to take a view of that multitude of statues and altars by which it is surrounded. In the midst of these stands a figure of Apollo, about twenty-four feet high. Long tresses of hair float on his shoulders; and his robe, which is folded on his left arm, seems to obey the breath of the zeypher. The statue and the plinth on which it stands are of a single block of marble: it was dedicated by the inhabitants of Naxos. Near this colossus, Nicias, general of the Athenians, caused to be placed a palm-tree

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of bronze, the workmanship of which is equally precious with the materials. Farther on we read, on several statues this pompous inscription: "The island of Chios is famous for its excellent wines: it will hereafter be so for the works of Bupalus and Anthermus." These two artists lived about two centuries since; they have been succeeded and eclipsed by the Phidiases and Praxiteles; and thus, while they sought to eternize their glory, they have only perpetuated their vanity.

The city of Delos has neither towers nor walls, and is only defended by the presence of Apollo. The houses are built of brick, or a kind granite very common in the island. That of Philocles stood on the banks of a lake, covered with swans, and almost surrounded by palm-trees.

Leucippe, informed of the return of her husband, came out to meet him, and we took her for Ismene; but soon after Ismene appeared, and we imagined we beheld the goddess of love. Philocles exhorted us mutually to banish all constraint: and from that moment we experienced at once all the surprise of a new connection, and all the enjoyments of an ancient friendship.

Opulence shone conspicuous in the house of Philocles; but prudence had so well regulated the use of his wealth, that it seemed to have granted every thing to utility and convenience, but nothing to caprice. Slaves happy in their servitude anticipated our wishes. Some poured on our hands and feet water purer than crystal; and others loaded with fruits a table placed in the garden, in the midst of a grove of myrtles. We began by libations in honour of the gods who preside over hospitality. Several questions were put to us relative to our travels; and Philocles more than once, seemed sensibly affected at the remembrance of the friends he had left on the continent of Greece.—After some moments spent in delightful conversation, we went out with him to see the preparations for the festivals.

These were to commence on the following day; and on the day after the birth of Diana was to be commemorated at Delos. Strangers were continually arriving in the island, brought thither by piety, interest, or pleasure. They already could find no room in the houses; and tents were erected in the public places, and some even in the fields.—Friends met with and embraced each other after a long absence; and these affecting scenes attracted us to different parts of the island; and, no less attentive to the objects we beheld than to the discourse of Philocles, we informed ourselves of the nature and particularities of a country so famous throughout Greece.

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The island of Delos is only seven or eight miles in circuit, and its breadth is about one third of its length. Mount Cynthus, which extends from north to south, terminates in a plain that on the west side reaches to the sea. The city stands in this plain. The rest of the island presents only an uneven and sterile soil, if we except some pleasant vallies, which are formed by several hills, on the south side. The source of the Inopus is the only spring with which it is favoured by nature; but we find, in different places, cisterns and lakes, which preserve the rain water during several months.

Delos was originally governed by kings, who united the priesthood to the regal authority. It afterwards fell under the power of the Athenians, who purified it, during the Peloponnesian war. The tombs of its ancient inhabitants were removed to the isle of Rhenea; and there their successors have seen for the first time the light of day, and there are they to behold it for the last. But if they are deprived of the advantage of being born and dying in their country, they enjoy there a profound tranquillity during their lives. The fury of barbarians, the enmity of nations, and the animosity of individuals, all subside at the view of this sacred land; nor ever have the coursers of Mars trodden it with their ensanguined feet.—Every thing that can present the image of war is rigorously banished; and even the animal most faithful to man is not suffered to remain in it, because he would destroy the weaker and more timid creatures. In fine, Peace has chosen Delos for her abode, and the house of Philocles for her palace.

We were approaching the latter, when we saw a youth coming to meet us, whose air, stature, and features seemed to bespeak him more than mortal. This, said Philocles to us, is Theagenes, whom my daughter has chosen for her husband; and Leucippe has just fixed the day of their marriage. O my father! replied Theagenes, eagerly embracing him; my gratitude increases every moment. Let these generous strangers deign to partake it with me. They are my friends, since they are yours; and I feel that excess of joy has need of support as well as excess of grief. You will pardon this transport, added he, turning to us, if you have ever loved; and if you have not, you will pardon it when you shall behold Ismene. The attention we shewed him seemed to calm the agitation of his feelings, and to relieve him under the weight of his happiness.

Philocles was received by Leucippe and Ismene as Hector was by Andromache every time he re-entered within the walls of Troy. Supper was served up in a gallery adorned with pictures

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and statues; and our hearts, expanded to the purest joy, tasted all the charms of confidence and liberty.

In the mean time Philocles put a lyre in the hands of Ismene, and requested her to sing one of those hymns which celebrate the birth of Apollo and Diana. Express by your song, said he, what the damsels of Delos will to morrow represent in the temple by their agile steps. Anacharsis and Philotas will thus become better acquainted with the origin of our festivals, and the nature of the spectacle which will be presented to their view.

Ismene took the lyre, touched, as if by accident, some tender and moving notes, which escaped not Theagenes, and, suddenly preluding with rapidity in the Dorian mode, painted with strokes of fire the implacable anger of Juno against an odious rival. In vain does Latona seek to escape her vengeance; she has had the misfortune to please Jupiter, and the fruit of her love must become the instrument of her punishment, and perish with her. Juno appeared in the heavens, Mars on Mount Hæmus in Thrace, Iris on a mountain near the sea; they terrified by their presence the air, the earth and the islands. Trembling, lost, urged by the pains of child-bearing, Latona, after long wanderings, arrives in Thessaly, on the banks of the river by which that country is watered. O Peneus! she cries, receive in thy peaceful waters the children of Jupiter, which I bear in my womb. O nymphs of Thessaly, daughters of the god whose succour I implore! join with me to prevail on him to grant my request. But he hears me not; and my prayers only incite him to hasten his speed. O Pelion! O ye fearful mountains! you therefore are my only resource: will you refuse me in your gloomy caverns the refuge which you afford to the lioness in travail?

At these words the Peneus, moved to compassion, arrests the course of his foaming waters. Mars beheld him; and, transported with rage was on the point of burying the river beneath the smoaking fragments of Mount Pangæus: he uttered a loud cry, and struck his spear against his buckler. The sound, like the shout of an army, shook the plains of Thessaly and Mount Ossa, and re-echoed in long murmurs through the deep caverns of Pindus. Peneus had been no more, had not Latona abandoned the places on which her presence had drawn the anger of heaven. She came to our island, to solicit the assistance they had refused her; but the menaces of Iris filled her with terror.

Delos alone was less moved with fear than with pity. Delos was then only a sterile and desert rock, driven at the pleasure of the winds and waves, which had thrown her into the midst of

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the Cyclades, when she heard the plaintive accents of Latona, and offered her an asylum on the wild banks of the Inopus. The goddess transported with gratitude, sinks at the foot of a tree which offers her its shade, and which for this benefaction will enjoy an eternal spring. There, exhausted with fatigue, and attacked by the most cruel pains, she opens her almost extinguished eyes, in which joy shines in the midst of grief and suffering; and at length fixes them on the precious pledges of her love, on the children whose birth had cost her so many tears. The Nymphs of the Inopus, witnesses to her transports, announce them to the world by sacred songs; and Delos is no longer the sport of the inconstant waves, but remains fixed on columns which rise from the bottom of the sea, and which rest on the foundations of the earth. Her glory is universally celebrated; and from every side nations hasten to her festivals to implore the god who owes to her his birth, and who renders her happy by his presence.

Ismene accompanied these words with a tender glance directed to Theagenes, and we began to breathe more freely; but our souls are still agitated by the shocks of terror and pity. Never had the lyre of Orpheus, nor the voice of the Sirens, produced sounds so moving. While Ismene sang, I and Philotas repeatedly interrupted her by exclamations of admiration; Philocles and Leucippe lavished on her marks of tenderness that delighted her still more than our praises; Theagenes listened and was silent.

At length the day arrived which had been expected with so much impatience. The morning faintly indicated in the horizon the course of the sun, when we arrived at the foot of Cynthus. This mountain is but of a moderate height. It is a block of granite, of different colours, and containing pieces of a blackish and shining talc. From its top a surprising number of islands of various sizes are discoverable. They are dispersed in the midst of the ocean, in the same beautiful disorder as the stars are scattered in the heavens. The eye runs over them with avidity, and seeks them again after having lost them. Sometimes it wanders with pleasure in the channels which separate them from each other, and sometimes slowly measures the lakes and liquid plains which they embrace; for we do not here view one of those boundless seas where the imagination is no less overwhelmed than astonished by the grandeur of the scene: and where the disquieted mind, seeking repose on all sides, only finds every where one vast solitude which fills it with melancholy, and one immense space by which it is confounded. Here the bosom of the waves is become the habitation of mortals. We behold a city scattered

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over the surface of the sea; and view the picture of Egypt when the Nile has inundated the plains, and appears to bear on its waters the hills which afford a retreat to the inhabitants.

The greater part of these islands, said Philocles, are named Cyclades, because they form a kind of circle round Delos. Sesostris, king of Egypt, subjected a part of them by his arms; and Minos king of Crete, governed some of them by his laws. The Phœnicians, the Carians, the Persians, the Greeks, and all the nations which have possessed the empire of the sea, have successively conquered and colonized them: but the colonies of the latter have effaced all traces of those of other nations; and powerful interests have for ever attached the destiny of the Cyclades to that of Greece.

Some of them were at first governed by kings which they had themselves chosen; and others had received them from their conquerors: but the love of liberty, which is natural to the Greeks, and still more natural to islanders, destroyed the yoke under which they had groaned. All these states became small republics, jealous of each other, and mutually endeavouring to preserve a balance between their respective powers, by the alliances and protection which they solicited on the continent. They enjoyed that happy calm which nations can only derive from their obscurity, when Asia invaded Europe, and the Persians covered the sea with their ships. The islands, seized with consternation, were enfeebled by their divisions. Some meanly joined the enemy, but others had the courage to resist. After the defeat of the Persians, the Athenians formed the project of conquering them all. They imputed to them as almost equal crimes, their having assisted or having deserted them; and successively subjected them, under pretexts more or less plausible.

Athens gave them her laws, and exacted from them taxes proportionable to their abilities. Under the protection of her power, they behold commerce, agriculture, and the arts flourish; and would be happy could they forget that they once were free.

They are not all equally fertile: there are some which are scarcely able to supply the wants of their inhabitants: as, for instance, Mycone, which you see to the east of Delos, whence it is distant only twenty-four stadia. We there see no streams rush from the summits of the mountains and fertilize the plains. The earth, abandoned to the burning rays of the sun, incessantly sighs for the succours of heaven; and it is only by the most laborious efforts that wheat, and other grain necessary for the subsistence of the husbandman, are produced. All the powers of the soil

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seem to be exhausted in favour of vines and fig-trees; the fruits of which, of the growth of this island, are in great request. Partridges, quails, and several birds of passage, are found there in abundance: but these advantages, which are common to this and the neighbouring islands, are but a feeble resource for the inhabitants; who, besides the sterility of the country, have also to complain of the rigour of the climate. Their heads are early deprived of their natural ornament; and those floating tresses which add so many graces to beauty, seem only to be granted to their youth, that their loss may be soon regretted.

The Myconians are reproached with being avaricious and parasites; they would be less censured, if, in more favourable circumstances, they were prodigal and arrogant; for the greatest misfortune of indigence is, to give birth to vices, but not to be able to procure a pardon for them.

Rhenea, which you see to the west, is distant from us about five hundred paces: it is less but more fertile than Mycone, and distinguished for the riches of its hills and plains. A chain which seemed to unite the two islands, was formerly stretched across the channel by which they are separated. This was the work of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, who imagined that he should thus be able to communicate to the one the sanctity of the other. But the isle of Rhenea has more legitimate claims to our veneration; it contains the ashes of our fathers, and will one day contain ours. To that eminence directly opposite us have been conveyed the tombs which were formerly at Delos. Their number is continually increasing; and they may be considered as so many trophies which death erects to record his triumphs over mortals.

Turn your eyes toward the north-west, and you will discover the coasts of the island of Tenos. Without the walls of the capital is one of those venerable groves, the duration of which is secured by religion, and to which a long succession of winters have been able to do no injury. Its gloomy alleys are the avenues to a superb temple, which, in obedience to the oracle of Apollo, the inhabitants formerly erected to Neptune. It is one of the most ancient sacred asylums in Greece; and is surrounded by several spacious edifices, where the public repasts are given, and in which the people assemble during the festivals of the god; who receives the praises of his votaries for dispelling the maladies by which mortals are afflicted, and for having destroyed the serpents which formerly rendered this island uninhabitable.

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The people who first cultivated Tenos created a new soil; a soil which satisfies, or even anticipates, the wishes of the labourer. It produces the most exquisite fruits, and grain of every kind. On all sides a thousand fountains gush forth; and the plains that are enriched by the tribute of their waters, appear to be embellished with new beauties, from the contrast of the arid and desert mountains by which they are surrounded.

Tenos is separated from Andros by a channel twelve stadia in breadth. In the latter island we find mountains covered with verdure; springs more abundant than at Tenos; valleys as delightful as those of Thessaly; fruits equally beautiful to the eye, and delicious to the taste; and a city renowned for the difficulty the Athenians found in conquering it, and the worship of Bacchus, the deity who there principally receives adoration. I have been a witness to the transports of joy which his festivals inspire. I beheld them at an age when the soul receives impressions which the memory never recals but with sensations of pleasure. I was on board a vessel returning from Eubœa, and admiring with delight the glowing radiance of the new-born day, when loud shouts of joy drew our eyes towards the isle of Andros. The first rays of the sun had gilded an eminence on which stood a beautiful temple. The people thronged together on all sides, crowded round the temple, raised their hands to heaven, prostrated themselves on the earth, and gave a loose to the most extravagant expressions of joy. We landed, and were hurried by the multitude to the top of a hill, where a thousand voices exclaimed at once; Come, see, taste: these streams of wine which rush from the temple of Bacchus, were yesterday, last night, this morning, only pure water. Bacchus is the author of this prodigy, which he renews every year, on the same day, and at the same hour. He will repeat it to-morrow, the day following, and during seven successive days. To these exclamations presently succeeded a mild and pleasing harmony. "The Achelous," it was said, "is celebrated for his reeds, the Peneus derives all his glory from the valley which he waters, and the Pactolus from the flowers with which his banks are embellished; but the fountain which we sing renders men strong and eloquent, and flows at the immediate command of Bacchus.

While the priests of the temple, who were well acquainted with the subterranean passages through which the waters flowed, thus imposed on the credulity of the multitude, I was tempted to congratulate them on the success of their artifice. They deceived the people, but they rendered them happy.

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At an almost equal distance from Andros and Ceos, we find the little island of Gyaros, fitted to be the place of banishment for robbers and banditti, should they be driven from the rest of the earth. It is a wild and rocky country. Nature has refused it every thing, as she seems to have lavished all she can bestow on the isle of Ceos.

The shepherds of Ceos render divine honours, and consecrate their flocks, to the shepherd Aristæus, who first led a colony to this island. They say that he sometimes returns to enjoy their tranquil groves, from the inmost recesses of which he watches over their snow-white bulls.

The priests of Ceos annually repair to a high mountain, to observe the rising of the dog-star; to offer sacrifices to that star, and to Jupiter; and to solicit the return of those beneficial winds which, during forty days, blunt the ardent rays of the sun, and diffuse a delicious coolness through the air.

The inhabitants of Ceos have erected a temple in honour of Apollo; and preserve with veneration that which Nestor, on his return from Troy, caused to be built to Minerva. They have joined the worship of Bacchus to that of these divinities. So many religious acts seem to have secured to them the favour of the gods. The island abounds in fruits and pasturage. The people possess strength of body and vigour of mind; and are so numerous that they have found it necessary to distribute themselves in four cities, of which Ioulis is the principal. It is situated on an eminence, and derives its name from a spring which flows at the foot of the hill. Caressus, which is distant from it twenty-five stadia, serves it as a harbour, and enriches it with its commerce.

Ioulis would furnish instances of persons attaining to a great old age, did not custom, or the laws, permit suicide to those who, having arrived at the age of sixty years, are no longer in condition to enjoy life, or rather to serve the republic. They say that it is shameful to survive ourselves, to usurp on the earth a place we can no longer properly fill, and to appropriate to our own enjoyment that existence which we have only received for the use of our country. The day which is to terminate their life is to them a festival; they gird their brows with a chaplet; and taking a cup of the juice of hemlock or poppies, sink insensibly into an eternal sleep.

Such courage cannot but be capable of effecting every thing to preserve liberty. On a certain occasion, when besieged by the Athenians, and on the point of surrendering for want of provi-

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sions, they threatened the besiegers that, unless they retired, they would massacre all the most aged citizens in the place. Moved either by horror, compassion, or fear, the Athenians departed; and left, without farther molestation, a people who equally braved both nature and death. They have since subjected them, and softened the harshness of their character by servitude and the arts. The city is adorned with superb edifices; its walls are composed of enormous blocks of marble; and access to it is facilitated by roads made over the neighbouring eminences. But it is rendered more illustrious by having produced many celebrated men; and, among others, Simonides, Bacchylides, and Prodicus.

Simonides, the son of Leoprepis, was born toward the 3d year of the 55th Olympiad. He merited the esteem of the kings, sages, and great men of his time. Among the number of these was Hipparchus, whom Athens would have adored, could Athens have endured a master; Pausanias king of Lacedæmon, who, by his success against the Persians, had been raised to the summit of honour and pride; Alevas king of Thessaly, who had eclipsed the glory of his predecessors, and increased that of his country; Hiero, who was first the tyrant, and afterward the father, of Syracuse; and, lastly, Themistocles, who was not a king, but who had triumphed over the most powerful of kings.

According to a custom which still continues, sovereigns then invited to their courts such persons as were distinguished for their knowledge or genius. Sometimes they caused them to enter into competition with each other, and required from them those sallies of wit which shine more than they enlighten. At other times they consulted them on the mysteries of nature, the principles of morals, or the forms of government; and it was expected that, to the questions propounded to them, they should return perspicuous, prompt, and precise answers, because they were to instruct a prince, please his courtiers, and confound their rivals. The greater part of these answers are current through all Greece, and have descended to posterity; which is no longer able to estimate their just value, because they contain allusions now not understood, or truths too generally known. Among those which are preserved of Simonides, there are some which particular circumstances have rendered celebrated.

One day, at an entertainment, the king of Lacedæmon had requested him to confirm, by some important and comprehensive maxim, the high opinion he had conceived of his philosophy. Simonides, who was acquainted with the ambitious projects of

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that prince, and foresaw their fatal issue, said to him—"Remember that you are a man." Pausanias saw nothing in this answer but a frivolous or trite observation; but, in the disgrace into which he soon after fell, he discovered in it a novel truth, and one of the most important of those of which kings are ignorant.

On another occasion, the queen of Syracuse asked him whether knowledge were preferable to riches. This was a snare for Simonides, who was only honoured for the former of these advantages, but who only sought the latter. Obliged to falsify his sentiments, or condemn his conduct, he had recourse to irony; and gave the preference to riches, because philosophers continually besieged the mansions of the rich. This problem has since been resolved in a manner more honourable to philosophy. Aristippus, being asked by king Dionysius why the sage paid his court with so much assiduity to the rich man, who never acted in the same manner towards the sage; the wise man, replied he, knows his wants, but the other does not know his.

Simonides was both a poet and a philosopher. The happy union of these qualities rendered his talents more useful, and his wisdom more agreeable. His style, which is remarkable for its sweetness, is simple, harmonious, and admirable for the choice and arrangement of the words. He sang the praises of the gods, the victories of the Greeks over the Persians, and the triumphs of the athletæ in the games. He wrote the history of the reigns of Cambyses and Darius in verse; exercised his genius in almost every kind of poetry; and principally succeeded in elegies and plaintive songs. No person was ever better acquainted with the sublime and delightful art of interesting and moving the passions; nor did any one paint with greater exactness those situations and misfortunes which excite pity. It is not the poet to whom we are attentive; we hear the cries and groans of a distracted family, which weeps the death of a father or a son; we behold Danae; we see an affectionate mother struggling with her son against the fury of the waves, while a thousand gulfs yawn on all sides, and menace her with a thousand deaths; the shade of Achilles rises from the bottom of the tomb, and announces to the Greeks, about to quit the shores of Ilium, the innumerable calamities which await them by sea and land.

These poetical scenes which Simonides has animated with so much passion and emotion, are so many benefits conferred on mankind; for it is of real utility to force from their eyes those precious tears which they shed with so much pleasure; and to nourish in their hearts those sentiments of compassion which na-

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ture designed to unite them to each other, and which alone can unite the wretched.

As the characters of men have a great influence on their opinions, it might be expected that the philosophy of Simonides would be mild and unassuming. His system, as far as we can judge from some of his writings, and many of his maxims, was reducible to the following articles:

"Let us not endeavour to penerate the boundless profundity of the Supreme Being; but be satisfied with knowing that whatever is, exists by his command; and that he possesses perfect virtue, of which men have only the feeble emanation they derive from him. Let them not, therefore, boast of perfection on which they cannot attain. Virtue has fixed her abode amid steep and rugged rocks; if, by arduous labour, mortals should be able to raise themselves to the elevation at which she resides, a thousand fatal circumstances would quickly hurl them down the precipice. Thus their life is a mixture of good and evil; and it is as difficult to be repeatedly virtuous, as it is impossible to continue so. Let us take a pleasure in praising noble actions, and shut our eyes on those which deserve reprehension; either from duty, when the offender has claims to our affection; or from lenity, when he is indifferent to us. Far from censuring others with too great severity, let us remember the frailty inseparable from our nature; and that we are only destined to remain for a moment on the surface of the earth, and to be for ever inclosed in its bowels. Time hastens with extreme rapidity; a thousand ages, in comparison with eternity, are but as a point, or as a very small part of an imperceptible point; let us employ moments so fugitive in enjoying the blessings of life, the principal of which are health, beauty, and riches acquired without fraud; since from the proper use of these results that true enjoyment, without which, wealth, grandeur, and immortality itself, can give us no pleasure.

These principals, which are dangerous because they tend to extinguish courage in the virtuous heart, and to deaden the remorse of guilt, might be considered only as an error of the mind, if Simonides, while he inculcated such lenity to others, had been but the more rigorous in the regulation of his own conduct. But he dared to propose an act of injustice to Themistocles; and blushed not to praise the murderers of Hipparchus, by whom he had been loaded with favours. He is also reproached with having been a slave to avarice, which even the liberality of Hiero could not satisfy; and which, as is usual with that wretched pas-

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sion, became every day more insatiable. He was the first who degraded poetry by making it a shameful trafic of praise. He idly said, that the pleasure of amassing riches was the only one of which at his age he was capable; and that he would rather choose to enrich his enemies after his death, than be obliged to have recourse to the generosity of his friends during his life; that, after all, no person was exempt from defects; and that, if ever he should find a faultless man, he would proclaim him to the whole world. This strange apology was insufficient to justify him in the eyes of the public, whose decrees invariably refuse pardon to those vices which originate more in baseness than weakness.

Simonides died at the age of about ninety. It is recorded to his honour that he heightened the splendour of the religious ceremonies in the isle of Ceos, added an eighth string to the lyre, and invented the art of artificial memory: but what must ensure to him immortal glory is, that he gave instructive lessons to kings; and bestowed happiness on Sicily, by reclaiming Hiero from his extravagant projects, and inducing him to live in peace with his neighbours, his subjects, and himself.

The family of Simonides resembled those families in which the priesthood of the Muses is perpetual. His grandson, of the same name, wrote on genealogies, and the discoveries which do honour to the human mind. In Bacchylides, his nephew, he seemed again to revive as a lyric poet. The purity of the style of Bacchylides, the correctness of his manner, and the regular and connected beauties of his works, obtained him an applause of which Pindar might have been jealous. These two poets divided, during some time, the favour of king Hiero, and the suffrages of his courtiers; but when the royal patronage no longer prevented each from taking his true place, Pindar soared to the skies, and Bacchylides remained on the earth.

While the latter did honour to his country in Sicily, the sophist Prodicus rendered it illustrious in the different cities of Greece, by reciting orations composed with art, and abounding in ingenious allegories, expressed in a simple, elevated, and harmonious style. His eloquence was shamefully venal, and destitute of all support from the graces of voice and utterance; but, as he portrayed virtue under a pleasing form, he was admired by the Thebans, praised by the Athenians, and esteemed by the Spartans. He afterwards broached maxims destructive of the foundations of religion; and from that moment the Athenians considered him as the corruptor of youth, and condemned him to drink hemlock.

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Not far from Ceos is the island of Cythnos, famous for its pasturage: and the land which you see still nearer to us, to the west, is the fertile isle of Scyros, in which was born one of the most ancient philosophers of Greece; I mean Pherecydes, who lived about two hundred years since. He occasioned a great revolution in the ideas and learning of his age. When a dreadful malady no longer left him any hope of recovery, Pythagoras, his disciple, made a voyage from Italy to visit him in his last moments.

Direct now your eyes towards the south; observe in the horizon those gloomy and fixed vapours which obscure the dawning radiance of the day; there are the islands of Paros and Naxos.

Paros may be about three hundred stadia in circuit. When I tell you that it possesses fertile plains, numerous flocks, two excellent harbours, and has sent colonies to distant countries, you will be able to form a general idea of the power of its inhabitants. Some particular facts will enable you to judge of their character, according to the circumstances in which it had been displayed:

The city of Miletus in Ionia was distracted by fatal dissensions. Among all the states distinguished for their wisdom, the people of Paros appeared to the Milesians the most proper to re-establish tranquillity in their government. They sent therefore for arbitrators from Paros; who, being unable to reconcile the contending factions, long exasperated against each other by mutual hatred and outrages, left the city, and traversed the country, which they found untilled and desert, except some few portions of land which a small number of citizens still continued to cultivate. Struck with the profound tranquillity in which these persons lived, they immediately placed them at the head of the government; and order and plenty were immediately restored to Miletus.

In the expedition of Darius, the Parians joined that monarch, and partook in the shame of his defeat at Marathon. Obliged to take refuge in their city, they were there besieged by Miltiades. After a long defence, they demanded to capitulate; and conditions were already agreed on by both parties, when a flame was seen to rise in the air on the side of Mycone. It was occasioned by a wood having accidentally taken fire; but was imagined both in the camp and the town, to be a signal from the Persian fleet, to signify that it was hastening to succour the island. Under this persuasion, the besieged refused to abide by their word, and Miltiades retired from before the place. That great man expiated, by a rigorous imprisonment, the illness of his enterprise. But

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the Persians were punished with still greater severity; their perjury has been eternized by a proverb.

At the time of the expedition of Xerxes, they betrayed the Greeks by continuing in alliance with the Persians, and the Persians by remaining inactive. Their fleet, lying idle in the port of Cythnos, waited the issue of the battle, to take part with the conquerror. They did not foresee that, not to contribute to his victory, was to expose themselves to his vengeance; and that a small republic, placed between two great powers who seek to extend their limits at the expence of each other, has frequently no resource but to follow the torrent, and pursue glory while it weeps the loss of its liberty. The Parians were not long before they found themselves in this situation. They for a time repelled the conquerors at Salamis by dint of contributions; but they at length sunk under their yoke, almost without resistance.

The Graces have altars at Paros. While Minos king of Crete was sacrificing to these divinities, the news arrived that his son Androgeous was slain in Attica. He ended the ceremony by casting far from him the crown which girt his brow; and, with a voice interrupted by sighs and tears, commanded the flute-player to be silent. The priests have preserved the remembrance of this just and natural grief; and when they are asked why they have banished from their sacrifices the custom of wearing crowns and playing on instruments of music, they reply: It was thus circumstanced, it was near this altar, that the happiest of fathers learned the death of a son whom he tenderly loved, and became the most wretched of men.

Many cities boast of being the birth-place of Homer; but not one disputes with Paros the honour or the shame of having produced Archilochus. This poet, who lived about three hundred and fifty years ago, was of a distinguished family. The Pythia predicted his birth, and the glory at which he was one day to arrive. Prepared by this oracle, the Greeks admire in his writings the strength of his language, and the elevation of his ideas; they see him, even in his wildest flights, display the nervous vigour of his genius, extend the limits of his art, and introduce new cadences into his verses, and new beauties into music. Archilochus has done for lyric poetry, what Homer did for epic. Both have had this in common, that, in their respective kinds of composition, they have served as models; that their works are recited in the general assemblies of Greece: and that their birth is celebrated alike, by particular festivals. Yet, though the public gratitude has associated their names, it has not intended to con-

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found their ranks, and only grants the second place to the poet of Paros: but it is indeed to have obtained the first, to have Homer alone for a superior.

With respect to his morals and conduct, Archilochus merits to be classed among the vilest of men. Never were more sublime talents joined with a more vicious and depraved character. His writings are polluted with licentious language and lascivious descriptions, and abound in that gall in which the malignity of his disposition delighted. His friends, his enemies, the unfortunate objects of his amours, all without distinction became the subjects of his cruel satire; and, what is still more strange, it is from himself that we learn these odious facts. He has had the courage, when sketching the history of his life, steadily to survey all its horrors, and the insolence to expose them to the view of the whole world.

The youthful charms of Neobule, the daughter of Lycambes, had made an impression on his heart. Mutual promises appeared to have ensured his felicity, and the conclusion of a marriage with the object of his affection, when motives of interest induced the fair one to give the preference to a rival. Instantly the poet, more irritated than afflicted, shook the snakes which the Furies had given into his hands; and poured on Neobule and her family such a torrent of opprobrious satire, that he compelled them all to terminate, by a violent death, a life which he had empoisoned by the virulence of his reproaches.

Forced by indigence to quit his country, he removed to Thasos with a colony of Parians. He there found new food for his malignant fury, and the public hatred burst forth against him. An opportunity to appease this soon happened. The people of Thasos were at war with the neighbouring states. He followed the army, came in sight of the enemy, threw away his buckler, and fled. The latter action is one of the most infamous of which a Greek can be guilty; but infamy only makes impression on minds who merit not to suffer it. Archilochus openly avowed his cowardice: "I have thrown away my buckler," says he, in one of his works: "but I shall find another; and I have saved my life."

Thus was it that he braved the reproaches of the public, because his own heart was callous to every feeling of shame. After having been guilty of this insult on the laws of honour, he dared to go to Lacedæmon. But what could he expect from a people who never separate their admiration from their esteem? The Spartans shuddered to behold him within their city; instantly

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commanded him to depart; and proscribed his writings through all the territories of their republic.

The people assembled at the Olympic games consoled him for this mortification. He there recited, in honour of Hercules, that famous hymn, which is still sung when the glory of the victors is celebrated. The whole assembly received it with loud applause; and when the judges decreed him a crown, he might have felt that, never has poetry a greater influence over the heart than when it instructs us in our duties.

Archilochus was killed by Callondas of Naxos, whom he had long pursued. The Pythia considered his death as an insult offered to poetry: "Leave the temple," said she to his murderer; thou hast laid violent hands on the favourite of the Muses." Callondas alledged that he slew his enemy in his own defence; but the Pythia, though she was not inflexible to his prayers, commanded him to appease the irritated manes of Archilochus by libations. Such was the end of a man who by his genius, vices, and impudence, was at once beheld with admiration, contempt, and dread.

Less celebrated, but more deserving of esteem than this poet, Polygnotus, Arcesilaus, and Nicanor of Paros, made considerable improvements in the art of encaustic painting. Another artist, a native of this island, has acquired a reputation by a borrowed merit; I mean Agoracritus, whom Phidias took for a pupil, and whom he endeavoured in vain to raise to an equality with his rivals. He gave up to him a part of his own glory, by placing on his own productions the name of his young disciple; without reflecting that the elegance of the workmanship would discover the imposture, and betray the ineffectual zeal of his friendship.

But though Paros cannot furnish artists with models, it supplies them with inexhaustible materials; the whole earth is covered with monuments which derive their origin from the quarries of Mount Marpessus. In those subterranean caverns, illumined with a feeble light, a race of slaves laboriously dig forth those enormous blocks which shine in the superb edifices of Greece, and even in the front of the Egyptian labyrinth. Many temples are faced with this marble, because its colour, it is said, is agreeable to the immortals. There was a time when sculptors made use of no other, and even at present it is in great request; though it does not always answer to their wish, because the large crystalline parts of which its texture consists, lead astray the eye by illusive reflections, and shiver under the chisel. This defect is

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however recompensed by several excellent qualities, and especially by its extraordinary whiteness, to which the poets make frequent allusions, and such as are sometimes relative to the character of their poetry. "I shall raise a monument more resplendant than the marble of Paros," says Pindar, speaking of one of his odes. "O most amiable of painters!" exclaims Anacreon; "borrow, to represent her whom I adore, the colours of the rose, of milk, and of the marble of Paros."

Naxos is separated from the preceding island only by a narrow channel. None of the Cyclades equal it in size, and it may dispute with Sicily itself the palm of fertility. Its beauty nevertheless, is not immediately perceived by the traveller when he arrives at the shores; he discovers only inaccessible and desert mountains; but these mountains are but barriers raised by nature to resist the fury of the winds, and defend the plains and vallies which she covers with her treasures. There she displays all her magnificence; inexhaustible sources of the purest waters assume a thousand different forms, and the flocks stray amid the abundant herbage of the verdant meads. There, not far from the delightful banks of the Biblinus, ripen those exquisite figs with which Bacchus made the inhabitants of the island acquainted, and those famous grapes the wine of which is preferred to almost every other. Pomegranates, almond trees, and olives multiply without difficulty in the plains, which are annually covered with abundant harvests. A multitude of slaves are continually employed in gathering these treasures, and innumerable vessels in transporting them to distant countries.

Notwithstanding their riches, the inhabitants are brave, generous, and extremely jealous of their liberty. Two centuries past, their republic was at the its summit of greatness, and could bring eight thousand men into the field. They had the glory to resist the Persians before they were subjected by them; and to shake off their yoke when they projected the conquest of all Greece. Their sea and land forces joined those of the Greeks, and distinguished themselves in the battles of Salamis and Platæa; but at the same time taught the Athenians that they must no longer suffer a power to increase, which was already capable of rendering them such signal services. Accordingly, when the latter people, in contempt of all treaties, had resolved to subjugate their ancient allies, they made their first attack on the people of Naxos, whom they only left in possession of their festivals and games.

At these Bacchus presides; Bacchus is the protector of Naxos, and every thing there presents us with the image of the favour of

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the god and the gratitude of the people. The inhabitants eagerly shew to strangers the place where he was nursed by the Nymphs, and relate the prodigies he has wrought in their behalf. From him proceed the riches they enjoy, and to him alone their altars smoke day and night. Here their adoration is addressed to the god who taught them to cultivate the fig tree; and there to the divinity who infuses into their grapes a nectar he has brought down from heaven. They worship him under various titles, to multiply the duties which are dear to them.

At no great distance from Paros are Seriphos, Siphnos, and Melos. To obtain an idea of the former of these islands, imagine a number of steep and barren mountains, in the intervals of which are deep gulfs, where a wretched race of men continually behold, suspended over their heads, fearful rocks, the monuments of the vengeance of Perseus; for, according to a ridiculous, but, to the inhabitants of Seriphos, terrible tradition, that hero, armed with the head of Medusa, formerly changed their ancestors into these dreadful objects.

At a small distance from this island, imagine, beneath a sky continually serene, meads enamelled with flowers, and plains perpetually productive of fruits; and you will have a feeble image of the beauties of Siphnos. The pure air of this enchanting country prolongs the life of man beyond its ordinary limits. It was formerly the richest among all the Cyclades. Its mines annually produced to the inhabitants an immense tribute in gold and silver, a tenth part of which they consecrated to Apollo at Delphi; and their offerings consecrated one of the richest treasures of that temple. The fury of the sea has since destroyed the sources of their wealth; their opulence has vanished, and nothing now remains to them but the regret of its loss, and the vices of which it was productive.

The island of Melos is one of the most fertile in the Ægean sea. Sulphur and other minerals, contained in the bowels of the earth, maintain in it an active warmth, and give an exquisite taste to its productions.

The people who inhabit it had been independent during several centuries, when, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians proposed to them to break the neutrality they observed with respect to Athens and Lacedæmon, from the latter of which cities they derived their origin. Irritated at their refusal, they repeatedly attacked them, and at length fell upon them with all the forces of the republic. The island was conquered, but the shame rested with the conquerors; who began the war unjustly,

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and concluded it by an act of barbarity. The vanquished were carried into Attica; where, by the advice of Alcibiades, all those who were able to bear arms were put to death. The remainder groaned in chains till the army of Lacedæmon compelled the Athenians to send them back to Melos.

A philosopher, a native of this island, having been a witness to the calamities it had suffered, indignantly avowed the opinion, that the wretched, having no longer any thing to hope from men, no longer owe a reverence to the gods. This philosopher was Diagoras, to whom the Mantineans are indebted for the laws and the happiness they enjoy. His ardent imagination, after having prompted him to the wild flights of dithyrambic poetry, impressed him with a servile fear towards the gods. The worship he paid them was loaded with a multitude of superstitious ceremonies; and he traversed Greece to obtain initiation into all the mysteries. But his philosophy, which was proof against all the irregularities and disorders of the natural world, sunk beneath an act of injustice of which he was himself the victim. One of his friends refused to restore to him a deposit with which he had entrusted him, and vindicated his refusal by an oath which he took in the presence of the altars. The silence of the gods with respect to so flagrant a perjury, together with the cruelties exercised by the Athenians in the isle of Melos, astonished the philosopher, and hurried him from the fanaticism of superstition into that of atheism. He irritated the priests, by divulging, in his discourses and his writings, the secrets of the mysteries; the people, by breaking the statues of the gods; and all Greece, by publicly denying their existence. A general clamour was raised against him, and his very name became a term of reproach. The magistrates of Athens cited him before their tribunal, and pursued him from city to city. A talent was promised to any one who should bring his head, and two talents if he were brought alive; and, to perpetuate the memory of this decree, it was engraven on a brazen column. Diagoras, finding no place of refuge in Greece, embarked on board a vessel, and perished by shipwreck.

The eye, when it surveys a meadow, perceives not the noxious plant that intermingles its poison amid the flowers, nor the modest flower which conceals itself beneath the herbage. Thus, in describing the islands which form a circle round Delos, it is not necessary that I should speak of the rocks scattered in the intervals between them, nor of several smaller islands which serve

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only to add an ornament to the ground of the picture which is presented to your view.

Their inhabitants are separated by the sea, but united by pleasure. They have festivals which are common to them, and which assemble them together, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another; but these cease the moment our solemnities commence. Thus, according to Homer, the gods suspend their profound deliberations, and arise from their thrones, when Apollo appears in the midst of them. The neighbouring temples are about to be deserted; the divinities there adored permit the incense destined to them to be conveyed to Delos. Solemn deputations, known by the name of *Theoriæ*, are charged with this illustrious commission. They bring with them choruses of boys and maidens, who are the triumph of beauty, and the principal ornament of our festivals. They repair hither from the coasts of Asia, the islands of the Ægean sea, the continent of Greece, and the most distant countries. They arrive to the sound of musical instruments, to the voice of pleasure, and with all the pomp that taste and magnificence can furnish. The vessels which bring them are covered with flowers; chaplets of flowers are worn by the mariners and pilots; and their joy is the more expressive, as they consider it as a religious duty to forget every care by which it may be destoyed or abated.

As Philocles ended, the scene every moment changed, and continually received new embellishments. The small fleets which bring the offerings to Delos had already left the ports of Mycone and Rhenea, and other fleets appeared at a distance. An infinite number of vessels of every kind flew over the surface of the sea, resplendent with a thousand different colours. They were seen to issue from the channels which separate the islands, cross, pursue, and join each other. A fresh gale played in their purple sails, and the waves beneath their oars were covered with a foam, which reflected the rays of the rising sun.

At the foot of the mountain, an immense multitude overspread the plain. The crowds of people advanced, and fell back, with a motion resembling that of a field of corn, when agitated by the wind; and the transports of joy by which they were animated produced a vague and confused sound, that seemed to float, if I may so speak, over that vast body.

While we surveyed this scene, which excited in us emotions not to be described, clouds of smoke covered the summit of the temple, and arose into the air. The festival is begun, said Philocles; the incense burns on the altar: and immediately, in the

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city, and in the plain, we heard a thousand voices exclaim: The festival is begun; let us hasten to the temple.

In the temple we found the maidens of Delos, crowned with flowers, habited in resplendent robes, and adorned with all the charms of youth and beauty. Ismene, at their head, executed the dance of the misfortunes of Latona, and exhibited to our eyes what she had sung to us the day before.

Her companions accompanied her motions with the sound of their voices and their lyres: but these no one heard; even they themselves suspended their song to admire Ismene.

Sometimes she fled from the anger of Juno, and then she seemed only to skim the ground; at other times she remained motionless: and this rest painted still more expressively the anguish of her soul.

Theagenes, in the character of Mars, was by his menaces to drive Latona from the banks of the Peneus. But when he beheld Ismene at his feet, in a suppliant posture, he could only turn away his eyes; while Ismene, powerfully affected by even this appearance of severity, fainted away in the arms of her attendants.

All present were greatly affected; but the order of the ceremonies was not interrupted. At the same moment was heard a chorus of boys, who, from their freshness and resplendent beauty, might have been taken for the sons of Aurora. While they sang a hymn in honour of Diana, the maidens of Delos executed lively and agile dances. The music, which regulated their steps, inspired them with a delicious intoxication; they held garlands of flowers, and placed them with a trembling hand on an ancient statue of Venus, which Ariadne had brought from Crete, and Theseus dedicated in this temple.

Other concerts also reached our ears; these were the songs and music of the Theoria of the isles of Rhenea and Mycone, who waited under the portico, the moment when they might be admitted into the sacred place. We saw them, and imagined that we beheld the Hours and Seasons attending at the gate of the palace of the Sun.

We also saw the Theoria of Ceos and Andros land on the beach. It might have been said, at sight of them, that the Loves and Graces were come to establish their empire in one of the fortunate islands.

From every side arrived solemn deputations, who made the air resound with sacred songs. They marshalled on the beach the order of their procession, and slowly advanced towards the

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temple, in the midst of the acclamations of the multitude who thronged around them. With their homage they presented to the god the first fruits of their country; and these ceremonies, like all those practised at Delos, were accompanied by dances, songs, and symphonies. On coming out of the temple, the Theoriæ were conducted to houses supported at the expence of the cities whose offerings they brought.

The most distinguished poets of our time have composed hymns for this festival; but their success has not diminished the glory of the great men who had celebrated it before them. We seemed to be in the presence of their genii. Here we heard the harmonious songs of Olen of Lycia, one of the first who consecrated poetry to the worship of the gods; there the gentle accents of Simonides; and there the seducing notes of Bacchylides, or the impetuous transports of Pindar; while, in the midst of this sublime harmony, the lofty strains of Homer inspired universal reverence.

In the mean time, the Theoriæ of the Athenians was perceived at a distance. A number of light vessels seemed to sport round the sacred galley, like the daughters of Nereus, when they follow the car of the sovereign of the seas. Their sails, whiter than snow, shone like the swans which wave their wings on the waters of the Cayster and Mæander. At sight of them, some old men, who had with difficulty come down to the beach, regretted their youthful days, when Nicias, the general of the Athenians, was appointed to conduct the Theoriæ. He did not proceed with it, said they to us, immediately to Delos; but brought it secretly to the isle of Rhenea, which you see before you. The whole night was employed in erecting over the channel between the two islands a bridge, the materials of which, prepared long before, and richly gilt and painted, only required to be joined together. It was nearly four stadia in length, covered with superb carpets, and ornamented with garlands; and on the day following, at early dawn, the Theoriæ crossed the sea, not like the army of Xerxes, to ravage and lay waste nations, but bringing to them pleasures in its train; and, that they might taste the first fruits of these, it remained long suspended over the waves, chanting sacred songs, and delighting all eyes with a glorious spectacle which the sun will never again behold.

The deputation which we saw arrive had been almost entirely chosen from among the most ancient families of the republic. It was composed of several citizens who took the title of Theori; of two choruses of boys and maidens, to sing hymns and perform

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dances; of certain magistrates, appointed to collect the tributes, and provide whatever may be necessary for the Theoriæ; and ten inspectors, chosen by lot, who preside at the sacrifices: for the Athenians have usurped the superintendance of these; and it is in vain that the priests and magistrates of Delos urge their claim to rights which they are not in a condition to support by force.

This Theoriæ appeared with all that splendour which might be expected from a city in which luxury is excessive. When it came before the god, it made an offering to him of a crown of gold of the value of fifteen hundred drachmas; and soon after was heard the bellowing of a hundred oxen, that fell beneath the sacred steel. This sacrifice was followed by a dance, in which the young Athenians represented the motion and wanderings of the island of Delos, while it was driven at the pleasure of the winds over the liquid plains of the sea. Scarcely was this ended when the Delian youth joined them, to figure the windings of the labyrinth of Crete, in imitation of Theseus, who, after his victory over the Minotaur, had performed this dance near the altar.

Those who most distinguished themselves in these dances were rewarded with tripods of the value of a thousand drachmas, which they consecrated to the god; and their names were proclaimed by two heralds, who came in the train of the Theoria.

The whole expence to the republic for the prizes distributed to the conquerors, the presents and sacrifices offered to the god, and the conveyance and maintenance of the Theoria, amounts to more than four talents. The temple possesses, in the islands of Rhenea and Delos, and in the continent of Greece, woods, houses, copper manufactures, and baths, which have been bequeathed to it by the piety of the people. This is the first source of its riches; the second is the interest of the sums which arise from these different possessions, and which, after having been collected in the treasury of the Artemisium, are placed out to use, either to individuals or the neighbouring cities. The principal and interest, added to the fines for the crime of impiety, which are always applied to the use of the temple, amount at the end of four years, to about twenty talents, which it is the office of the three amphictyons, or treasurers, appointed by the senate of Athens, to collect, and from which they take a certain sum to defray a part of the expences of the Theoria.

When the sacred procession had completed the ceremonies for which it had repaired to the altars, we were conducted to an entertainment given by the senate of Delos to the citizens of the

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island, who were seated promiscuously on the banks of the Inopus, and under trees which formed a kind of arbour over their heads. The whole company, devoted to pleasure, appeared desirous to express their joy in a thousand different ways, and to communicate to us the impressions which rendered them happy. A pure and universal satisfaction reigned; and all celebrated with loud shouts the name of Nicias, who had first assembled the people in those delightful scenes, and assigned a certain fund to perpetuate his benefaction.

The remainder of the day was appropriated to exhibitions of another kind. Exquisite voices disputed with each other the prize of harmony; and combatants, armed with the cestus, that of wrestling. Boxing, leaping, and foot-racing successively engaged our attention. Towards the southern extremity of the island, a stadium had been traced out, around which were ranged the deputies of Athens, the senate of Delos, and all the Theoriæ, habited in their superb robes. These beauteous youths presented a faithful image of the gods assembled on Olympus.

Impetuous coursers, guided by Theagenes and his competitors, entered the lists, of which they several times made the circuit, and long disputed the victory; till, as when the god of day, after having disengaged his chariot from the clouds, rapidly hastens to the west, Theagenes darted like lightning through the midst of his rivals, and reached the goal at the same instant that the sun terminated his career. He was crowned in the presence of a multitude of spectators, who had hastened from the neighbouring eminences, in the presence of almost all the beauties of Greece, and in the presence of Ismene, whose looks of complacence gave him greater pleasure than those of men and gods.

On the day following, the birth of Apollo was celebrated. Among the dances performed on this occasion, we saw a number of sailors dance round an altar, which they lashed violently with whips. After this extraordinary ceremony, the mystic sense of which we were unable to penetrate, other dances succeeded, intended to represent the sports which amused the god in his infancy. Those who danced had their hands bound behind them, and were to bite the bark of an olive-tree, consecrated by religion. Their frequent falls and irregular steps occasioned among the spectators violent bursts of laughter, which appeared indecent; but we were told that this mirth was not considered as irreverent, or an offence against the majesty of the sacred ceremonies. In fact, the Greeks are persuaded that they cannot too much banish, from the adoration they render to the gods, all sadness and me-

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lancholy; and hence it is that, in some places, men and women are permitted to attack each other, in the presence of the altars, with the most licentious and gross pleasantries.

The sailors I have mentioned above were among the number of those foreign merchants whom the situation of the island, the privileges it enjoys, the vigilant attention of the Athenians, and the celebrity of the festivals, bring in crowds to Delos: whither they come to exchange their respective riches for the corn, wine, and commodities of the neighbouring islands; for the scarlet linen tunics, which are made in the isle of Amorgos, the rich purple stuffs of Cos, the highly esteemed alum of Melos, and the valuable copper that from time immemorial has been extracted from the mines of Delos, and of which are made elegant vases. The island was become as it were the storehouse of the treasures of nations; and near the place where they were collected, the inhabitants of Delos, obliged by an express law to furnish water to the whole multitude of strangers, set out, on long tables, cakes, and eatables prepared in haste.

I studied with pleasure the different passions which opulence and necessity produced in places so little distant from each other; and was convinced that, to an attentive mind, no objects in nature are trivial. The Delians first discovered the secret of fattening fowls, and derive a considerable profit from their industry. I saw some persons, mounted on stages, who shewed the people eggs, that they held in their hands, and distinguished by their form the kind of pullets by which they had been laid. I had scarcely turned my eyes on this singular scene, when I felt myself forcibly shook by a vigorous arm; and, looking round, was accosted by an Athenian sophist, with whom I was slightly acquainted.—How! said he, Anacharsis, are these objects worthy the attention of a philosopher? Come with me, and no longer waste on such trifles your time, which ought to be devoted to more sublime speculations. He immediately took me to an eminence where some other sophists discussed, with great heat, the subtle questions of the school of Megara. The impetuous Eubulides of Miletus was at their head, and had just advanced this argument: "Whatever is at Megara, is not at Athens; but there are men at Megara, therefore there are not men at Athens." While the by-standers wearied themselves in vain to resolve this difficulty, a sudden shout announced the arrival of the Theoria of the Tenians, who besides their own offerings, brought also those of the Hyperboreans.

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The latter people dwell towards the north of Greece: they especially pay adoration to Apollo; and there is still to be seen at Delos the tomb of two of his priestesses, who came thither to add new rites to the worship of that god. They also preserve there, in an edifice dedicated to Diana, the ashes of the last Theori, whom the Hyperboreans sent to their island. They unfortunately perished; and, since that event, that nation has sent the first fruits of their harvests through a foreign channel. A neighbouring tribe of the Scythians receive them from their hands, and transmit them to other nations, who convey them to the shores of the Adriatic sea, from whence they are carried to Epirus, cross Greece, arrive at Euboea, and are brought to Tenos.

On the arrival of these sacred offerings, nothing was talked of but the wonders that are related of the country of the Hyperboreans: there the spring, youth, and health, perpetually reign; and there, during ten complete centuries, men enjoy a tranquil life, in the midst of festivals and pleasures.—But this happy country is situated at one of the extremities of the earth, as the garden of the Hesperides is at the other. Thus have men ever placed the abode of happiness in inaccessible regions.

While the Greeks listened to these fictions, which enkindled all the ardour of their imagination, I was attentive to that forest of masts which appeared in the port of Delos. The fleets of the Theoriæ presented their prows to the shore, and these prows art had decorated with the symbols peculiar to each nation. Those of the Phthiotes were distinguished by the figures of Nereides. On the Athenian galley, Pallas was represented guiding a resplendent car; and the ships of the Bœotians were ornamented with an image of Cadmus holding a serpent. Some of these fleets were getting under sail; but the beauteous youths they carried back to their country were soon replaced by new beauties. Thus, in the course of a long and severe night, some stars are lost in the west, while others rise in the east to replenish the skies.

The festivals lasted several days; the horse-races were frequently repeated. On the beach we saw the famous divers of Delos plunge into the sea, remain beneath its waves, float on its surface, display the image of combats, and justify, by their address, the celebrity they have acquired.

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CHAP. LXXVII.

Continuation of the Voyage to Delos.

Marriage Ceremonies.

Love presided at the festivals of Delos; and the numerous youth which the god had assembled around him, acknowledged no other laws than his. Sometimes, in concert with Hymen, he crowned the constancy of faithful lovers; sometimes he excited a tender languor and anxiety in hearts before insensible; and by these multiplied triumphs prepared the way for the most glorious of all—the marriage of Ismene and Theagenes.

As I was a witness to the ceremonies with which this union was accompanied, I shall proceed to relate them, and describe practices which the laws, custom, and superstition have introduced, to provide for the security and happiness of the most sacred of engagements: and if, in this account, some apparently frivolous circumstances should be found, they will acquire importance and dignity from the simplicity of the times from which they derive their origin.

Silence and tranquillity began to be restored at Delos. The multitude of strangers diminished like a river, which, after having overflowed the plain, gradually retires into its bed. The inhabitants of the island had risen before the dawn; they were crowned with flowers, and incessantly offered up, in the temples, and before their houses, sacrifices to render the gods propitious to the marriage of Ismene. The moment when it was to be concluded was arrived. We were assembled in the house of Philocles: the door of the apartment of Ismene opened, and we saw her and Theagenes come out of it, followed by their parents, and a public officer, who had just drawn up the instrument of their engagement. The conditions of this engagement were simple; in it no provision had been made for any discussion of interest between their relatives, nor any cause of divorce between the contracting parties: and with respect to the marriage portion, as Theagenes was already related to Philocles, it was thought sufficient to mention a law of Solon, which, to prevent the property of a family from being carried out of it, enacts that heiresses shall marry their nearest kinsmen.

We were dressed in magnificent habits, which we had received from Ismene. That which Theagenes wore was her own work,

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Her ornaments were, a necklace of precious stones, and a purple robe embroidered with gold. Both wore on their hair, which flowed on their shoulders, and was perfumed with essences, crowns of poppy, sesamum, and other plants sacred to Venus. Thus habited, they mounted a chariot, and proceeded towards the temple. Ismene had Theagenes on her right, and on her left a friend of Theagenes, who was to follow him in this ceremony. The people who thronged around them scattered flowers and perfumes in their way. They cried out; These are not mortals; it is Apollo and Coronis; it is Diana and Endymion; it is Apollo and Diana. They sought to procure us favourable omens, and to prevent such as were of evil portent. One said: I saw this morning two turtles long hover in the air, and at length rest together on a branch of that tree. Another said: Drive away the solitary crow, and let her go far hence to mourn the loss of her faithful companion; for she brings the most ill-boding of auguries.

The bride and bridegroom were received at the gate of the temple by a priest, who presented to each of them a branch of ivy, the symbol of the bonds by which they were to be for ever united. He then conducted them to the altar, where every thing was prepared for the sacrifice of a heifer to Diana, to the chaste Diana, whom, as well as Minerva, and the other divinities who had never submitted to the yoke of Hymen, they thus endeavoured to appease. They also implored Jupiter and Juno, whose union and loves shall be eternal; the Heavens and the Earth, the concurrence of which produces fertility and plenty; the Parcæ, because they hold in their hands the life of mortals; the Graces, because they embellish the pleasures of happy marriages; and, lastly, Venus, from whom Love derives his birth, and who bestows happiness on mortals.

The priests, after having examined the entrails of the victims, declared that the gods approved the marriage. To conclude the ceremonies, we proceeded to the Artemisium, where the lovers deposited each a lock of their hair on the tomb of the last Theori of the Hyperboreans. That of Theagenes was wound about a handful of grass, and that of Ismene round a spindle. This custom reminded them of the first institution of marriage, at which time it was intended to signify that the husband was to be occupied in the labours of the field, and the wife to manage the household affairs.

Philocles now took the hand of Theagenes, and joining it to the hand of Ismene, pronounced these words; "I bestow on you

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my daughter, that you may give ligitimate citizens to the republic."—The bride and bridegroom then swore to each other an inviolable fidelity: and their parents, after having received their oaths, ratified them by new sacrifices.

Night began to come on when we came out of the temple to return to the house of Thesgenes. The procession, lighted by numberless torches, was accompanied by bands of musicians and dancers; the house was hung with garlands, and splendidly illuminated.

As soon as the new married couple set their feet on the threshhold of the door, a basket of fruit was, for a moment, placed on their heads, as a presage of the plenty they were to enjoy. We at the same time heard the name of Hymenæus re-echoed on all sides. This was a young man of Argos, who formerly restored to their country some Athenian maidens who had been taken by pirates. He obtained for his reward one of the captives, of whom he was passionately enamoured; and since that time the Greeks contract no marriage without celebrating his memory.

These acclamations followed us into the banqueting hall, and continued during the supper; when some poets entered, and recited epithalamiums.

A child, half covered with branches of hawthorn and oak, appeared with a basket of loaves, and sang a hymn beginning with these words: "I have changed my former state for a happier." The Athenians sing this hymn at one of their festivals, to celebrate the time in which their ancestors, who had before fed on wild fruits, enjoyed in society the gifts of Ceres. They sing it likewise at marriages, to signify that men, after having left their wild state in the woods, enjoyed the sweets of love. Female dancers, dressed in light robes, and crowned with myrtle, afterwards entered, and expressed by their motions the transports, tender languor, and intoxication of the most delicious of passions.

When this dance was ended, Leucippe lighted the nuptial torch, and conducted her daughter to the apartment prepared for her. A number of symbols reminded Ismene of the duties which were formerly annexed to the new condition of life on which she entered. She carried one of those earthen vessels in which barley is parched; one of her attendants held a sieve; and over the door was hung an instrument used to bruise grain. The new married couple ate of a fruit the sweetness of which was considered as the emblem of their union.

In the mean time, giving a loose to the transports of immoderate joy, we raised tumultuous shouts, and besieged the door,

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which was defended by a faithful friend of Theagenes. A number of young persons danced to the music of several instruments. This noise was at length interrupted by the Theoria from Corinth, who had undertaken to sing the evening hymeneal. After having congratulated Theagenes, they added:

"We are in the spring of our years; we are the fairest of the maidens of Corinth, so renowned for their beauty; yet is there not one of us, O Ismene! whose charms can compare to thine. Lighter than the Thessalian courser, exalted above her companions like the lily, the pride of the garden, Ismene is the ornament of Greece. All the loves are enthroned in her eyes, and all the arts live under her fingers. O maid! O charming woman! to-morrow will we repair to the enamelled mead, and cull flowers to compose for thee a crown: we will hang it on the most beautiful of the neighbouring plane trees, under the shade of which we will pour forth perfumes in thy honour, and on its bark we will inscribe these words: *Offer to me your incense, for I am the tree of Ismene.* We salute thee, happy bride! we salute thee, happy bridegroom. May Latona give you sons who shall resemble you.—May Venus ever animate you with her fires.—May Jupiter bestow on your children's children the felicity which surrounds you. Repose in the bosom of pleasure, and henceforth breathe only the most tender love. We will return with the morning's dawn, and again will we sing; O Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen!

The next day, as soon as it was light, we repaired to the same place, and heard the maidens of Corinth sing the following hymeneal.

"We celebrate you in our songs, O Venus, ornament of Olympus! Love, the delight of the earth! and thou, O Hymen, source of life! we celebrate you in our song, Love, Hymen, Venus! O Theagenes, awake: turn your eyes on your love. Youthful favourite of Venus, happy and worthy husband of Ismene; O Theagenes! awake; turn your eyes on your spouse; survey the splendour of her beauty, the animated freshness which embellishes all her charms. The rose is the queen of flowers, Ismene is the queen of beauties.—Already her trembling eyelid opens to the rays of the sun. O Theagenes! happy and worthy husband of Ismene, awake!"

This day, which the two lovers considered as that on which they began to live, was almost entirely employed, on their part, in receiving the affectionate congratulations of the inhabitants of the island on their marriage. All their friends might make them

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presents: they also made presents to each other; and received, in conjunction, those of Philocles, the father of Theagenes. They were brought with great ceremony. A child, in a white robe, opened the procession, bearing a lighted torch; next came a girl with a basket on her head: she was followed by several domestics, who carried vessels of alabaster, boxes of perfumes, different kinds of essences, odorous ointments, and a variety of those luxuries which a taste for convenience and elegance has converted into necessaries.

In the evening, Ismene was carried back to her father; and less in conformity with custom than to express her real sentiments, testified to him the regret she felt at leaving her paternal house: the next day she was restored to her husband; and from that moment nothing has interrupted their mutual felicity.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

Continuation of the Voyage to Delos.

On Happiness.

Philocles, with a heart of the greatest sensibility, possessed an exquisite judgment and extensive knowledge. In his youth he had frequented the schools of the most celebrated philosophers of Greece; and, improved by their lessons, but still more by his own reflection, he had composed a system of conduct which diffused tranquillity through his own soul, and promoted peace and satisfaction among all around him. We incessantly studied this singular man, to whom each moment of his life was a moment of happiness.

One day, as we wandered about the island, we met with this inscription, on a little temple of Latona: "Nothing is more excellent than justice, more to be desired than health, or more delightful than the possession of the object we love." This, said I, is the maxim which Aristotle once censured in our hearing: he alleged that the epithets contained in it ought not to be separated, and that they are only applicable to happiness. And, in fact, happiness is certainly what is most excellent, most to be desired, and most delightful. But to what purpose is it to describe its effects? It would be of much greater importance to discover how it may be obtained. That, replied Philocles, is little known; for to arrive at it, all men choose different paths, and all differ in

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opinion respecting the nature of the sovereign good. Sometimes they make it consist in the enjoyment of every pleasure, and sometimes in the exemption from every pain. Some have endeavoured to comprise its characteristics in short maxims: such is the sentence you have just read; and such the song which is frequently sung at table, and in which happiness is made to consist in health, beauty, riches lawfully acquired; and youth enjoyed in the bosom of friendship. Others, besides these precious gifts, require strength of body, courage, justice, prudence, temperance, and, in a word, the possession of every good and every virtue. But as the greater part of these advantages do not depend on ourselves, and as we should not even find every wish precluded by their union, it is manifest that they do not essentially constitute that species of felicity which is adapted to each man in particular.

In what then does happiness consist? impatiently exclaimed one of our company. How wretched is the lot of mortals, if, incessantly compelled to pursue happiness, they are ignorant of the path they ought to choose!—Alas! replied Philocles, they are surely much to be pitied. Cast your eyes around you; in every place, in every condition of life, you will hear only complaints and lamentations, and only behold men tormented with the desire of happiness, and by passions which prevent their attaining it; unsatisfied by pleasure, without fortitude under sufferings, almost equally oppressed by disappointment and enjoyment, incessantly murmuring at their lot, and unable to quit a life the burden of which they find insupportable.

Was it then merely to cover the earth with miserable creatures that mankind was created? and do the gods take a cruel pleasure in persecuting such a feeble race of beings as we are? To this I can never assent: our reproaches are due to ourselves alone. Let us enquire what idea we entertain of happiness. Is it not that of a state in which our desires, perpetually reviving, shall be continually satiated; which shall be diversified according to the difference of inclinations, and the duration of which it shall be in our power to prolong at pleasure? But the eternal order of nature must be changed before such a state can be the lot of any mortal. Thus to desire happiness which shall be unchangeable, and without any mixture of alloy, is to desire what cannot exist; but what, for that very reason, more excites our wishes, since nothing appears to us more desirable than to triumph over obstacles which are, or which appear, insurmountable.

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Invariable laws, too profound for our feeble researches to explain, decree that good shall be uninterruptedly mingled with evil, in the general system of nature, and that the beings which make a part of this great whole, which, as a whole, is so admirable, but so incomprehensible, and sometimes so terrifying, in its parts, shall partake of this mixture, and experience continual vicissitudes. On this condition has life been bestowed on us. From the moment in which we receive it we are condemned to a continual alternation of good and evil, pleasures and pains. If you enquire the reason of this our unhappy lot, some will perhaps answer that the gods intend to bestow on us real good, and not pleasures; that they only grant us the latter to compel us to receive the former; and that, to the greater part of mortals, the sum total of good would be infinitely greater than that of evil, if they were wise enough to refer to the former the agreeable sensations they experience, and the moments they enjoy which are exempt from trouble and disquietude. Such a system may sometimes suspend our murmurs, but the cause of them will ever remain; for, in fact, pain and misery exist on earth, and consume the days of the greater part of men; and even though only one single mortal should suffer, and though he should suffer but for a single moment during his whole life, still that moment of pain would be to us the most incomprehensible and distressing of mysteries.

What then is the result of these reflections? Ought we to plunge blindly into the torrent which hurries away, and insensibly destroys all beings; to present ourselves without resistance, and as victims of fatality, to the evils by which we are menaced; and to renounce, in fine, that hope which is the greatest and even the only good the greater part of our fellow-mortals can experience? Certainly not. I wish that you should be happy, but so far only as it is permitted you to be. I wish you not that chimerical happiness the hope of which is the source of the misery of the human race, but a happiness suited to our present condition, and the more solid, since it is in our power to render it independent of men and of events.

The attainment of this is sometimes facilitated by the natural disposition; and we may even say that certain minds are only happy because they were born happy. Others cannot struggle at once against their disposition and external obstacles, without long and unintermitted application of mind; for, said an ancient philosopher, "the gods sell us happiness for labour, which is its price." But this mental labour requires not more efforts than the

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projects and exertion by which we are incessantly agitated; and which, after all, have only for their object an imaginary happiness.

Philocles, having thus spoken, remained silent. He had not he said, sufficient leisure, nor sufficient abilities, to reduce into a system the observations he had made on so important a subject. Deign at least, said Philotas, to communicate to us, without too scrupulously regarding order or connection, those which may accidentally suggest themselves to you. Condescend to inform us by what means you have attained to this state, at which you cannot have arrived but after a long succession of experiments and errors.

O Philocles! exclaimed the youth Lysis; the zephyrs seem to sport among the branches of this plane tree, the air is filled with the odours of the flowers that hasten to disclose their beauties, these vines begin to entwine their tender shoots around the myrtles which they will quit no more; the flocks that bound in the meadows, the birds that chant their loves, the instruments that resound through the valleys, all things that I see and hear, fill me with delight and transport. Ah, Philocles! we were created for happiness: I feel that we were, in the delicious and heartfelt emotions which I experience. If you are acquainted with the art of perpetuating these, it is a crime to conceal it from us under the veil of mystery.

You remind me, replied Philocles, of the early years of my life. I still regret the time when, like you, I resigned myself with enthusiasm to the impressions I received. Nature, to which I was yet unaccustomed, appeared to my eyes arrayed in indescribable charms; and my soul, new to every pleasurable sensation, seemed ardently alive to the most delicious sensibility.

I was yet unacquainted with men, and imagined I found in their words and actions that innocence and simplicity which reigned in my own heart. I believed them all just, sincere, capable of friendship, what they ought to be, and what I in reality was. Above all, I believed that they were humane; for experience is especially necessary to convince us that they are not so.

Under this delusion I entered into the world. The politeness for which the societies of Athens are distinguished, the expressions which the desire of pleasing inspires, those effusions of the heart which cost so little and flatter so much—all these deceitful externals had but too many charms for a man who had not yet proved their real worth. I met seduction half way; and, attributing to agreeable connections the sentiments and claims of friend-

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ship, gave myself up without reserve to the pleasure of loving and being beloved. The pretended friends I thus made choice of, without a prudent examination, occasioned me much injury, and abandoned me, some from interest, and others from jealousy and fickleness. The surprise and grief I felt, forced my eyes to overflow with tears. At length, having experienced every kind of injustice and perfidy, I saw myself constrained, after repeated struggles, to renounce that confidence so dear to my heart, which I had indiscriminately reposed in all mankind. This sacrifice cost me more than any other I made in my life; I still shudder at the remembrance of it: so violent were my feelings, that they hurried me into the opposite extreme. I hardened my heart, cherished distrust and hatred with a kind of savage pleasure, and lived a wretched life. At length I called to mind that, among the multitude of opinions that are entertained concerning the nature of happiness, some who are held in greater esteem for their wisdom than others, teach that it consists in pleasure, or in the practice of virtue, and the exercise of an enlightened reason. I determined, therefore, to seek mine in pleasure.

I shall suppress the particulars of the extravagancies of my youth, to hasten to the moment that brought them to a period. Being in Sicily, I went to visit one of the principal inhabitants of Syracuse, who was spoken of as the happiest man of his time. His appearance shocked me. Though he was yet in the prime of life, he had every appearance of decrepitude. He was surrounded by musicians, who wearied him with celebrating his virtues; and beautiful female slaves, who by their dances kindled in his eyes at intervals a gloomy and dying fire. When we were alone, I said to him: I congratulate you: you have discovered the rare secret of perpetually retaining with you pleasure, who though so fugitive to others, is with you a constant guest.—Pleasure a constant guest with me! replied he, in a rage; I know it not: I suffer all the despair which the absence of it occasions. This is the only sentiment which remains with me, and which will soon complete the destruction of a body overwhelmed with pain and evils. I endeavoured to inspire him with fortitude; but I found that his mind was degraded and brutish, without principles, and without resources. I afterwards learned that he had never blushed at the acts of injustice he had committed, and that he every day wasted the fortune of his children with foolish profusion.

The example of this man, and the disgust which I on different occasions experienced, delivered me from the intoxication in which I had for some years lived, and determined me to seek

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tranquillity in the practice of virtue, and the exercise of my reason. I cultivated both with ardour; but I was again on the point of passing to the opposite extreme. The too great austerity of my virtue sometimes filled me with indignation against society; and from a too rigid attachment to what I esteemed reason, I was inclined to consider all object as indifferent. An accidental event freed me from both these errors.

I became acquainted, at Thebes, with a disciple of Socrates, whose probity I had heard much extolled. I was struck with the sublimity of his principles, as well as with the regularity of his conduct. But he had gradually introduced so much superstition and fanaticism into the virtue he inculcated, that he might be reproached with permitting in himself no frailty, nor allowing any indulgence for others. He became peevish, suspicious, and often unjust; the qualities of his heart were esteemed, but his company was generally avoided.

A short time after, being at Delphi, at the celebration of the Pythian games, I perceived, in a gloomy alley, a man who had the reputation of being a person of great knowledge and intelligence. He appeared to me overwhelmed with chagrin. I have dissipated, said he to me, by the exertions of reason, the illusions of all things in life. I was born with all the advantages that can flatter vanity; but, instead of enjoying them, I wished to analyse them; and, from that moment, riches, birth, and personal graces, appeared to me only as vain titles which chance had distributed among men. I attained to the first offices of magistracy in the republic; but was disgusted with the difficulty I found in doing good, and the ease with which it was in my power to do mischief. I sought glory in battle, and dyed my hands in the blood of the unfortunate, till I shuddered at my barbarous fury. I cultivated the sciences and arts: Philosophy filled me with doubts; I found in eloquence only the perfidious art of deceiving men; and in poetry, music, and painting, only the puerile arts of amusing them. I aspired to obtain the esteem of the public; but seeing around me a multitude of hypocrites, who, by their pretences to virtue, secured its applause without danger of detection, I grew careless of the public and its esteem. Nothing was now left me but a life deprived of every charm, actuated by no motive, and which was only a tedious repetition of the same actions and the same wants.

Wearied of my existence, I travelled into distant countries. The pyramids of Egypt, at the first view, filled me with astonishment; but, immediately after, I compared the pride of the monarchs who had erected them to that of a pismire who should

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heap up some grains of sand in a pathway to leave to posterity some traces of his passage. The great king of Persia gave me a place at his court, and his subjects fell prostrate at my feet. Their excessive meanness only shewed me the excess of their ingratitude. I returned to my country, neither admiring nor esteeming any thing; and, by a fatal consequence, no longer capable of loving any thing. When I became sensible of my error, it was no longer in my power to remedy it: but, though I do not feel a very lively affection for my fellow men, I wish my example may prove a lesson to you; for from you I have nothing to fear, since I have never been so unfortunate as to render you any service. When I was in Egypt, I was acquainted with a priest who, after having passed his life in gloomy researches, endeavouring to penetrate the origin and end of all things, said to me, with a sigh: Woe to him who shall attempt to lift up the veil of Nature! And I will say: Woe to the man who shall draw aside the veil of society! Woe to him who shall refuse to yield to that theatrical illusion which our prejudices and necessities have diffused over all objects! Soon shall his soul, enfeebled and languishing, find itself plunged in the abyss of nihility, the most dreadful of all punishments. At these words tears fell from his eyes, and he hastened to conceal himself in the neighbouring forest.

You know with what precaution vessels shun those rocks which have occasioned the shipwreck of the first navigators. Thus, in my travels, I endeavoured to derive advantage from the errors of my fellow mortals. From them I learned, what I might have been taught by the least reflection, but what can never be properly known but by experience—that the excess of reason and virtue is almost as dangerous as excess in pleasures; that nature has given us propensities which it is as dangerous to extinguish as to exhaust by inordinate gratification; that society had claims to my services, and that I ought to labour to acquire its esteem; in fine, that, to arrive at this desirable end, which incessantly shewed itself and fled before me, it was my duty to calm that inquietude which I felt in my soul, and which continually drew it out of itself.

I had never studied the symptoms of this inquietude. I perceived that, in animals, it was limited to the preservation of life, and the propagation of the species; but that in man it subsisted after the satisfying of the first desires, and that among enlightened nations it was more powerful and tyrannical than among ignorant people. It is therefore the luxury of thoughts and desires that poisons our existence: it is that insatiable luxury that is tor-

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mented in idleness; that to maintain itself feeds on our passions, and irritates them incessantly, though it gathers from them only disagreeable fruits. But why should we not furnish it with more salutary aliments? Why should we not consider the agitation which we experience even in the satiety of pleasures and enjoyments, as a motion impressed by nature on our hearts, to force them to approach each other, and find their tranquillity in mutual union?

O humanity! sublime and generous inclination! which announcest thyself in our infancy by the transports of tenderness and simplicity; in youth, by the temerity of a blind confidence; and through the whole course of our lives, by the readiness with which we contract new connections! O voice of Nature, which resoundest from one end of the universe to the other, which fillest us with remorse when we oppress our fellow-creatures, and inspirest us with the purest pleasure when we administer to them comfort! O Love! O Friendship! O Beneficence! inexhaustible sources of delicious pleasures; men are only unhappy because they refuse to listen to you. O ye gods, authors of these most valuable benefits! Instinct might, no doubt, by bringing together beings overwhelmed with wants and evils, have afforded a transient support to their weakness; but infinite goodness like yours could alone have formed the plan of uniting us by the charm of sentiment; and diffusing through those extensive associations which cover the earth, a warmth capable of eternizing their duration.

Yet, instead of cherishing this sacred fire, we suffer frivolous dissensions and mean interest continually to damp its flame. If we should be told that two strangers, cast by chance on a desert island, had found in the society of each other a pleasure which indemnified them for being secluded from the rest of the world; if we should be told that there exists a family entirely occupied in strengthening the ties of consanguinity by the bonds of friendship; if we should be told that there exists, in some corner of the earth, a people who knew no other law than that of loving each other, nor any other crime than that of being wanting in mutual affection; who would think of commiserating the lot of the two shipwrecked friends? who would not wish to appertain to that family? who would not desire to fly to that happy climate? O mortals, ignorant and unworthy of your destiny! to obtain happiness, it is not necessary to cross the seas; it may be found in all conditions of life, at all times, in all places, within yourselves, around you, and wherever you mutually love.

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This law of nature, too much disregarded by our philosophers, was not neglected by the legislator of a powerful nation. Xenophon, speaking to me on a certain occasion of the education of the Persian youth, told me that, in their public schools, a tribunal was instituted before which they came mutually to accuse each other of their faults; and that ingratitude was punished by it with the utmost severity. He added, that under the name of *ungrateful* the Persians included all those who were guilty of offences towards the gods, their relatives, their country, or their friends. This law is admirable; since it not only enjoins the practice of all our duties, but likewise renders them amiable by ascending to their origin. In fact, if they cannot be transgressed without our becoming ungrateful, it follows that it is our duty to fulfil them from a motive of gratitude; and thence results this noble and beneficial principle, that we ought only to act from sentiment.

But this doctrine is not to be held forth to those who, hurried away by violent passions, acknowledge no restraint; nor to those frigid minds who, concentred in themselves, feel only their own personal griefs. The former are to be pitied; they are made more for the happiness of others than their own. We might perhaps be tempted to envy the lot of the latter; for, if we could join with fortune and health a profound indifference for our fellow-creatures, which yet should be disguised under the appearance of regard, we should obtain a happiness founded alone on the moderate pleasures of sense, and which perhaps would be less subject to cruel vicissitudes. But does it depend on ourselves to be indifferent? If we had been destined to live in solitude on Mount Caucasus, or in the deserts of Africa, perhaps Nature would not have given us a heart of sensibility; but, had she bestowed it on us, rather than not have loved, we should have endeavoured to fix our affection, and exercise our benevolence, on tigers and on stones.

We are therefore enforced to submit to our destiny; and, since our heart requires to be expanded, far from seeking to confine it within itself, let us increase, if possible, the warmth and activity of its motions: and, by giving them a proper direction, prevent its wanderings.

I do not propose my example as a rule; but you have wished to be informed of the system of my life. It was by studying the law of the Persians; by drawing closer and closer the ties which unite us with the gods, our relatives, our country, and our friends;

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that I have found the secret of at once fulfilling the duties of my condition, and satisfying the desires of my soul. Thus also was it that I learned, that the more we live for others the more we live for ourselves.

Philocles then enlarged on the necessity of calling to the aid of our reason and virtue an authority that may support their weakness. He shewed to what a degree of power the soul may raise itself; which, considering all the events of life as so many laws that have emanated from the greatest and wisest of legislators, is obliged to struggle either against misfortune or prosperity. You will be useful to me added he, if your piety be only the fruit of reflection: but if you are so happy as to have it become a sentiment, you will feel a more delightful pleasure in the good you shall do unto them, and more consolation under the injustice they may make you suffer.

He was continuing to explain these truths, when he was interrupted by a Cretan youth, one of our friends, named Demophon, who had for some time assumed the title of Philosopher. He suddenly joined us; and inveighed against religious opinions with so much heat and contempt, that Philocles thought it incumbent on him to endeavour to bring him to a juster manner of thinking. But I shall reserve that part of the conversation in which this subject was discussed for the following chapter.

The ancient wisdom of nations, resumed Philocles, has, if I may so speak, confounded among the objects of public worship both the gods, the authors of our existence, and our parents from whom we derive life. Our duties with regard to both are closely connected in the codes of legislator, the writings of philosophers, and the usages of nations.

Hence that sacred custom of the Pisidians, who at their repasts begin with libations in honour of their parents; and hence that beautiful thought of Plato—If the Divinity accepts the incense which you offer to the statues by which he is represented, how much more venerable, both in his eyes and yours, must those monuments of him appear that he has preserved in your houses; that father, that mother, those ancestors, formerly the living images of his authority, and now the objects of his special protection! Doubt it not; he will bestow his favour on those who honour them, and punish those who neglect or insult them. Do they act unjustly by you; before you make public your complaints, recollect the observation of the sage Pittacus to a young man who had commenced a prosecution against

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his father—"If you are in the wrong, you will be condemned; and if you are in the right, you deserve to be so."

But it surely cannot be necessary to insist on the reverence we owe to our parents; I shall rather choose to point out to your attention the powerful charm which nature has annexed to the inclinations necessary to our happiness.

In infancy, when all is simplicity because all is truth, the love of our parents and relatives is expressed in transports, which become indeed enfeebled when the taste for pleasures and independence insinuates itself into our souls; but the principle which produced them is with difficulty extinguished. Even in those families in which it is confined to a certain degree of respect, it manifests itself by signs of indulgence or attention, which it is believed all who are united by the ties of blood owe to each other; and by returns of friendship, which the least opportunities may facilitate: it is also apparent even in those which are torn by cruel dissensions; for family hatreds only become so violent because they are the effect of confidence betrayed, or love disappointed in its hopes. For which reason it is not solely by the representation of impetuous and irregular passions that tragedy seeks to excite our emotions; she frequently exhibits to us struggles of affection between relatives suffering under misfortune; and these scenes never fail to draw tears from those who are most capable of hearing and understanding the voice of Nature.

I render thanks to the gods that my daughter has always listened to this mild and persuasive voice. I render thanks to them that I have always borrowed its accents when I have wished to instruct her in her duties; that I have ever shewn myself to her as a sincere, compassionate, and incorruptible friend, more interested than herself in her benefit and improvement, and especially unimpeachably just. It is the latter quality that has produced the greatest effect on her mind. When Ismene perceived that I, in some measure, submitted to her dawning reason the decisions of my own judgment, she learned to cherish a proper esteem for herself; and became confirmed in the opinion that my age and experience had given her of the superiority of my discernment and knowledge. Instead of claiming her affection as a duty, I endeavoured to merit it; and carefully avoided imitating the conduct of those fathers and benefactors, who, by the haughtiness with which they require grateful acknowledgment, excite ingratitude.

I have observed the same conduct towards Leucippe her mother. I have never so relied on the consciousness of the affection I en-

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tertain for her in my heart, as to neglect those attentions by which it is manifested. When I first knew her, I wished to please her; and when I became more intimately acquainted with her, I still wished to please. When our union first took place, she blushed to exercise in my house the authority which the care of a family rendered it necessary she should exert; she now cherishes it because she has received it from my hand: so delightful is it to depend on the object we love, to suffer ourselves to be guided by it, and to sacrifice to it all our inclinations. These sacrifices, which we mutually make, diffuse an inexpressible charm over all our enjoyments: when they are perceived, they have received their reward; and when they are not, they appear still more delicious.

A succession of useful and varied occupations employ our time, and our days glide away in uninterrupted tranquillity. We enjoy in peace the happiness that reigns around us; and the only regret I experience is, that I am no longer able to render to my country the services that I have rendered it in my youth.

To love our country is to exert our utmost powers to render it formidable abroad, and to preserve it in peace at home. Victories or advantageous treaties acquire it the respect of foreign nations; the maintenance of the laws and of manners can alone ensure internal tranquillity: while, therefore, we oppose the enemies of the state with generals and able negotiators, we must also oppose licentiousness and vice, which tend to destroy every thing, by the laws and by virtue, which can alone restore what these have corrupted; and hence those numerous duties which are equally essential and indispensable to each class of citizens, and each citizen individually.

O you who are the object of these reflections! for you whose sake I now regret that I possess not sufficient eloquence to address you in a style equal to my subject, on truths the force of which I strongly feel! you, in fine, in whose breasts I would wish to enkindle every praiseworthy affection, because you would thereby become more happy—ever remember that your country has unlimited and sacred claims to your talents, your virtues, your sentiments, and your actions; that, whatever your condition may be, you are only soldiers on guard, whose duty it is to watch, and fly to the assistance of your country when menaced by the smallest danger.

To acquit yourselves of a duty so exalted, it is not sufficient that you discharge with integrity and fidelity the employments she may confide to you, that you defend her laws, discern and

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promote her interests, nor even that you shed your blood in the field of battle or the forum. She has an enemy more dangerous than the leagues of nations, or intestine dissensions, in that slow and secret, but violent and continued war, which the vices wage against manners; a war the more to be dreaded, as she possesses not in herself any means of avoiding or supporting it. Suffer me to put in her mouth the language which, on this subject, she has a right to address to her children.

You have here received life, and wise institutions have here nurtured and brought to maturity your reason. My laws watch over the safety of the meanest of the citizens: and you have all taken an oath, either tacit or express, to dedicate your lives to my service. Such are my rights. What are yours to propagate corruption of manners, which are a more solid foundation of my empire than the laws? Are you ignorant that they cannot be violated without introducing a destructive poison into the state; and that a single example of dissolute manners may corrupt a nation, and become more fatal to it than the loss of a battle?—You would respect public decency, if courage were necessary for you to brave it; but the ostentation with which you display excesses that remain unpunished, is a cowardice equally contemptible and insolent.

Yet you dare to appropriate to yourselves my glory: and assume consequence, in the presence of strangers, because you were born in that city which has produced Solon and Aristides, and are descended from those heroes who have so often rendered my arms triumphant. But what relation is there between these sages and you? What have you in common with your ancestors? Who are the countrymen and children of those great men?—All virtuous citizens, in whatever condition of life, or after whatever interval of time, they may be born.

Happy would their country be, if to the virtues by which she is honoured they did not join an inert lenity which conduces to her destruction!—Listen to my voice, in your turn, you who from age to age perpetuate the race of men precious to humanity. I have enacted laws against crimes, but I have instituted none against vices; because my vengeance can only be committed to you, and you alone can pursue them with determined hatred. Far, therefore, from keeping silence, your indignation should burst in a torrent on that licentiousness by which manners are destroyed; on those acts of violence, injustice, and perfidy, which escape the vigilance of the laws; on false probity, false modesty, false friendship, and all those vile impostures which surreptitiously obtain

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the esteem of men.—And say not that the times are changed, and that it is necessary to pay respect to the rank and influence of the offenders; a virtue destitute of energy is a virtue without principle; the moment it no longer shudders at the sight of vice, it is polluted by its contagion.

Think with what ardour you would be animated, should you be told that the enemy has taken arms, that he has advanced to your frontiers, that he is at your gates; yet is he now in the midst of you, in the senate, in the assemblies of the nation, in the tribunals, nay in your own houses. His progress is so rapid, that, unless the gods or virtuous citizens arrest his course, all hope of reformation and safety must soon be lost.

If we properly felt these reproaches, society, which by our excessive compliance has become a field abandoned to tigers and serpents, might still be rendered the abode of peace and happiness.—But let us not flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing such a change. Many citizens have virtues, but nothing is so rare as a virtuous man; because, to be such in reality, we must possess the courage to be virtuous at all times, in all circumstances, in defiance of all obstacles, and in contempt of the most powerful temptations of interest.

But if virtuous minds cannot join in an association against false and wicked men, let them at least unite in favour of the good; let them especially become animated by that spirit of humanity which exists in nature, and which it is time to restore to society, from which it has been banished by our prejudices and passions. That will teach us not to be continually at war with each other, not to confound levity of mind with wickedness of heart, to pardon failings, and to banish prejudice and distrust, the fatal sources of so many dissensions and enmities; that will also teach us that beneficence is less displayed by splendid liberalities, than by the sentiment which interests us in the misfortunes of the wretched.

You every day see citizens who groan under calamity; and, others who need only a word of consolation, and a friend who will sympathize with them in their sufferings; yet you ask whether you can be useful to your fellow-mortals; yet you ask whether nature has bestowed on us compensations for the evils with which she has afflicted us. Ah, did you know the light she diffuses through those souls which obey her inspirations! If ever you should snatch a worthy man from indigence, from dishonour, from death; I call to witness the emotions you will experience; you will then be convinced that life affords moments of delicious sensibility, which may counterbalance whole years of grief and

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pain. Then shall you pity those who shall be alarmed at your success, or who shall forget it after having benefited by it. Fear not the envious, they shall find their punishment in their own malignity; for envy is a rust which eats into iron. Fear not the presence of the ungrateful; they shall shun you, or rather they shall seek you, if the benefit they have received from you has been accompanied by esteem and profit; for, if you have abused the superiority it gave you, you are culpable, and those who have received your favours are only to be pitied. He who confers a favour ought to forget it, and he on whom it is conferred ever to remember it; and I will venture to affirm that the latter will remember it if the former forgets it. Yet of what consequence is it, should I be mistaken? ought we to do good from interest?

Avoid, at once, too easily accepting favours, and mortifying those on whom you have conferred them. Persevere in rendering service to others, without requiring any thing in return, sometimes in despite of themselves, and as often as you can without their knowledge; making little account of what you do for them, but annexing the highest value to what they do for you.

Enlightened philosophers, after long and frequent meditation, have concluded that happiness being all action, all energy, can only be found in a soul whose emotions, directed by reason and virtue, are solely dedicated to public utility.—Conformably to their opinion, I say that the ties which connect us with the gods, our relatives, and our country, are only a chain of duties which it is our interest to animate with sentiment, and which nature has provided for us to exercise and appease the activity of our souls. In fulfilling them with ardour consists that wisdom of which, according to Plato, we should be passionately enamoured, if its beauty were revealed to our eyes. Of what an exalted nature is this love! it never shall end: our taste for the sciences, the arts, or for pleasure, insensibly decays; but how can the soul be satiated, which converting into a habit the virtues useful to society, renders them necessary to it, and every day finds a new pleasure in their practice?

Believe not that its happiness terminates with the delicious sensations which flow from the discharge of these duties: it has other sources of felicity, no less abundant and no less durable. Such is the public esteem; that esteem which we cannot neglect to aspire to, without confessing that we are unworthy of it; which is due only to virtue, on which sooner or later it is bestowed, and which it indemnifies for all the sacrifices it has made and every reverse of fortune it may have experienced.—Such also

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is our own esteem, the noblest of the privileges granted to human nature, the purest passion of the virtuous soul, and the liveliest desire of the soul of sensibility, without which we cannot be the friends of ourselves, and with which we may disregard the approbation of others, should they be so unjust as to refuse it to us. Such, lastly, is that sentiment which is the ornament and comfort of life, and of which it remains for me to speak.

I shall continue to declare to you common truths; but, if they were not such, they would be but of little utility to you.

In one of the islands of the Ægean sea, in the midst of some ancient poplars, an altar was formerly dedicated to Friendship. Day and night ascended from it a pure incense, grateful to the goddess.—But soon it was surrounded by mercenary worshippers, in whose hearts she beheld only interested and ill-assorted connections. One day she said to a favourite of Crœsus—Carry thy offerings elsewhere; they are not addressed to me, but to Fortune. She answered an Athenian who put up vows for Solon, of whom he called himself the friend—By connecting thyself with a wise man, thou wishest to partake in his glory, and cause thy own vices to be forgotten. She said to two women of Samos, who affectionately embraced each other near her altar—A love for pleasure apparently unites you; but your hearts are gnawed by jealousy, and soon they shall be rent with hatred.

At length, two Syracusans, Damon and Phintias, both educated in the principles of Pythagoras, came to prostrate themselves before the goddess. I receive your homage, said she to them: I will do more; I abandon a place too long polluted by sacrifices that are offensive to me, and wish no other asylum than your hearts. Go, and shew to the tyrant of Syracuse, to the whole world, and to posterity, what friendship can effect in souls which I have animated with my power.

On their return, Dionysius, on some frivolous charge, condemned Phintias to death. He requested that he might be permitted to go and regulate some important affairs which required his presence in a neighbouring city. He promised to return at an appointed day; and departed, after Damon had engaged to answer with his life for the fulfilment of his promise.

In the mean time, the affairs of Phintias unavoidably compel his stay longer than he had expected. The day on which he is to die arrives; the people assemble; some blame and others pity Damon, who walks to execution serene and unmoved, too certain that his friend will return, and deeming himself too happy should he not. Already the fatal moment approaches; when a

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thousand tumultuous shouts announce the arrival of Phintias. He runs, he flies, to the place of punishment; he sees the sword suspended over the head of his friend; and, in the midst of embraces and tears, they contend for the happiness of dying for each other. The spectators dissolve in tears; the king himself descends from his throne, and earnestly entreats them to suffer him to participate in so noble a friendship.

After the scene, which should have been portrayed with a pencil of fire, it is unnecessary to dwell on the eulogium of friendship, or on the advantages it may bestow in all conditions and circumstances of life.

Almost all those who speak of this sentiment confound it with the connections which are the offspring of chance and the work of a day. In the fervour of these unions at their first birth, we behold our friends such as we would wish them to be; but soon after we see them such as they really are. Each succeeding choice is not more happy; and we resolve to renounce friendship, or, which is the same thing, incessantly to change its object.

As almost all men pass the greater part of their lives without reflection, and the remainder employ their thoughts on others rather than on themselves, they are but little acquainted with the nature of the connections they contract. Should they dare to interrogate themselves concerning that multitude of friends by which they sometimes imagine they are surrounded, they would perceive that these friends are united to them only by deceitful appearances. This discovery would pierce them with grief; for of what value is life without friends? But it would cause them to make a choice at which they should not afterwards have occasion to blush.

Wit, talents, a taste for the arts, and splendid endowments, are very agreeable in the intercourse of friendship; they animate and embellish it when it is formed, but they cannot of themselves prolong its duration.

Friendship can only be founded on the love of virtue, on flexibility of character, on conformity of principles, and on a certain charm which anticipates reflection, and which reflection afterwards justifies.

Were I to lay down rules for you on this subject, they should be less directed to teach you to make a good choice than to prevent you from making a bad one.

It is almost impossible that friendship should be established between two persons of different, and too disproportionate, con-

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ditions. Kings are too great to have friends. Those who surround them commonly behold only rivals in their equals, and flatterers in those beneath them. In general we are inclined to choose our friends from among our inferiors, either because we can rely more on their complaisance, or because we flatter ourselves we shall be more beloved. But as friendship renders all things common, and requires equality, you will not chuse your friends from a rank too much above, nor from one too much below, your own.

Before you form a close connection with men whose interests, with regard to power, fame, or fortune, are the same with yours, prove them by repeated trials. Incredible efforts will be necessary to preserve, for any length of time, unions which are perpetually exposed to the dangers of jealousy; and we ought not to presume so much on our virtue as to make our happiness depend on a continued series of conflicts and victories.

Distrust too extravagant an ardour, and protestations too exaggerated: they derive their source from a falsehood which rends the soul of truth and simplicity. How is it possible they should not be suspected in prosperity, when they may be so even in adversity? for the compassion which is affected for the wretched is frequently only an artifice to gain the attention and favour of the happy and prosperous.

Distrust also those acts of friendship which sometimes escape a heart unworthy to experience that sentiment. Nature presents to our eyes a certain external derangement, a succession of apparent contradictions, from which she derives the greatest advantage. We sometimes see gleams of equity burst forth in a soul devoted to injustice, a ray of wisdom illumine a mind abandoned to folly, and acts of humanity performed by a harsh and ferocious character. These particles of virtue, detached from their principles, and skilfully scattered in the midst of vices, incessantly testify in favour of that order which they maintain. Friendship therefore requires not one of those fervours of the imagination which grow old at the moment they take birth, but an equable and continued warmth of sentiment: when long trials have only served to render this more lively and active, the choice is made, and we begin to live in another self.

From that moment the misfortunes we suffer are divided and enfeebled, and the good we enjoy is multiplied. Behold a man in affliction: observe the comforters whom a regard to propriety brings round him. What constraint in their manner! What falsehood in their language! But the tears, the expression or

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silence, of real grief are wanting to the wretched. On the other side, two true friends would imagine they were guilty of a robbery, were either to taste pleasures without the knowledge of the other; and when they are necessitated to this, the first feeling of their souls is to regret the absence of an object which, by dividing the enjoyment, would render it more lively and profound. It is the same with honours and all distinctions, which ought only to be pleasing to us so far as they justify the esteem our friends entertain for us.

They enjoy a still more noble privilege; that of instructing and honouring us by their virtues. If it be true that we learn to become virtuous by frequenting the company of those who are so; what emulation, what power, ought not examples so precious to our hearts to inspire! How great must be the pleasures of our friends when they see us follow in their footsteps! What a tender sensation of affection and delight must we experience when by their conduct they enforce the public admiration!

Those who are the friends of every body, are so to nobody; they seek only to render themselves agreeable. You will be happy if you can acquire a few friends; perhaps, even, they should be reduced to a single one, if you would wish to enjoy friendship in all the perfection of which it is capable.

If those various questions which philosophers discuss concerning friendship were propounded to me; if I were asked for rules by which to know its duties, and prolong its duration; I would reply, Make a good choice, and afterwards rely on your own sentiments, and on those of your friends; for the decision of the heart is ever more prompt and clear than that of the judgment.

It was, no doubt, in a nation already corrupted, that some one dared to utter these words: "Love your friends as if you were one day to hate them;" a vile maxim, for which this other, more consoling, and perhaps more ancient, should be substituted; "Hate your enemies as if you were one day to love them."

Let it not be said that friendship, carried to excess, becomes a punishment; and that we have a sufficient number of evils to bear which are personal to us, without participating in the misfortunes of others. Those are unacquainted with this sentiment, who fear its consequences. Other passions are accompanied with torments; but friendship only has pains which draw its bonds still closer. But if death—Let us banish ideas so melancholy, or rather let us profit by them to become intimately convinced of two great truths; the one, that we ought to have the same idea of our friends during their lives, that we should entertain were we to be de-

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prived of them; the other, which is a consequence of the former, that we ought to remember them not only when they are absent, but also when they are present.

There are likewise other connections which we are obliged to contract in society, and which it is advantageous to cultivate. Such are those which are founded on esteem and on taste. Though they have not the same claims as friendship, they yet afford us a powerful aid to support the weight of life.

Think not that it is virtue to deny yourselves the harmless pleasures suited to your age and circumstances. Wisdom is only amiable and solid by the happy mixture of the amusements it permits and the duties it enjoins.

If to the resources I have enumerated you add that hope which still comforts us under all the misfortunes we can experience, you will find, Lysis, that Nature has not treated us with that severity with which she is charged. To conclude, consider the preceding reflections only as an elucidation of the following: It is in the heart that every man resides, and there alone must he seek his tranquillity and happiness.

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NOTES

TO

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

OF

THE TRAVELS OF ANACHARSIS.

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SAME CHAP.

On the Vases of the Theatres.

Vitruvius relates that, under the seats on which the spectators sat in the theatres, the Greek architects formed small open cells, in which they placed brazen vessels, intended to receive in their cavities the sounds which came from the stage, and reflect them in a strong, clear, and harmonious manner. These vessels were made so as to sound the fourth fifth, and octave, one above the other; and therefore had the same proportions between themselves as the strings of the lyre which supported the voice: but the effect was not the same. The lyre indicated and supported the tone; the vessels could only reproduce and lengthen it: and what advantage could result from that succession of echos of which there was nothing to deaden the sound? This I am unable to discover; for which reason I have not spoken of these vessels in the text of my work. I had also another: it is not proved that the Athenians made use of them. Aristotle propounds these questions: Why does a house resound when it has been newly whitened; when empty vessels have been sunk in it; when it has wells or similar cavaties? It is not necessary to give his answers; but he would certainly have mentioned the vessels of the theatres, if they had been known to him. Mummius found them in the theatre of Corinth; but it was two hundred years after the time I have chosen. The custom was afterward introduced in several cities of Greece and Italy, where earthen vessels were sometimes substituted instead of those of brass. Rome never adopted them; the Roman architects, no doubt, perceived that if, on the one hand, they rendered the theatre more sonorous, there were inconveniences, on the other, which counterbalanced this advantage.

SAME CHAP.

On Callipides.

This actor, who boasted he could draw tears from a whole auditory, was so proud of his success and the applauses he received, that, having met Agesilaus, he advanced, saluted him, and joining those who accompanied him, waited for the prince to address him with some compliment; but being disappointed in this expectation, he said to him; King of Lacedæmon, do you not know me? Agesilaus, having surveyed him, coldly asked him if he was not Callipides the stage-player. The talents of the actor appeared to the Spartan to be of little value. It was once proposed to the same Agesilaus to hear a man who could imitate perfectly the song of the nightingale; to which he only answered; "I have heard the nightingale itself."

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SAME CHAP.

On *the Masks.*

Some years since, a great quantity of silver coins were found at Athens, bearing on one side an indented square, and all of them of rude workmanship and without legends. I acquired several for the cabinet of the king of France. From the different types they bear, I will not hesitate to affirm they were struck at Athens, or in the neighbouring countries; and that some are of the time of Æschylus, and others more ancient than that poet. Two of them present us with that hideous mask of which I have spoken in the text of my work. The mask was then in use in the infancy of the dramatic art.

CHAP. LXXI.

On the Place of the Scene in which Ajax killed himself.

Several modern critics have supposed that, in the tragedy of Sophocles, Ajax pierced himself with his sword in the sight of the spectators. They support their opinion by the authority of the scholiast, who observes that the heroes rarely killed themselves on the stage. I am of opinion the rule was not violated on this occasion; to be convinced of which it will be sufficient to follow the thread of the action.

The chorus, informed that Ajax is no longer in his tent, goes out by the two sides of the theatre, to seek him and bring him back. The hero re-appears. After an affecting soliloquy, he throws himself on the point of his sword, the hilt of which he had previously fixed in the ground. The chorus returns; and, while it laments that its researches had been ineffectual, hears the cries of Tecmessa, who has found the body of her husband, and advances to behold the fatal spectacle. Ajax therefore did not kill himself on the stage.

I have supposed that, by the side of the tent of Ajax, there was an avenue which led to the country, and which was concealed by a curtain, drawn when the chorus went out. It is in this recess that Ajax appeared and openly declared his last resolution, which gives us the reason why it was said that a part of this hero required a very strong voice. At the distance of some paces behind the tent he had fixed his sword. Thus the audience might see and hear him when he recited his soliloquy, yet could not be spectators of his death.

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SAME CHAP.

On the Manner in which the Actor Hegelochus pronounced a Verse of Euripides.

In Greek Γαληνὰ *(galena)* signifies a calm, and Γαλην *(galen)* a cat. In the passage in question, Hegelochus should have pronounced *galena oro;* that is to say, *the calm I see.* These two words were pronounced in such a manner that the last syllable of the former, and the first of the latter were heard at once. The actor, being exhausted, and his breath suddenly failing him, was obliged to stop after the word *galena*, the last vowel of which he omitted, and said *galen.....oro;* that is, *a cat .....I see.*

CHAP. LXXII.

On the Temple of Ephesus, and the Statue of the Goddess.

In the year 356 before Christ, the temple of Ephesus was burnt by Herostratus. Some years after, the Ephesians rebuilt it. It appears that the fire only destroyed the roof, and the parts which were not able to resist its fury. See, on this subject, an excellent dissertation, by the Marquis de Poleni, inserted in the Memoirs of the Academy of Cretona. If we adopt his opinion, we must say that the dimensions of the temple were the same both before and after the time of Herostratus; and its length, according to Pliny, was four hundred and twenty-five feet, its breadth two hundred and twenty feet, and its height sixty feet. I imagine the feet here intended by Pliny were Grecian feet.

The Ephesians had begun to rebuild the temple when Alexander proposed to them to defray alone the whole expence, on condition that they would ascribe the honour of it to him in an inscription. He received a refusal, for which they easily obtained a pardon on account of the flattery with which it was accompanied. "It is not suitable to a god," said the deputy of the Ephesians to the king, "to decorate the temple of another divinity."

I have only indicated in general the ornaments of the statue, because they differ on the monuments which still remain, and which are posterior to the æra of the travels of Anacharsis. It is even possible that these monuments may not all have relation to the Diana of Ephesus. However this may be, in some of them the upper part of the body, or the sheath which supplies its place, is covered with breasts; and below are several compartments, separated from each other by a listel, which runs all round, and on which are embossed small figures, representing victories,

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bees, oxen, stags, and other animals. Sometimes complete figures of lions are fastened to the arms. I imagine that, on the statue, these symbols were of gold. Xenophon, who, in his little temple at Scillus, had dedicated a statue of Diana resembling that of Ephesus, says that the latter was of gold, and that his was only of cypress. As it appears from other authors that the Diana Ephesus was of wood, it may be presumed that Xenophon only spoke of the ornaments with which it was decorated.

I shall here offer an explanation of a small antique in gold, which was discovered in the territory of the ancient Lacedæmon, and of which Count Caylus has given an engraving in the second volume of his Collection of Antiquities. The gold of it is of base quality, and alloyed with silver. The workmanship is rude and of great antiquity. It represents an ox, or rather a stag, sitting on its haunches. The holes made through it evidently shew that it was fastened to some more considerable body; and if we compare it with the different figures of the Diana of Ephesus, we shall the more easily be induced to conclude that it was affixed to some statue, as it weighs only one ounce, one gros, sixty grains (one ounce, four pennyweights, five grains, English troy weight), and as its greatest length is only two inches, two lines; and its greatest height, to the extremity of the horns, three inches, one line. Perhaps it was formerly carried to Lacedæmon; perhaps it was an ornament of one of the statues of Diana in that city, or of that of Apollo at Amyclæ, in the decoration of which the gold was employed that Crœsus sent to the Lacedæmonians.

I am of opinion that the more ornaments the figures of the Diana of Ephesus have, the less ancient they are. Her statue at first only presented a head, arms, feet, and a body in form of a sheath. Afterwards were added to it the symbols of other divinities, and especially those which characterised Isis, Cybele, Ceres, &c.

The power of the goddess and the devotion of the people augmenting in the same proportion as her symbols, she was considered by some as the image of productive nature, and by others as one of the greatest divinities of Olympus. Her worship, which had long been known in some distant countries, extended into Asia Minor, Syria, and Greece, properly so called. It was in its greatest splendour under the first Roman Emperors; and it was then, also, that other divinities having obtained by the same means an increase of power, the idea was conceived of those Pantheon figures, which are still preserved in cabinets, and which united the symbols of all the gods.

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CHAP. LXXIII.

On the Rhodians.

The character which I give of the Rhodians is founded on a number of passages in ancient authors, particularly on the testimonies of esteem they received from Alexander; on the famous siege which they sustained, with so much courage, against Demetrius, Poliorcetes, thirty-eight years after the time when I suppose Anacharsis to have visited their island; on the powerful succour which they furnished to the Romans; and on the marks of gratitude which they in consequence received from the republic of Rome.

SAME CHAP.

On the Labyrinth of Crete.

I have said but a word on the famous labyrinth of Crete; but the little I have said it is incumbent on me to justify.

Herodotus has left us a description of that which he had seen in Egypt, near the lake Mœris. It consisted of twelve large contiguous palaces, containing three thousand chambers, fifteen hundred of which were under ground. Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, and Mela speak of this monument with the same admiration as Herodotus: but not one of them tells us that it was constructed to bewilder those who attempted to go over it; though it is manifest that, without a guide, they would be in danger of losing their way.

It was this danger, no doubt, which introduced a new term into the Greek language. The word labyrinth, taken in the literal sense, signifies a circumscribed space, intersected by a number of passages, some of which cross each other in every direction, like those in quarries and mines, and others make larger or smaller circuits round the place from which they depart, like the spiral lines we see on certain shells. In the figurative sense, it was applied to obscure and captious questions, to indirect and ambiguous answers, and to those discussions which, after long digressions, bring us back to the point from which we set out.

Of what nature was the labyrinth of Crete?

Diodorus Siculus relates as a conjecture, and Pliny as a certain fact, that Dædalus constructed this labyrinth on the model of that of Egypt, though on a less scale. They add, that it was formed by the command of Minos, who kept the Minotaur shut up in it; and that in their time it no longer existed, having been either destroyed by time, or purposely demolished. Diodorus Siculus and Pliny, therefore, considered this

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labyrinth as a large edifice; while other writers represent it simply as a cavern hollowed in the rock, and full of winding passages. The two former authors, and the writers last mentioned, have transmitted to us two different traditions; it remains for us to choose that which is most probable.

If the labyrinth of Crete had been constructed by Dædalus under Minos, whence is it that we find no mention of it, either in Homer, who more than once speaks of that prince and of Crete; nor in Herodotus, who describes that of Egypt, after having said that the monuments of the Egyptians are much superior to those of the Greeks; nor in the more ancient geographers, nor in any of the writers of the ages when Greece flourished?

This work was attributed to Dædalus, whose name is alone sufficient to discredit a tradition. In fact, his name, like that of Hercules, had become the resource of ignorance, whenever it turned its eyes on the early ages. All great labours, all works which required more strength than ingenuity, were attributed to Hercules; and all those which had a relation to the arts, and required a certain degree of intelligence in the execution, were ascribed to Dædalus.

The opinion of Diodorus and Pliny supposes that, in their time, no traces of the labyrinth existed in Crete, and that even the date of its destruction had been forgotten. Yet it is said to have been visited by the disciples of Apollonius of Tyana, who was contemporary with those two authors. The Cretans, therefore, then believed that they possessed the labyrinth.

I would request the reader to attend to the following passage in Strabo. "At Nauplia, near the ancient Argos," says that judicious writer, "are still to be seen vast caverns, in which are constructed labyrinths that are believed to be the work of the Cyclops:" the meaning of which is, that the labours of men had opened in the rock, passages which crossed and returned upon themselves, as is done in quarries. Such, if I am not mistaken, is the idea we ought to form of the labyrinth of Crete.

Were there several labyrinths in that island? Ancient authors speak only of one, which the greater part place at Cnossus; and some, though the number is but small, at Gortyna.

Belon and Tournefort have given us the description of a cavern situated at the foot of Mount Ida, on the south side of the mountain, at a small distance from Gortyna. This was only a quarry, according to the former, and the ancient labyrinth according to the latter; whose opinion I have followed, and abridged the account he has given in my text. Those who have added critical notes to his work, besides this labyrinth, admit a second at Cnossus, and adduce, as the principal support of this opinion, the coins of that city, which represent the plan of it, according as the artists conceived it. For on some of these it appears of a square form; on others round: on some it is only sketched out; on others it has, in the middle of it, the head of the Minotaur. In the

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Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, I have given an engraving of one which appears to me to be of about the fifth century before Christ; and on which we see, on one side, the figure of the Minotaur, and on the other a rude plan of the labyrinth. It is therefore certain that, at that time, the Cnossians believed they were in possession of that celebrated cavern; and it also appears that the Gortynians did not pretend to contest their claim, since they have never given the figure of it on their money.

The place where I suppose the labyrinth of Crete to have been situated, according to Tournefort, is but one league distant from Gortyna; and, according to Strabo, it was distant from Cnossus six or seven leagues. All we can conclude from this is, that the territory of the latter city extended to very near the former.

What was the use of the caverns to which the name of labyrinth was given? I imagine that they were first excavated in part by nature; that in some places stones were extracted from them for building cities: and that, in more ancient times, they served for a habitation or asylum to the inhabitants of a district exposed to frequent incursions. In the journey of Anacharsis through Phocis, I have spoken of two great caverns of Parnassus, in which the neighbouring people took refuge; in the one at the time of the deluge of Deucalion, and in the other at the invasion of Xerxes, I here add that, according to Diodorus Siculus, the most ancient Cretans dwelt in the caves of Mount Ida. The people, when enqiuries were made on the spot, said that their labyrinth was originally only a prison. It may have been put to this use; but it is difficult to believe that, to prevent the escape of a few unhappy wretches, such immense labours would have been undertaken.

CHAP. LXXIV.

On the Size of the Isle of Samos.

Strabo, Agathemerus, Pliny, and Isidorus differ with respect to the circumference of the isle of Samos. According to the first it is 600 stadia, or 22¾ leagues; according to the second, 630 stadia, or nearly 24 leagues; according to Pliny, 87 Roman miles, or somewhat more than 26 leagues; according to Isidorus, 100 Roman miles, or 30¼ leagues. Similar disagreements are frequently found in the measures given by the ancients.

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SAME CHAP.

On the Ring of Polycrates.

According to St. Clemens of Alexandria, this ring represented a lyre. The fact is of no great importance; but we may remark with what care the Romans preserved the relics of antiquity. In the temple of concord at Rome, a sardonyx was shewn, which was said to be the ring of Polycrates. It was kept in a golden box, and was a present from Augustus.[1] Solinus also gives the name of sardonyx to the gem of Polycrates: but it appears, by the testimony of other authors, and especially of Herodotus, that it was an emerald.

CHAP. LXXVI.

On an Inscription relative to the Festivals of Delos.

In the year 1739, the Earl of Sandwich brought from Athens to London a marble, on which was engraven a long inscription. It contains the statement of the sums that were due to the temple of Delos, both from individuals and from entire cities. The sums which had been paid, and those which had not, are specified. It also states the expence of the Theoria, or deputation of the Athenians, viz. For the crown of gold presented to the god, the workmanship included, 1500 drachmas (1350 livres—56l. 5s.); for the tripods given to the victors, the workmanship likewise included, 1000 drachmas (900 livres—37l. 10s.); for the architheori, a talent (5400 livres—225l.); for the captain of the galley which carried the Theoria, 7000 drachmas (6300 livres—262l. 10s.); for the purchase of 109 oxen for sacrifice, 8415 drachmas (7573 livres—315l. 11s. 3d.), &c. &c. This inscription, which has been elucidated by Mr. Taylor and Father Corsini, is of the year before Christ 373 or 372, and precedes the time in which I suppose Anacharsis to have travelled by only about thirty-two years.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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